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The Nursery

Fanny P. Seaverns



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THE
NURSERY

A Monthly Magazine

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

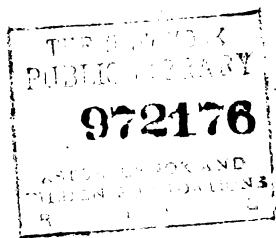
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THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.



T was brought from the grove near by, and stuck in a tub of sand, — a beautiful evergreen tree, not very large, but large enough! I wish you could have seen the presents that were hung upon the branches. They would have dazzled Santa Claus himself.

Mother and baby, sister Alice and sister Ruth, and uncle Henry, with his two daughters Mary and Clara, were permitted to enter the room, and see the show, before the important time for the admission of the whole company had arrived.

“Here, baby, you shall place an American flag on the top of the tree,” said mamma, standing on a cricket, and lifting up little Arthur with the flag in his hand. He placed it aright, and then the presents were looked at by all.

There were boxes and trumpets, jumping-jacks and knit balls, fans and nut-crackers, mirrors and pictures, wooden horses and dwarfs, lambs that could say “Baa!” and dogs that could say “Bow-wow!” doll-umbrellas, smelling-bottles, and all sorts of games, and all sorts of blocks for building all sorts of houses.

An hour afterwards, the doors were thrown open, and the company came in with a rush. And who were the company? Why, all the boys and girls of the village of course; and there was a present for every one of them. How their eyes glistened as they looked on the tree, with its colored candles all burning, its toys, and its shining packages!

Uncle Henry had a list of names written down; and, as he called each name, some one girl or boy would come forward and receive a present, on which was a label bearing his or her name. “Susan Eddy!” cried uncle Henry;

and Susan came forward, and received a set of doll's cups and saucers.

"Robert Kirk!" said uncle Henry. Robert started with beating heart, and, much to his joy, got a whistle in the form of a mocking-bird, which, when filled with water, and blown, gave out a sound very much like the sound of a live bird.

Another boy got a book, and another got a slate. One little girl got a pretty doll's shawl, and another got a doll's band-box, with a nice little bonnet in it.

Ella Mason got a box, and, on opening it, found another box inside; opening that, there was still another; and so on till she took out eleven boxes, and in the last — what do you think there was? It was a doll's thimble!

"But what is this?" said uncle Henry, as a little girl called his attention to a package on which his name was written. "For me? Now, if any little girl has played a trick on me, I shall pull her ears."

But there was no trick. On opening the package, he began to take off paper after paper. "Let the music strike up while I am doing this," said he. So the music struck up, and he kept time to it with his motions, much to the mirth of the little spectators.

When he had taken off about twenty wrappings, he found a nice ivory paper-cutter. "Just what I wanted!" said uncle Henry. "Now, children, we will go into the dining-room, and see what there is for us on the tea-table."

What a gay time there was!

DORA BURNSIDE.





THE NEW SLED.

Who would have thought
When it was bought,
That dull dark day, so bleak and chill,
Before the glow
Of the shining snow
Lay cheery and white on snow and hill,

What a wonder of speed
It held indeed,
In scarlet runner and polished shoe!

For very tame
Looked the painted name,
The "Swallow" upon it in letters blue.

But now that the height
Is icy white,
And the "Swallow" is flying with flashing wings,
With a speck of black
Perched on its back, —
The speck being Teddy, who clings and clings,

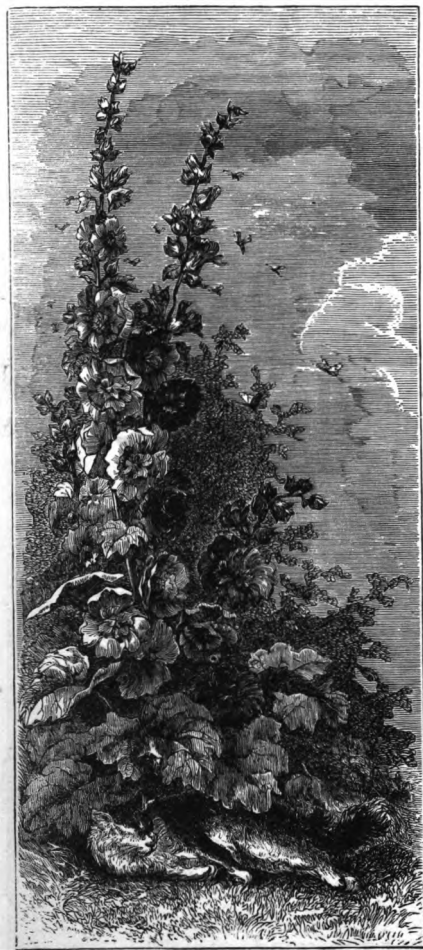
We all of us know,
It was only the snow
It needed to prove its name was fit:
And as swift a bird
As ever stirred
The air with its flight, must yield to it.

I watch my boy
With his cherished toy,
Come skimming along the course, and then
At the foot each time
Turn back, and climb
The beaten difficult hill again.

And I know that the good
Fresh ruddy blood
Runs warm and strong from top to toe,
And Teddy's heart
Is the lightest part
Of the "Swallow" flying along the snow.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

A WONDERLAND.



I AM going to tell you about some curious birds; but, before I begin, let us think of the wonderland of the tropics.

We will go, in fancy, far away to the great forests of South America, to-day clad in their fullest verdure.

There grow the stately palms, tufted with beautiful plummy leaves. There are dark-green thickets, hiding in foliage many a sluggish stream that winds about among them. There are splendid flowers of every color, and creeping vines, that grow in wild luxuriance, twining from tree to tree, and from bush to bush, and binding the vast forest with vegetable cables.

These tropical vines are of many kinds and forms, and their blossoms make bright

clusters of flowers, which crown the very tops of giant trees, and droop above the tangled masses of grass and ferns.

It is indeed a wonderful place, so full of trees and bushes and vines, that there is never a path in all its wilderness. Gorgeous butterflies, and insects, of endless variety, live and



die among its flowers. Myriads of fire-flies, like flitting stars, light its dark shades all day, and at night they fairly illuminate it.

There, too, in the tall trees that seem to brush the clouds, is the home of the chattering monkeys. They run along the network of green cables, and play in the knitted branches. Some of them—a peculiar species called “Howlers,” that make night hideous with their noise—swing from the boughs by their long tails, and so descend to the ground, dropping from bough to bough.

But, beautiful as it is, this tropical wild-wood is full of dangers. Fierce beasts lurk in its thickets, alligators abound on the river-banks, and serpents and other reptiles are crawling everywhere. Travellers often lose their lives in trying to make their way through the forests.

In some more open spots on the river-banks, among the

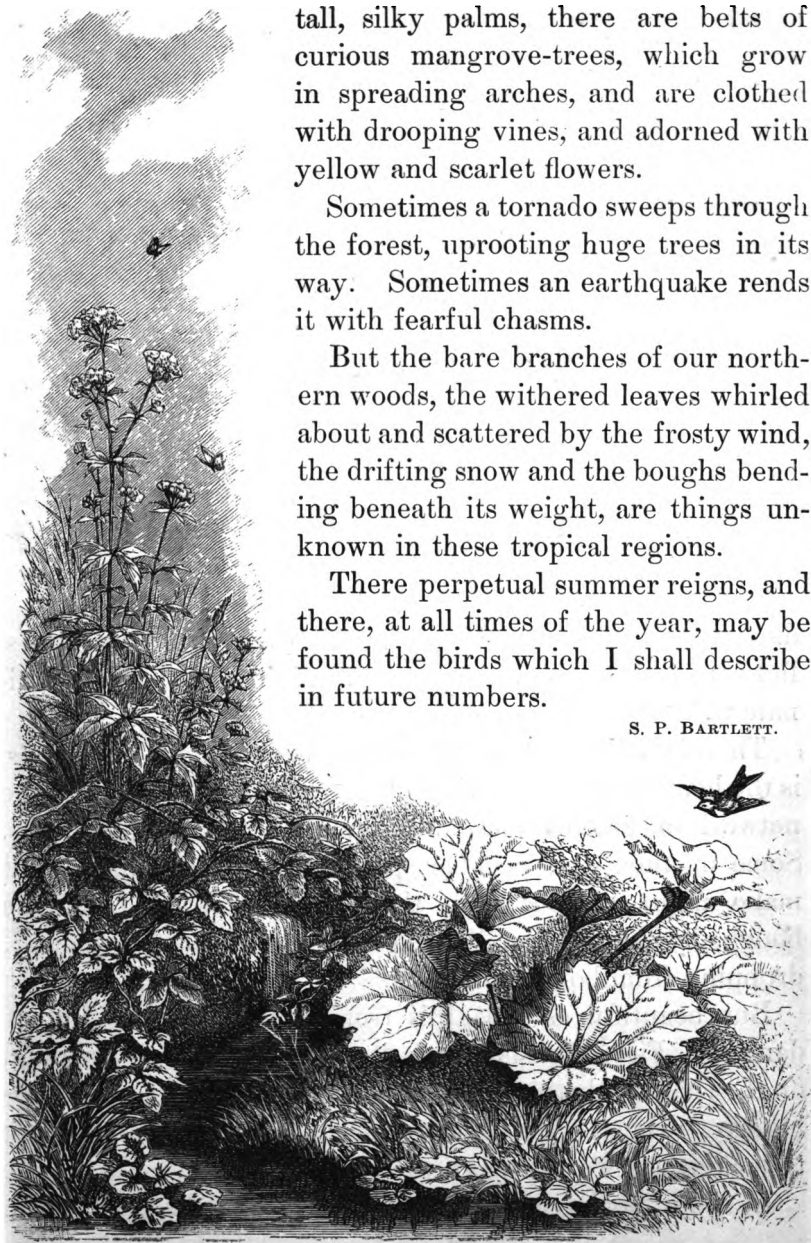
tall, silky palms, there are belts of curious mangrove-trees, which grow in spreading arches, and are clothed with drooping vines, and adorned with yellow and scarlet flowers.

Sometimes a tornado sweeps through the forest, uprooting huge trees in its way. Sometimes an earthquake rends it with fearful chasms.

But the bare branches of our northern woods, the withered leaves whirled about and scattered by the frosty wind, the drifting snow and the boughs bending beneath its weight, are things unknown in these tropical regions.

There perpetual summer reigns, and there, at all times of the year, may be found the birds which I shall describe in future numbers.

S. P. BARTLETT.





MY THREE BOYS.

If you should go to a certain railroad-station in Boston (I am not going to tell you which one), and take the train for a town about nine miles away, you would find on one of its streets a white house in the middle of a large yard.

In this house I have lived for the last few years, with my three boys and their papa. The oldest boy is a little over eight; the middle boy, as he calls himself, is nearly seven; and the youngest one five years old.

When the boys were smaller, we lived in the city, and, of course, were confined to a very small yard, without grass or trees. But, when we moved to this place, the boys had plenty of room to run about in, and a certain piece of land back of the house was set apart for their special benefit. There they were permitted to shovel, hoe, and dig as much

as they pleased ; and I can assure you they have improved their opportunity.

One time, when grandpa came to see them, he brought each of the two older boys a small iron shovel and a little wheelbarrow. The youngest boy had a little cart, and I let him take my small coal-shovel. Then they all began to shovel up dirt from one corner of their land, load it into their wheelbarrows and cart, and carry it over to another corner.

They continued this play until they had a hole so large and deep, that one day, when the smallest boy jumped into it, I could just see the top of his head.

This hole they called their well, and the first rain-storm filled it to overflowing. I should have considered their well quite useless ; but they found it very convenient in mixing their mud-pies and cakes.

I will tell you at some other time how my three boys used their wheelbarrows and cart to help me.

H. L.



THE SNOWFLAKES.

SEE ! for a frolic the snowflakes are ripe ;
Hark ! how the jolly winds whistle and pipe ;
“ Hilli O ! Hilli O ! come out and play !
Winter is dreary, but we will be gay.”

Down they all fly, like a swarm of white bees ;
The oak seems to shake with a laugh when he sees ;
Little lambs look from their fold, with surprise ;
Geese take no notice, but look very wise.

Down, down they come ; in the chimneys they hide ;
Some go to sleep by the little brook's side ;
Some of them peep in the nests, lone and sad ;
Some of them dance, just as if they'd go mad.

Making queer night-caps for all the gate-posts ;
Turning the bushes and trees into ghosts ;
Trimming with lace all the windows, in fun :
Come out, and see what the snow-flakes have done !

GEORGE COOPER.



GEORGIE'S PET MOUSE.

ONE frosty November morning, Georgie Wilson came running into the pantry, where his mother was making Thanksgiving pies, holding in his chubby hand a tiny, short-tailed, pointed-nosed mouse.

"Mother, mother!" he shouted, making, as usual, a good deal of noise, "just see what father dug out of the sand-bank just now, — this cunning little dead mouse! It was away down, ever and ever so deep. How do you suppose it got there?"

Mrs. Wilson laughed at Georgie's question ; but she examined with interest the mouse, which lay stiff and cold in her little boy's hand.

"I don't think it is dead," she said pleasantly. "Bears and woodchucks and some kinds of mice lie dormant through the winter. This little fellow had burrowed down into the sand-bank to sleep until spring. Put it on the earth of one of the flower-pots, and see what it will do."

Georgie was very fond of animals, and this was something

new to him. So he hung his mittens and his cap on their nail behind the bedroom-door ; and, drawing his high-chair up to the window, he sat down to watch his new pet. The mouse soon showed the effects of the warm sunshine. He opened his eyes, and moved his legs about, and, before dinner-time, tried to walk.

After a day or two, mousie grew quite lively ; and, all through the long winter, he made himself at home upon the plant-stand. He seemed to enjoy life, and had such cunning ways, that the whole family grew quite fond of him.

One day I was called to see the tiny creature on top of Georgie's curly head. There he sat, winking his bright eyes shrewdly, as much as to say, "Isn't this a queer place for a mouse?" while he nibbled daintily at a crumb of cheese which he held in his paws like a squirrel.

At night mousie curled himself up under the leaves of a sweet-scented geranium and went to sleep. He was inclined to lie abed late in the morning ; and some days, when the sun did not shine out, he did not get up at all.

All this time he ate very little ; but, as spring opened, his appetite returned, and he seemed to have a taste for greens.

One morning Mrs. Wilson found that he had gnawed off several branches of her carnation-pink, and had dragged them, together with two or three skeins of sewing-silk and some bits of muslin, to his nest under the geranium.

So, as he was growing troublesome, Georgie carried him back to the sand-bank, and bade him good-by.

MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.





BESS AND THE KITTEN.

If dogs can be so forgiving as to return good for evil, I think that human beings ought to be so. I once told you a story of a man who took a dog out into the middle of a river in a boat, and there tried to drown him; but the man slipped into the water, and then the poor dog saved him from drowning.

My friend Mr. Watson has a sheep-dog he calls Bess. She is a very gentle, knowing dog. One day some cats attacked her furiously. Bess did not resent this ill-treat-

ment. Instead of that, she took a kitten belonging to one of them, and, placing it in front of her, fondled and licked it.

Soon the kitten became quite fond of Bess, and after a while would seldom leave her, but, when she lay down, would go and sit on her outstretched paws, as if for protection. The old cat, seeing how kind Bess was to the kitten, acted as if she were sorry for her rude attack, and ever after that behaved well, and would let Bess play with the kittens.

UNCLE CHARLES.



SITTING FOR HIS PICTURE.

(BABY'S SOLILOQUY.)

WELL, what am I perched up here for, and told to sit so still ?

Why can't I move my hands? I want to, and I *will* !

I'll move them just to see what the picture-man will say ;

Babies can't *all* the time be good : this is *my* naughty day.

Mamma says, " Laugh, my baby," — but I don't want to laugh ;

Don't think it's very funny here. What *is* a photograph ?

That man says, " Baby must be good, and pretty soon he'll see

His cunning little photograph." But what is that to me ?

I want to wriggle up and down ; I want to turn my head ;

I'm tired of this old high-chair ; what was it mamma said ?

" Oh, dear, he moves about so ! " — I don't care if I do !

I want to rub my eyes, and cry ; I'm awful sleepy too !

This thing behind me hurts my head ; I don't like that old man.

I mean to be as troublesome and fretful as I can.

'Twon't do a bit of good for them to shake that noisy rattle ;

I will not be amused ; for my baby-rights I'll battle.

That man is really in a pet because I fret him so.
What does he fret *me* for ? that's what I'd like to know !
Because I'm only "Baby" my wishes are neglected :
Well, then, twisting, squirming, crying, ought to be expected.
Mamma comes and gives me kisses, and tries to make me smile ;
But why doesn't she lift me down, and let me rest a while ?
She doesn't seem to care if a little chap *is* tired :
So I'll wriggle all I like, won't keep still if I *am* hired.

There, now the picture's taken, and mamma says, " Oh, dear !
It isn't good at all ! " Well, *I* don't think that's queer ;
For I frowned with all my might, just to let those tyrants see
That a baby has opinions, though a little one like me.
I didn't want my picture ; *I* didn't want to stay
Tied up in a high-chair, and being good all day.
I'm glad the picture's spoiled, and I hope they'll learn to know
That babies *can't* keep quiet until they older grow.

M. D. BRINE.



HOW TO DRAW A ROOSTER.



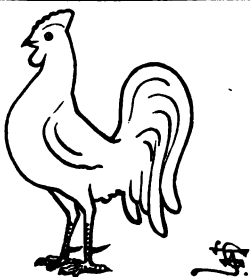
The body of Chanticleer's
shaped like the saddle
Of hobby horse rearing in air.



He lifts his head proudly
with brilliant red wattle.
That is, if the weather is fair.



His tail, you know, is
a beautiful plume
Of fine glossy feathers that
shine.



His legs are but "drum sticks"
with scales like a fish.
When finished he looks
very fine.

BED-TIME.

“ No, no ! ” says little Winifred,

“ I do not want to go to bed.”

“ Then, like the owl, you wish to be,

That sits within the hollow tree :

He sees the moon begin to rise,

And opens wide his big round eyes :

‘ Tu-whit, to-whoo ! to-whoo ! ’ says he,

‘ The night, it is the time for me ! ’

He spreads his wings, and flutters out :

So soft and thick his feathers grow,

That with no sound he flits about,

As if he were a flake of snow.

Like fire-flies shine his glittering eyes ;

He looks all round him as he flies ;

For in the dark he still can see

The sparrow in the hemlock-tree,

The mouse from out his hole that peeps,

The squirrel in the wall that sleeps,

The speckled partridge in the brake.

‘ A jolly little feast I’ll make !

Tu-whit, to-whoo ! to-whoo ! ’ says he,

‘ The night, it is the time for me ! ’

“ But morning soon comes back again,

The early sunbeams glitter ;

The squirrels all come frisking out ;
And all the sparrows twitter ;
The owl's big eyes begin to blink,
The yellow sunbeams make him wink ;
'I feel all tired out,' says he,
And flies off to the hollow tree.
And there he hides the livelong day,
And tries to doze the time away ;
He winks and winks, and blinks and blinks
He cannot bear the light.
What makes the owl so dull by day
Is being up at night ;
And if you'll take advice from me,
And do not want like him to be,
I think, my little Winifred,
'Tis better you should go to bed."

MARIAN DOUGLAS.





A TRUE STORY ABOUT OUR DOG RINO.

I AM a little boy nine years old, and my name is Millie, and I live in Portland, Oregon. I came to this town about two years ago. Rino and mamma and I came all the way in the cars from New York, where my grandma lives.

She lives in a big house made of brown stone. They don't have such houses out here; but the houses are all made of wood. That is the kind we live in now.

We have a nice large garden, with lots of fruit-trees, and flowers, and a swing. We have a barn too, which we use for a wood-house; and Rino and I play in it on rainy days. I think it rains nearly every day; but mamma says, "No, only in winter."

Every week I fill mamma's box that stands in the kitchen, with wood, which I bring in from the barn; and Rino always runs back and forth with me while I am getting it.

Last week, when my mamma called me to bring in some wood, I was playing with my new top, (a splendid spinner!) and thought I would spin it just once more before going to work. Mamma could not wait. She went out herself to the barn, and carried in some wood; but what was her surprise to see Rino walking behind her, with a stick of wood in his mouth! He dropped the stick into the box, and went back for more.

By this time I saw what was going on. I jumped to my work quick enough, I can tell you, and soon had the box filled with wood. Rino never offered to help me. I suppose he thinks that carrying wood is good work for a boy; but he is too polite a dog to see a lady do it, without trying to help her.

MILLIE.

PORTLAND, OREGON.



OLD SLUGGARD.

I WISH the dear little boys and girls could see this fine old horse. Just think, he is twenty years old! He is jet black, except a white star on his forehead and a white spot on his nose. He is a famous soldier too; for he went through the war, and has three gun-shot wounds.

He is almost too old now to be used. Last fall his master thought he would give him a good rest, and so turned him out to graze on the lawn. But, when the weather began to be cold and snowy, the children, who were looking out of the library-window, could not bear to see their old favorite out in the storm.

So they begged their grandfather to have Sluggard taken to the stable. A day or two after, I was walking past the stable, and I saw the old war-horse looking as warm and



comfortable in his room as the children did in the library. There was great rejoicing among them when they knew how well he was housed for the winter.

Don't you think he deserves a good rest after all his long years of service ?

E. S. M.

A WISE BIRD.

Do you know what bird this is in the picture? It is a raven. He has a stone in his beak, which he is about to drop into a pitcher.

But what is he doing that for? I wonder if any of you can guess. Perhaps you think he is doing it "just for fun." Oh, no! Ravens do not do such things for fun. The raven is a very grave bird.

This raven is only carrying out a plan that he has in his wise head. I will tell you what it is. There is water in that pitcher, and the raven wants to drink. But he cannot reach the water with his beak.

What is he to do? He knows. He picks up a stone, and drops it into the pitcher. He drops in stone after stone, until the water is high enough for him to get



at it. Is not that a smart thing for a bird to do?

The raven is easily tamed, and can be taught to speak a few words. It has been known to live a hundred years. A. B. C.

MR. TOTTLE'S DREAM.

MR. TIMOTHY TOTTLE was an old man and a bachelor. He would have been a very happy man, but for one thing : every night when he went to bed, he would be tormented and kept awake by the squallings and the quarrels of cats.

One night they had been particularly noisy. Mr. Tottle had opened his window, and thrown one missile after another at the mob. First he threw his boot-jack ; then he threw his boots ; and then he began throwing empty bottles.

It was all of no use ; and in despair Mr. Tottle went back to bed. He fell into an uneasy sleep, and had a dream. He dreamed, that, while he sat smoking his pipe, he heard cats on the roof, calling to one another to come and give a grand concert " for the benefit of old Tottle."

" I know who old Tottle is," said Timothy : " he sleeps in my bed, and smokes my pipes, and eats my dinners. He is a very good old fellow, but doesn't like cats. It is odd that they should think of getting up a concert for his benefit. I wonder what's the price of tickets."

So, in his dream, Mr. Tottle, with his pipe in his mouth, opened the window, and looked forth. The moon seemed to be shining so brightly, that no noonday could be brighter ; and, what was odd, it shone so that few shadows were cast even on places that ought to be in the shade.

On the roof he saw a little cherub holding a music-book before a stout cat, and pointing out the notes ; while the cat squalled in tones, which, though shrill, seemed to suit the tune of " Hail, Columbia."

" Come, now, that's not bad for a cat," said Timothy to himself. Everywhere on the roof, cats seemed to be gathering. He saw two coming out of the chimney. Two were



having a little fight, and two seemed to be listening to the music-lesson.

All at once a pistol was fired, and Timothy awoke.

“The Turks and the Russians,” thought he, “have joined forces, and come to put a stop to the cat-concert.”

But it was not so. From a neighboring window some one had fired a pistol at the cats. They ran off; and kept quiet for the rest of the night; so that Mr. Tottle sank into a sweet sleep, and did not dream of cats any more — at least not for that night.

HURDY GURDY.

POUNDING RICE.

WHEN I was in Charleston, S.C., my cousin James brought in some sheaves of rice, one day, and asked me to help him make them into bundles. He was going to put with them some magnolia-leaves and bunches of ripe cotton, to make bouquets for a fair in Boston.

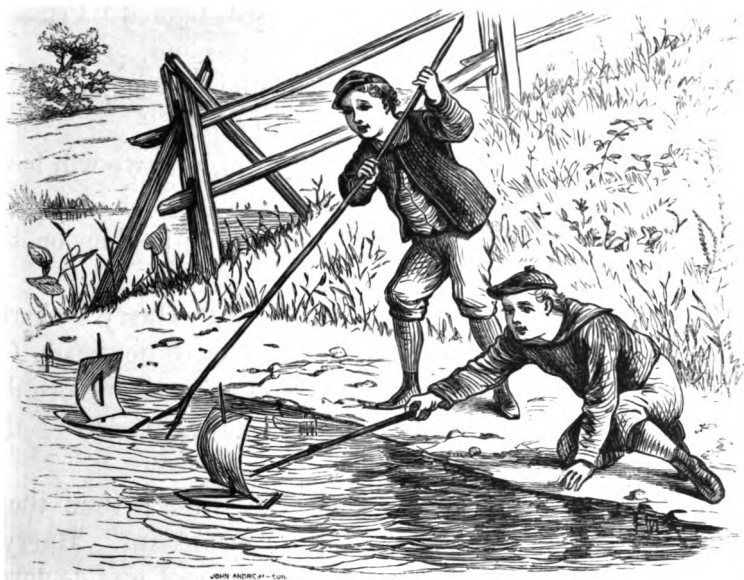
I had often eaten rice in puddings, but had never seen it growing before. So I took pains to learn something about it, and I will tell you what I learned.

The stalk of rice is yellow, like that of wheat; but the head is more like that of oats. Each kernel has a close-fitting yellow dress, which has to come off before the rice is fit to eat. This is taken off at the rice-mill by cracking it between great mill-stones. The rice is then winnowed; and the yellow covering, or chaff, is blown away.

After the chaff is gone, the rice is still yellow. It is then pounded until the yellow flour is all broken off. But there is some white flour that still sticks to the rice. This is brushed off in the polishing-room, as it is called; and out of the polishing-room the rice comes shiny and pure.

Some of the rice is broken in the pounding-machine. This is sifted out, and put up as broken rice, while the rest is put up by itself to be sold.

MRS. SEBOLD.



JAMIE'S YACHT-CLUB.

JAMIE'S papa owned a yacht, and Jamie didn't see why he couldn't have a yacht too. So he got a soft stick, and began whittling it to the form of a boat.

"Halloo, Jamie!" says some one, running out from the house, "what are you making?" And Jamie sees it is his cousin Harry Bell, who has just come over from the city to spend the day.

"Making a boat," says Jamie; "and I'm going to have a yacht-club, just like papa. Want to join?"

"Guess I do. Where do you get your ship-timber?" says Harry, laughing.

"Out there by the shop," was the reply.

So Harry got a stick; and the two boys whittled until they had made some boats, and then asked their mamas

for sails. At last the yachts were rigged, named "Prince" and "Victor," and safely launched on the pond.

Harry chose a spot on the shore, which he called "Boston;" and Jamie called his harbor "Liverpool."

"Now, Harry, I will sail over to Boston, and we will have a race," said Jamie.

"All right," said Harry; and he put some pebbles on his boat for ballast.

Jamie had some trouble in getting over to Harry's wharf; but he arrived at last, and the two boats were got ready for the contest. Of course the boats would sail only before the wind; but, as the boys were on the windward side of the pond, the race began very nicely.

First one boat was ahead, then the other; then there was a collision, and both would stop for an instant. Harry's "Victor" was the first to reach the shore, and was declared the winner. Thus ended Jamie's first yacht-race.

NEWTON.



ETON COLLEGE, ENGLAND.



A DAY ON THE ICE.

"Oh, I am so tired!" said Julia, as she entered the house, and hung up her skates.

"I should think you might well be tired," said aunt Edith, as she helped the little girl to take off her outer garments.

"But oh, what a nice time we have had!" said Julia.

"Tell me all about it," said her aunt.

"First, cousin Albert dragged me on his sled, away up the river, over the ice just as smooth, auntie, as that looking-glass. He had on his skates, and, oh! how fast we did go!"

"That was all very pleasant. But did you not skate also?"

"Oh, yes, indeed I did! Cousin Albert helped me put

on my skates, and then he took hold of one end of a stick, and I of the other, and off we went like two arrows shot from a bow."

"And how many falls did you get?"

"Oh, not a great many; none to speak of. We met an old woman and her son carrying fagots across the river; for there were plenty of broken branches in the forest."

"Were you not cold?"

"Not while we kept moving; but we found a flat rock in the middle of the stream, and on it the boys built a fire. Then we took out our luncheon-boxes, and made believe we were at a grand dinner; and we made speeches, and gave toasts. Oh, we had fun, I assure you."

"I don't doubt it; but your eyes begin to droop, darling. I think you will sleep well to-night. Tea is ready. Are you not hungry?"

"Yes, auntie, hungry, and sleepy too. Oh, what a pleasant day I have had! I shall remember it as long as I live."

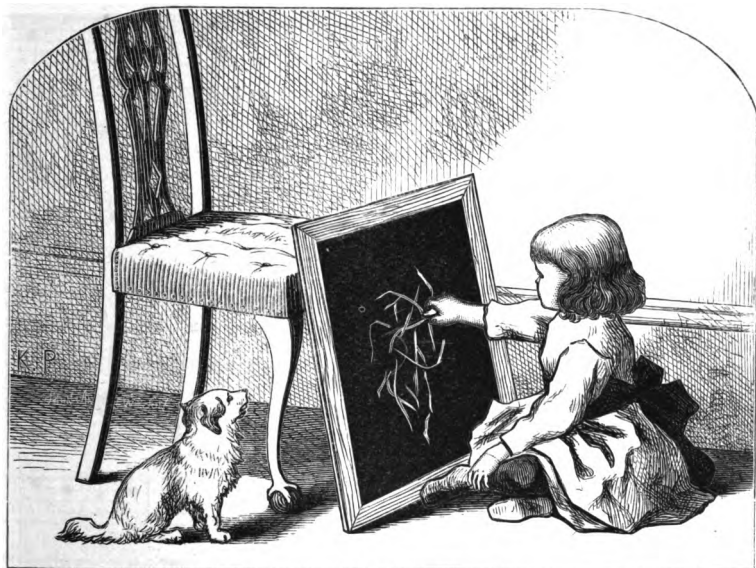
AUNT EDITH.



EDITH AND FIDO.

LITTLE dog Fido, you cannot talk,
You cannot mark on the board with chalk;
But you can chase the chickens, I know,
And you can bark if they move too slow.

But, Fido, a coward you are, I fear;
You need not whine as I say it, my dear;



For didn't you scamper, and didn't you howl,
When that mother of kittens began to growl?

Oh, brave you can be when the hen is afar,
And astray the little buff chickens are ;
But let the old hen, or the rooster, come nigh,
And off, like an arrow, my dear, you fly.

But, my little dog Fido, for all that,
You're more to me than the hen or the cat ;
And would you the reason like to know ?
'Tis because, my Fido, you love me so !

E. C.

BYE-LO-LAND.

Words by GEO. COOPER.

Music by GEO. LEACH.

Gently moving.

1. Ba-by is go-ing to Bye-lo-land,

Pia.

Go-ing to see the sights so grand : Out of the sky the wee stars peep, Watching to see her

fast a-sleep. Swing so, Bye-lo! O-ver the hills to Bye-lo-land.

pp

Swing so, Bye lo! Over the hills to Bye-lo-land, Bye-lo-land.

p *Pia.* *pp* *dim.*

2 Oh the bright dreams in Bye-lo-land,
All by the living angels planned!
Soft little lashes downward close,
Just like the petals of a rose.
Swing so, Bye lo!
Prettiest eyes in Bye-lo-land,

3 Sweet is the way to Bye-lo-land,
Guided by mother's gentle hand;
Little lambs now are in the fold,
Little birds nestle from the cold.
Swing so, Bye lo!
Baby is safe in Bye-lo-land.



LIBRARY

· EBONY AND LUCY.



BONY is the name of Lucy's black dog. I will leave you to guess why he is so called.

On a bright, cold winter day, when no wind was stirring, and the ice of the pond was smooth as glass, Lucy went out, followed by Ebony. Such joyful barking as there was!

Her father knew that the good dog would pull her out of the water, if the ice should break through. But the day was so cold, there was little danger from thin ice.

A bright idea occurred to Lucy when she had put on her skates. She had scarfs and handkerchiefs with her, and, tying three or four of these together, she made a noose, which she threw over Ebony's head. Thus she held him, so that he could pull her on her skates over the ice.

"Now, Ebony, let us see how fast you can go," said Lucy. Ebony started at a full gallop; and she began to sing,—

"We issue no tickets, we close no gate,
We blow no whistle, and nobody's late;
Our train is off as soon as we're in it;
We go at the rate of ten miles a minute,
(And that is six hundred miles an hour!)—
For ours is an engine of one-dog power;
But that dog's Ebony, bold and fleet,
A dog, you'll find, that is hard to beat:
So look out, stragglers and tramps! I guess
You'd better not trifle with our express!"

Hardly had Lucy finished her song, when Ebony, who had been going at great speed for some distance, slipped on his haunches, where the ice was very smooth, and, sliding along, fell over on his side.

Lucy fell too, but she was not hurt. "You good Ebony,"

said she. "You have done well. But it is too bad to make you play the part of a locomotive engine. And so, old fellow, I will take off your harness, and let you go free."

Then Lucy took the scarf from the dog's neck, and darted off alone on her skates to a part of the pond where her brother Felix had just had a tumble on the ice.

But Ebony would not forsake her. He kept close at her heels; for he knew there was water underneath the ice, and he meant to be near at hand, should any accident happen. I am glad to say, that, after a good frolic on the ice, they reached home safely in time for dinner.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE TERRIBLE TRIO.

THESE are the robbers, — the terrible three !
In showing no mercy they all agree ;
They fill the woods with their war-whoops dire :
Policemen and soldiers, beware, retire !

Rinaldo's the name of the captain : you learn
His rank from his cap, and his frown so stern.
The next is Grimaldi, a desperate fellow !
His eyes they are blue, and his hair it is yellow.

The youngest but dreadfulest of them all
Has a terrible name that I cannot recall :
'Tis hard to pronounce ; and it's well, perhaps,
That memory here has suffered a lapse.

Oh! doesn't it make you all shudder to look
At their likenesses even, all here in a book ? —
Rinaldo the fierce, and Grimaldi the grim,
And that young, nameless bandit, so bold and so trim.

But if you should meet with this terrible band,
Now don't run away, but come quick to a stand :
Be humble and quiet, and don't act amiss,
And all that they'll rob you of, will be — a kiss !

IDA FAY.





DAISY.

A FRIEND of mine, Mr. S., had a beautiful colt named Daisy, who was the pet of all the family. She was so tame she would put her head in at the open windows to see what was going on in the house; and very often, when she saw the front-door open, she would go up the steps of the piazza, and deliberately march into the hall. No one ever struck Daisy with a whip, or even a switch. A little slap of the hand, and a "Go out, Daisy," were all that were necessary.

Mrs. S. had a new cook; and one day she set a pan of custard on the back-porch to cool. When she went out to get it, an hour or two after, she found nothing but the empty pan. Molly ran to Mrs. S. in great distress, and told her of the loss of the custard. "Ah!" said Mrs. S., "then Daisy has eaten it." And, sure enough, Daisy was the thief.

Another time the naughty colt put her head in the kitchen-window, and ate up some apple-pies that were on the table. All this was very bad indeed, but Daisy was always forgiven because she was so lovely and gentle. She would follow any of the family about the grounds, and rub her head against them to show how much she loved them.

One day a man came to Mr. S.'s house to make a visit. He was not in the habit of visiting the family, and so had not made Daisy's acquaintance. After tea, Mr. S. and his visitor were standing on the piazza, when Daisy came trotting up, as she always did when she saw one of the family there, and opened her mouth, expecting Mr. S. to put a piece of bread or apple in. The stranger did not understand this little trick, and (coarse man that he was!) spat a quantity of tobacco-juice into Daisy's face. Poor little Daisy! She hung her head down, and walked off under the trees, where she stood looking very miserable.

The next morning Mr. S. asked his visitor to walk with him through his grounds; and, as they were walking along, they passed a place where Daisy, who still looked as if she felt insulted and injured, was quietly grazing.

As soon as she saw her enemy (as she must have considered him), she pricked up her ears as if some happy idea had come into her head. She gave herself a little shake, and, walking behind him until she was quite near, suddenly wheeled around, and gave a kick that would have broken some of his bones, if he had not jumped out of the way just in time to escape her heels.

As it was, he was very much frightened, and looked very mean; for he knew that a kick was just what he deserved for his vulgarity and insolence.

Daisy had never been known to kick at anybody before, and she never kicked anybody afterwards.

A.

THE FAMOUS MOZART BAND.

THE famous Mozart Band, as everybody ought to know, was formed in our village. It has serenaded almost every family on the street; and there is no end to the money (in the form of beans and smooth stones) that has been poured into the hat carried round by Miss Amy, the youngest member.

The band is composed of five members, whose names are



Charles, Edwin, Susan, Bella, and Amy. Charles was the founder of the band. While on a visit to his uncle in the city, he had seen a strolling band of men in the street, who played finely on trumpets and flutes. He resolved to form a band at home, and to call it the Mozart Band.

But why call it the Mozart? Well, Mozart was a wonderful musical genius, who could compose music when he was five years old, and who astonished all Germany by his

skill and aptness as a performer. So Charles decided on calling his band the Mozart Band.

At great expense I have obtained a drawing of the members of the Mozart Band. Charles (first drum) is the leader; Edwin (second drum) is next in rank; Amy (trumpet) is the next, for she owns the trumpet, and so comes before the other two ladies, who are merely vocal performers, by which I mean singers.

Now, if you want to hear the famous Mozart Band, you must come to our village. Performances take place every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, and sometimes oftener. If you come, you must bring some money to put into Amy's hat; for the band cannot afford to play for nothing. They are getting to be so famous that I should not wonder if they were to have an invitation soon to come on to New York or Boston, and give a concert in one of the large halls.

AUNT CECILIA.



MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT FISHING.

WHEN I was seven years old, my father took me down to the river to fish. I had a nice new line, and a little hook that I bought of a peddler the week before. My father cut me a pole from the woods near by; and I caught a grasshopper for bait.

I tried to put the grasshopper on the hook, but I pricked my finger: so my father put it on for me. Then I threw in my line, and kept moving it up and down.

Pretty soon I thought I felt a bite, and called out to my father, "O father, I've got a fish!" I pulled it up, and what do you think I had caught? You could not guess in a week. It was my sister's old rag baby.

FRANK LYNN.



SHY LITTLE PANSY.

“WHY so shy, my Pansy,
Tell me why so shy?
Mother’s arms are round thee;
This is grandma by.

She can tell you stories
Of the time, my dear,
When she was a little girl
Just like Pansy here.

“Once there was a dolly,
And its name was Bess;
Grandma then, like Pansy,
Was — how old? Now guess!
Just the age of Pansy!
Well, one night, you see” —
“Grandma,” said the little girl,
“Take me on your knee.”

Pansy’s shyness melted;
Grandma won the day:
Now hugged tight in grandma’s arms
Little Pansy lay;
And she heard a story
Of a doll so fine,
Left out on the cold, cold ground,
Where no sun could shine.

And the snow fell slowly,
Softly fell, like down,
Till a heap of drifted flakes
Covered dolly’s gown.
Yes, it hid and covered
All the bright blue dress,
Then her hair and rosy cheeks —
Poor forsaken Bess!

Dolly's little mother
Hunted for her child;
But no trace of her was seen
Till the air grew mild.
When the snow was melted,
There was dolly found,
With her silken dress all soiled
On the muddy ground.

EMILY CARTER.



NEW METHOD OF CATCHING MICE.

PERHAPS some of your youthful readers will be glad to know how I catch mice. If you think so, you are at liberty to publish the following; for I do not intend to apply for a patent.

One evening last week we made some molasses candy; and, as too much of it, eaten before going to bed, is not good for the teeth, I spread some on a baking-tin, and set it away to cool for the next day.

It was not cooked enough to harden thoroughly; and a little mouse had the curiosity to taste it; but, the moment his feet touched it, they stuck fast, and he could not get away.

His cries for help brought two other mice to his assistance; but they shared the same fate, the molasses candy holding all three prisoners.

When I found them the next morning, all three were stuck fast. This shows what a useful thing molasses candy is to have in a house, and is a warning to all mice not to meddle with it.

ARTHUR F. CORBIN.

GOUVERNEUR, N.Y.

A SONG FOR BABY.

~~Nests~~^{Nests} for all the baby-birds
In the merry budding spring;
Roses, where the dusty bees
May sip and cling.

Shade for all the pretty lambs
That in the summer stray;
Hedges, where the crickets chirp
Their time away.

Holes, where nimble squirrels hide
When autumn hours are chill;
Heaping barns, where horse and cow
Have shelter still.

Homes for rabbit, mouse, and mole,
When winter strews the ground;
But mother's arms for baby dear
The whole year round!

GEORGE COOPER.





JAMIE CANFIELD'S SAND-HEAP.

JAMIE CANFIELD is a three-year-old boy who lives in Lawrence, Kansas, the prettiest town in the State. He and Freddy Bassett, a four-year-old neighbor, love to play in the dirt; and their mammas allow them to do it, because it is so healthy.

It certainly has proved to be so in Jamie's case; for he was quite pale and delicate in the spring, and now he is brown and rugged, and ready to eat all the food he can get. But dear me! he used to get so dirty!

What was the use of washing him, and putting on clean dresses and aprons, when he was constantly throwing aside his other playthings, and making mud pies, or carting earth in his little red wagon?

His papa laughed and said, "Oh, never mind! Dirt is

good for him." But mamma thought it was not very good for his clothes; and, besides, she wanted him to be clean enough to kiss without being washed every time he came into the house.

So she said one day to his papa, "James, I think it would be a good idea to get a load of sand for Jamie to play in. It will at least be cleaner than that dust-heap."

That very day up came a load of yellow, shining sand. It was heaped into a shady corner by mamma's bedroom-door, and Jamie and Freddy dived into it at once.

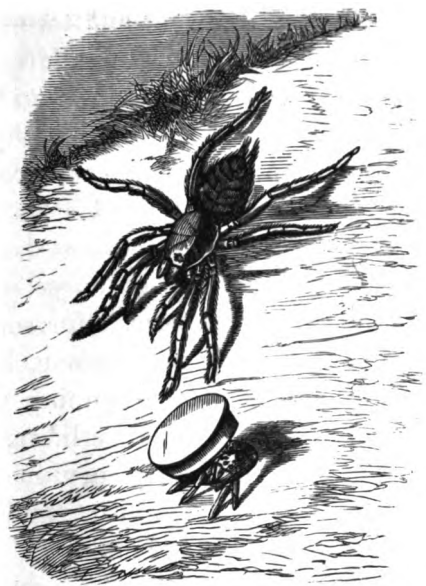
They made pies; they dug holes, and filled them with water for wells; they made mountains with caves in their sides, and every thing else they could think of. When dinner-time came, Jamie had to be coaxed away from his sand-heap; and mamma said she believed he would sleep in it, if he were allowed to.

After dinner, as soon as he waked from his nap, he went straight to his sand again. Freddy was there before him; and soon Minnie Rich, a little girl eleven years old, came out, and played with them.

She knew how to work sand better than any of them. First she wet it. Then she made a house with holes in the sides for doors and windows, and a chip for a chimney. Then she made a smooth lawn in front of the house, and some hills and valleys in the rear, fenced in a yard, and set out some flowers.

The boys were delighted; and mamma went to the door more than once to look at the plantation, as Jamie called it, before it was finished. It was really quite a pretty thing, and Jamie declared his intention of keeping it just as it was. But the hot sun dried the sand, so that the house crumbled away; and the two boys were soon digging and shovelling in their own way as before.

JAMIE'S MAMMA.



DICK'S DREAM.

"YES, step right down upon me, and kill me, if you like," said Mrs. Tarantula to Dick, as they met at the school-house door. "This is a hard world, Dick Adams, and I am about tired of living in it.

"You don't know what a fine home I once had! It was in that clay mound; and, when I had dug me a hole fully a foot deep and an inch across, my jaws and my eight legs were quite tired out. I left some small stones on the side for stairs: I lined the hole with brown silk next to the dirt, and with white satin inside, both of which I spun and wove on the spot.

"My nice round lid fitted so snug and even, that I thought no one but myself ever could find my house. But, last week, your brother Will's sharp eyes spied the round ring

that marks my nest ; and he went and tore the lid from its hinges, and left my hundred and ten children without a roof to cover their heads. *How I would like to bite that boy !*

“ I found the lid, and tried to fasten it down again ; but a heavy shower came up, and I could not fix it in the rain. Then my husband came over from his house. You know our husbands never live with the rest of the family. They are too cross and get too hungry at times.

“ We were not on very good terms ; for, some time before, when he thought I was away from home, he tried to get into my house. I heard him, and, running up stairs, I put my claws in the two little holes in the lining of the lid, and braced myself so that he could not pry open the lid. He said, he only wanted to pay me a visit ; but I knew he was hungry, and wanted to eat up our children.

“ But now he spoke very kindly to me, and told me that my lid could not be fixed on ; but, as my children were now old enough to care for themselves, I had better go home with him. I went to his house to talk it over, and forgot to give the children their supper, and tell them to work for themselves after this.

“ My husband told me a few days after that my boys and girls got into a fight, and, before they quit, ate each other up ; but he was away from home for two days, and looked very full when he came back.

“ He may have told the truth ; but I can't see how one of my little ones could eat the other one hundred and nine, and then swallow himself too.”

This is what Dick Adams dreamed that a tarantula said to him. He had seen one on his way to school, and what the teacher told him about the insect had interested him so much that he found himself dreaming about it all night.



DRAWING-LESSON BY HARRISON WEIR.

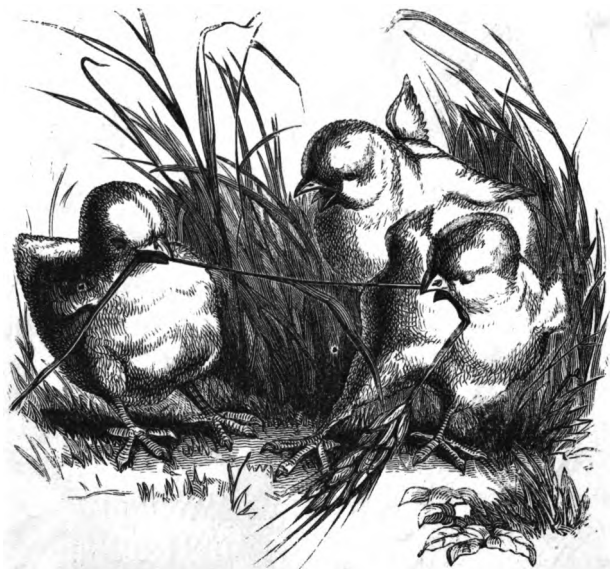
THREE LITTLE CHICKS.

THREE little chicks, so downy and neat,
Went out in search of something to eat:

Ter-wit, ter-weet!

Something to eat!

And soon they picked up a straw of wheat.



Said one little chick, "That belongs to me!"

Said the other little chick, "We'll see, we'll see!"

"Ter-wit, ter-weet!

It is nice and sweet,"

Said number three: "let us share the treat!"

One little chick seized the straw in his bill,

And was just preparing to eat his fill,

When the other chick

Stepped up so quick,

He hadn't a chance for a picnic pick.

They pulled, and they tugged, the downy things ;
And, oh, how they flapped their baby wings !

“ Ter-wit, ter-weet !

Something to eat !

Just please let go of this bit of wheat ! ”

Fiercer and fiercer the battle grew,

Until the straw broke right in two,

And the little chicks

Were in a fix,

And sorry enough for their naughty tricks.

For a saucy crow has watched the fight,

And laughs, “ Haw, haw ! It serves you right ! ”

So he snatches the prize

From before their eyes,

And over the hills, and away, he flies !

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



ROMEO THE SHIRK.

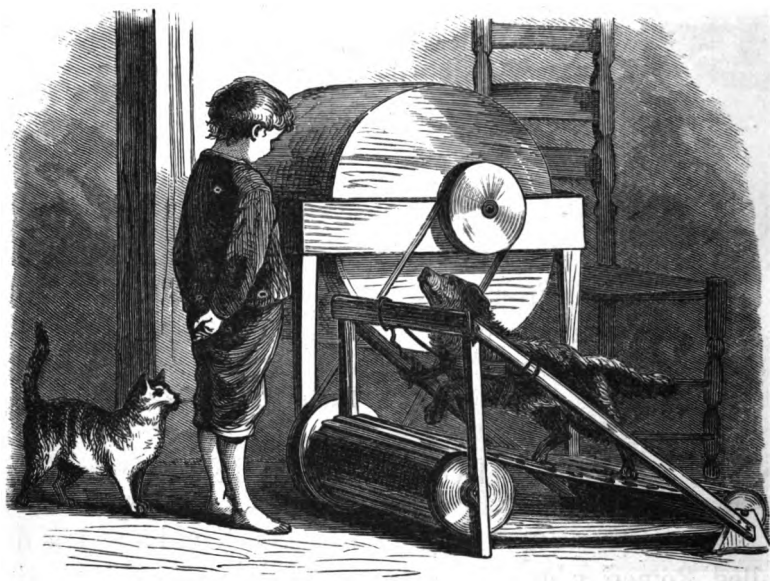
SIXTY years ago, when grandpa was a boy, he had a dog called Romeo, who was made to do the work of churning butter. I never saw a churn that went by dog-power ; but it must have been a clumsy affair.

The task could not have been an agreeable one, and I do not wonder that Romeo did not like it. One morning, when the churn was taken out, and the cream was all ready to be made into butter, there was no Romeo to be found. Long and loud were the calls made for him ; but he did not answer to his name.

The churning was done that day without his help. Nothing was seen of him until just before dark, when he came

into the house with the air of a prodigal son. He did not walk up like an honest dog to get his supper, but slunk under a table.

The family had agreed to neither chide him nor caress him; but grandfather, who was then a little boy, slyly carried him some supper. Romeo ate it greedily, but



looked unhappy all the time as though he knew he had done wrong. It was plain that his conscience was smiting him.

The next week, when churning-time came, Romeo did not try to get away. He stood by watching while the cream was made ready; and, when his master whistled for him to take his place at the churn, he came forward, wagging his tail, as much as to say, "I am not going to be a shirk. I was not half so happy the day I ran away as I should have been if I had done my work cheerfully. I will never be caught shirking again." And he never was. DAISY'S MAMMA.



MOTHER'S LAST LOOK.

THEY'RE asleep,
So I'll keep
Very still, and peep:
Not too bright,
Candle-light
Is for them to night.

Saturday
Makes them gay,
And they've had their play:
Sled and shout
Have, no doubt,
Tired them fairly out.

Once in bed,
Prayers were said
By each curly-head:
But, before
Half was o'er,
They saw slumber-shore.

Darlings! may
Angels stay,
Bless and for you pray!
May their love,
Like a dove,
Watch you from above!

EMILY CARTER.

TIED, NOT MATED.

ONE fine summer day, Master Fritz took his mother's greyhound, Leda, and his father's spaniel, Neptune, out for a run. They were quite ready for a frolic, for they had been tied up in the barn all the forenoon, and had been longing for Fritz to come.

So off they went; and, after they had gone some distance, Fritz thought it would be fine fun, as he had in his pocket a piece of string, to tie the two dogs together, and play they were a span of horses.

No sooner had he got them well tied than some one called him, and off he ran, leaving the two dogs tied, but not mated. They roamed about a while over the fields and meadows, till they came to the pond.

Now, the dogs could not talk in our language; but they made certain noises, which meant, I think, just this: "Here's a chance for a fine swim!" cried Neptune. "Come, Leda, the water is nice and cool."

"I'd rather not go in," said Leda. "I'm not a very good swimmer, and I easily take cold. Pray don't drag me in. Come back and have a race in the meadow."



“Oh, it’s too fine, too fine!” barked Neptune; and he began to lap up water with his tongue.

Leda pulled back, and cried, “Oh, don’t!”

But the temptation was too great for Neptune. In he pulled poor Leda, and swam about with her till she was chilled through.

Fritz’s father, Mr. Pitman, passing that way, saw the dogs, and called them out. Glad enough was Leda to get on dry land. She shivered; but Neptune shook himself till he drenched her all over.

Then Mr. Pitman untied the dogs, and, taking some dry grass, gave Leda a good rubbing till she felt warm and brisk.

Then she began to bark at Neptune, and to caper round him, as much as to say, “Did you not serve me a pretty trick, sir? But I shall not let Master Fritz tie me to you again. Never, never!”

ALFRED SELWYN.

MY KITTEN.

I WANT to tell you about my kitten, and some of her funny ways. She is black and white, and her name is Beauty.

I have great sport making her run up and down the room after my ball. But a little piece of string is the best plaything for her. She will jump right up on my shoulder to catch it.

If I throw a newspaper on the floor, she will jump upon it, and tear holes in it, making believe that she hears a mouse under it. This she seems to do to amuse me; for, as soon as I stop looking at her, she will go



away and lie down. But she is growing fast, and soon will be a grave old cat.

VIOLA DAY.



A LESSON IN FLYING.

BIRDS have their trials as well as little boys and girls. To be sure they don't have to stand in a line, and shout "Twice one are two" at the top of their voices; but they have to learn to fly, and I think it very likely that they take singing-lessons, although I am not sure as to that.

One day last summer I was picking flowers in the woods, when, happening to look up, what should I see perched on a twig just in front of me but a cunning little bird!

At first I kept very quiet, lest I should frighten him away; but, as he showed no sign of moving, I ventured nearer and nearer, until I even covered him with my hand.

"Why, dear me! he's nothing but a baby-bird, and can't fly," I said to myself; and then I sat down on a mossy mound near by, and waited; for I knew the mother-bird was not far off, and I wanted to see what was going on.

It was not long before I heard a gentle whirr in the leaves overhead, and, looking up, saw two birds circling around the twig, but at some distance above it. Then one of them, the mother, of course, drew nearer and nearer in smaller and smaller circles, at the same time calling to her baby in encouraging little chirps.

Birdie on his perch seemed very much excited, turning

his head from one side to the other in the cunningest way. But when his mother came close to him, only to dart off and call on him to follow, he looked so disappointed that I really felt as if I must comfort him.

The mother came back very soon and resumed her lesson in flying, and very hard work she found it too, for the little fellow was timid and refused to follow her, in spite of all her coaxing and scolding. After working a long while, she flew off, leaving her baby trembling on his perch. I pitied the poor little fellow, he seemed so forlorn and helpless.

The little bird, left to himself, got tired at last of staying where he was, and made one or two efforts to fly. He flapped his wings, rounded up his back until he looked like a ball of down, and leaned forward, as much as to say, "I'll do it now." But when he saw the awful distance between himself and the ground, his courage failed him, and he clung to his perch more tightly than ever.

After a while the mother-bird came back, bringing a large bug which she used as a bribe for her timid birdling, holding it under his very bill, and then darting off in the hope that he would follow. The youngster chirped for the bug, but he would not fly for it; and, after many efforts, the old bird, unable to resist his pleading, perched on a twig just beneath him, and held up the bug, which you may be sure he was not slow to seize and eat.

The little fellow now seemed to make up his mind to fly, even if he died in the attempt. He flapped his wings, rounded his back, and leaned forward as before, while the mother-bird flew about, fluttering and chirping to such an extent that the father came down from the top of a high tree to see how they were getting along.

The little bird was just about to fly, and I was just ready to clap my hands in applause, when, lo! there he was cling-

ing to his perch again, trembling with fear, and chirping, "I can't do it. I dare not. Oh, dear!"

The two old birds flew away much disappointed; but the mother soon returned with another bug, and the lesson was repeated. Indeed it was repeated so many times, that I began to lose patience with the little coward, and to be full of pity for the poor tired mother.

His birdship had just eaten a bug, and the parent-birds were chirping and flying around, when, with the hope of helping them in their labors, I stepped forward, and tapped him on the bill with a flower-stem. The blow was so sudden and unexpected, that, before he had time to think, he lifted his wings and flew to a neighboring twig, where he clung, frightened and delighted at what he had done.

I left him then, with his father and mother making just such a time over him as your fathers and mothers made over you when you took your first steps.

MABEL ELWELL.



"LULLABY!"

Now the shadows gather fast, "by-low" time has come at last;
Little birds have gone to rest, safe within their downy nest;
Little lambkins seek the fold, warmly housed from wind and cold:
Baby darling, you and I now must sing our lullaby!

I will sing a sweet good-night to my baby's blue eyes bright,
To the little cheeks so fair, to the sunny, golden hair,
To the rosy lips so sweet, to the dimpled hands and feet;
Gently rocking to and fro, singing softly, singing low.

Into "Dreamland," baby wee, you will slip away from me;
Out from shadow into light, to the world of visions bright;



While the mother-love so true, keeping tender watch o'er you,
With the lullaby shall seem still to soothe and bless your dream.

Lullaby, oh, lullaby! stars are lighting in the sky ;
All the sunshine of the day like yourself is tired of play :
Tell me, are the sunbeams *there* in that dreamland bright and fair ?
Bring them back, my baby, then, when you wake to earth again.

Sweetly on her mother's breast sinks the little one to rest.
By-low time is sweeter far than all the hours of play-time are :
So thinks baby, so think I, as we sing our lullaby,
Rocking gently to and fro, chanting softly, chanting low.

MARY D. BRINE.

HOW LITTLE EDITH WENT TO SLEEP.

"I'm sleepy ; and I want my mamma to rock me to sleep ; and I don't want grandma, or auntie, or papa, or any one else, to rock me, but just my own mamma." And the little queen planted her feet firmly, and looked at us with so much defiance, that we felt it was of no use for us to coax, rock, or sing.

Little Edith was tired, and sadly in need of her nap ; but her mamma was sick in bed, and could not be disturbed. What was to be done ?

Papa held up a bright silver-piece as a reward of merit to the little girl, if she would be good, and go to sleep. Grandma ventured a little coaxing. But it was all of no avail : the sleepy eyes opened wide, as if they meant to keep open in spite of us all.

But when auntie remarked that she was going to her room to sharpen her pencil, and draw some pictures of a cat, or a dog, or a rabbit, Edith's eyes brightened ; and she said, "Let me go too ?"

So Edith sat on her auntie's lap, and asked her to draw a rabbit, — a "yabbit," Edith called it, — and to begin at his ears.

"Yes, little pet. Here are his ears, and here is his body, and here is his tail, and here are his feet, and here are some spectacles for him to see through," said auntie, drawing each article as she named it. "And here are some pretty red beads around his neck, and some rings in his ears ; and now we will tie a nice blue ribbon on his tail." Here Edith suggested shoes for his feet.

"Yes," said auntie. "And now he wants an apple to eat : so here is an *apple* for him (1). Now he wants some *grass* (2) ; now some *nuts* (3). Now he is crying for a piece

of *pie* (4); no, he doesn't want that kind, he wants *gooseberry-pie*: well, rabbit, here it is (5). Here is some *bread* for him (6), and we will spread it with nice butter; and he wants a *potato* too (7), and a nice sweet *orange* (8), and a *brush* to smooth his fur (9).

Little Edith's eyes were gradually closing; but, becoming aware of the fact, she started up as if she thought of going away.

"Stop, darling," said auntie. "We must give the rabbit



a *wash-bowl* to wash in (10), and some nice cool water in it; and now he must have a *comb* (11), and a *cup and saucer* to drink his tea from (12), and a *doll* to play with (13). Now he says he wants a *house* to live in (14), with a tree growing by it, and a nice walk to the front-door, and a fence all around it; and there he is crying for a bed to sleep on. Oh, what a rabbit you are! you want so many things! Well, here is a nice *bed* for you (15). Now I hope you will go to sleep, and not ask for another thing; for little Edith's eyes are shut."

And, sure enough, Edith was fast asleep.

C. L. K.

BLOW, BLOW, EAST WIND!

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Moderato.

mf

1. Blow, blow, east wind! What does the east wind
2. Blow, blow, east wind! Woodlands and val - leys

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

cres.
Shine, shine, sun - light! And what does the sun - shine
Shine, shine, sun - light! With beams of a gold - en

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

The sun - shine clear Goes here and
The fields grow green By winds sweep

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

search - es ev' - ry nook; And while it is go - ing, The
end your blow - ing, do! And south breez - es dear Ver -

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

wind it is blow - ing Much farth - er than you can look.
- y soon will be here With the skies of a deep warm blue.

The fifth and final system of musical notation on the page. It concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.



NOBODY'S DOG.

NOBODY'S DOG.



ONLY a dirty black-and-white dog
You can see him any day,
Trotting meekly from street to street
He almost seems to say,
As he looks in your face with wistful eyes
"I don't mean to be in your way."

His tail hangs drooping between his legs
His body is thin and spare :
How he envies the sleek and well-fed dogs
That thrive on their masters' care !
And he wonders what they must think
And grieves at his own hard fare.

Sometimes he sees a friendly face, —
A face that he seems to know ;
And thinks it may be the master
That he lost so long ago ;
And even dares to follow him home,
For he loved his master so !

Poor Jack ! He's only mistaken again,
And stoned and driven back ;
But he's used to disappointments now,
And takes up his beaten track ;
Nobody's dog, for whom nobody cares, —
Poor unfortunate Jack !



IN THE SWING.

THE swing was hung from an old oak-tree in grandmother's grove. There Mabel and I used to go every fine summer morning before breakfast, and swing for five minutes. We did not swing longer than that because too much of this kind of exercise is not healthy.

Once, when I had swung her very high, Mabel had a fall, but it did not hurt her, for she fell among some tufts of soft grass ; but, if her head had struck a stone, it might have done her great harm. After that we were both more careful.

Five years have gone by since those days. We both go to school, and I do not think you would know us, from the likenesses in the picture. But next summer we hope to visit grandmother once more, and we shall revive old times in the swing under the old oak-tree.

The sly squirrels will come out and look at us; the birds will twitter, and try to make us think that they have no nests in the trees and bushes thereabouts: but we shall say, "We shall do you no harm, birds, squirrels, beetles — no harm — for we love you all! So play on, and please let us play too."

EDITH.



THE NEW MOON.

PRETTY new moon, white new moon,
What do you bring in your horn?
Silver light to paint black night
As fair as the early dawn?

Sweet new moon, pretty new moon,
Where did you harvest your rays?
In the deeps of dark were you but a spark
Till the sun shone along your ways?

Fair new moon, kind new moon,
Will my wish come true some day,
When you're but a ghost of yourself, at the most,
And your glory passes away?

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

HOW MY BOYS HELPED THEIR MOTHER.

WHEN we first came here to live, the lot next to ours was vacant ; but afterwards a house was built on it, and the boys were very much interested in the progress of the building. Often, when obliged to stay in doors, they would



sit by the window, watching the work on the “new house,” as they called it.

Mr. Little, the owner of the house, was an old acquaintance of ours, and very fond of children. So occasionally, when he came to oversee the work, I would allow the boys to go up and see him ; and he would give them a few nails, or some blocks to play with.

One day, Mr. Little called their attention to the wood which the carpenters had thrown aside as rubbish, and told them he was going to pick up some of it, and send it home

to burn ; “ and now, boys,” said Mr. Little, “ if you would like to help your mother, here is a chance to get her some kindling-wood. You may come every day, and get all you can carry home.”

They came home delighted with the plan ; and the next morning, as soon as breakfast was done, they were ready to begin their work. The two oldest boys took their wheelbarrows, and the youngest one his cart, and off they started. I could see them from my window, working very diligently, and they soon came back, each with a good-sized load

They knocked at the back-door, and asked me where I would have my wood put. I told them they could put it in the cellar, and opened the outside cellar-door for them. Each one threw out his load, and started for another ; and so they kept at work nearly the whole forenoon.

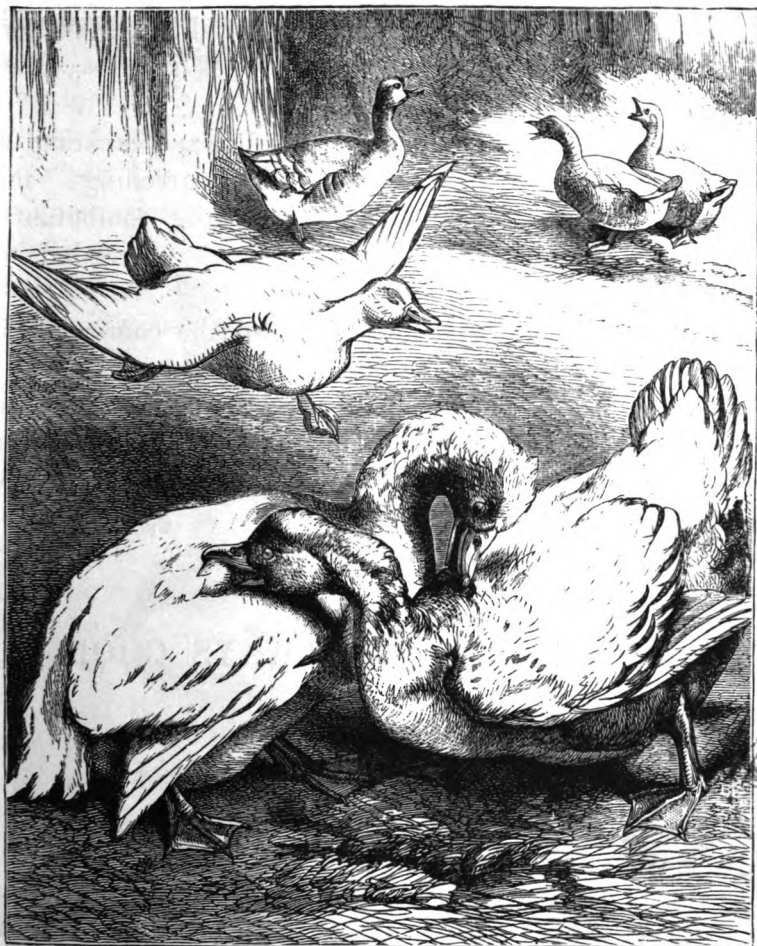
They continued to work in this way for a week, sometimes getting one load a day, and sometimes four or five ; and every night, when their papa came home, they invited him down cellar to see how much wood they had.

In a little room back of the parlor, there was an old-fashioned fireplace, in which, when the evenings began to grow cool, papa would build up a nice fire, just after supper. Then he would sit down in the firelight with the boys, and tell them stories till their bed-time, greatly to their delight.

So you see they had a reward for their labor, besides having the satisfaction of knowing that they helped their mother.

H. L.





MERCANTILE
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NEW YORK

“STOP THAT QUARRELLING.”

IN England recently, a curious incident of geese-life was witnessed. A number of very fine geese, belonging to a Mr. Woodford were having their morning ramble, when suddenly a strange noise was heard.

Two of the geese had begun quarrelling, probably over

some choice morsel of food. They fought each other furiously, when they were suddenly stopped in a way that caused no little surprise to the beholders.

An old goose came flying across the road, and cackling in tones that must have meant, "Stop that quarrelling!" for they seemed to be well understood by the combatants. Having chided them well, the old goose proceeded to punish them.

Instantly the quarrelsome geese obeyed the command of the old goose; and the whole flock, that had been witnesses of the fight, began to gobble their approval of the peace that had been brought about. How much wiser they were than some bad boys, who like to see a fight, and do not try to stop it!

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE GIRL WHO IS ALWAYS GOOD.

SHE never sighs;
She never grumbles;
She never cries
When down she tumbles.

She never soils
Her pretty dresses;
She never spoils
Her silken tresses.

With cap on head,
And wee hands folded,

She's put to bed,
And never scolded.

Oh, she's a pearl!
No mischief scheming;
There's such a girl, —
Don't think I'm dreaming.

But not to tell
Her name were folly:
You know her well,
For she's your Dolly!

GEORGE COOPER.



A LETTER FROM CALCUTTA.

Dear "Nursery," — Way out here, a long distance from my real home, which is not far from Boston, my grand-mamma sends you; and I am so fond of hearing the stories read, that I think some of your children would like to read a story about this country.

There are many things here which would be new and strange to most of them; but few things are more funny than the crows playing their pranks. The crows are very

like those at home, except that these little fellows have slate-colored necks, and are much more bold.

If a window or door is left open, it will not be a minute before one or more crows will arrive and look about in search of food. If you chance to leave any thing about that is eatable, it is seized and carried off in an instant.

There is a great park here, known as the Maidan, where dogs run with bones to pick; and this habit of the dogs suits the crows perfectly, for they always try to get away the bones, and often succeed too. This is the way they usually go to work. The first crow that sees a dog with a bone calls all his friends, and off they fly to where the dog is. There they alight, and stand around him.

Then they talk to one another. Perhaps one says, in crow language, "This is an ugly cur;" another says, "He has crooked legs;" another, "His tail is cut off;" and so they keep talking until the dog gets angry, and with a snap and a bark, tries to drive them away. This only makes them laugh; and they begin again to torment the dog by talking, and even by jumping upon his back, and pulling his tail.

Now, no dog of any spirit will stand this insult. So he springs up in a rage, to punish the saucy birds. That is precisely what the crows want; for, as soon as he turns his head around to bite one crow, another darts down, seizes the bone, and carries it away. Then how they do laugh at the poor dog! and isn't he angry!

We have also a bird commonly called a "kite," but often called the "Indian swallow," as it sails about in the air just as our home swallows do. It does not seize its food with its bill, as the crow does, but with its claws or talons, and eats as it flies. Now, the crow can't help tormenting something; and the kite often gets his share of their attention.

I have seen crows sit on a fence on both sides of a kite, and provoke him by their talk, just as one boy often provokes another by saying saucy little things. At first the kite pretends not to care; but very soon his feathers ruffle, and he flies at a crow, as if to tear him in pieces. The crow, is quick and darts away, but returns just as soon as the kite flies at another crow. And in this way the crows amuse themselves for a long time.

It is believed here that crows hold meetings, and decide upon the punishment due to other crows that have been bad; for they have often been seen to gather in large numbers, and, after chattering like magpies for a time, take one of their number, and peck him severely, sometimes even killing him.

Good-by, dear old "Nursery." Your little friend,

LEON K. DAVIS.



PRAIRIE DOGS.

How many of the bright-eyed boys and girls who read "The Nursery," or hear it read, month after month, ever saw a prairie-dog village? Ah! I see several little hands up. "The Nursery" has many readers in Western Kansas; and there is the very place where prairie-dog villages are found.

I will tell you about my first visit to one of them. As we were riding over the beautiful green prairie, we came to a place dotted here and there with hillocks about a foot high, and on each sat a funny little yellow dog.

These little hills, which have a hole in the top for a door, are the houses of the prairie-dogs. They would let us come

quite close to them, when, with a comical squeak, intended, I suppose, for a bark, down they would go, head first, into the holes, giving their tails a "good-by" shake.

The noise they make sounds exactly like the noise made by toy-animals when you press them in your hands. Fifty prairie-dogs all barking together could not be heard very far.

On a number of the hills sat solemn old owls, trying to look very wise. Most of these owls sat perfectly still as we drove by; but I saw two or three fly slowly away, as if half asleep. I wonder if these sober old birds teach the little prairie-dogs any of their wisdom.

All the prairies in this part of Kansas are covered with a short, thick grass, called "buffalo-grass," and the dogs live on its roots. These roots are little bulbs, and make nice rich food for the funny little fellows.

A gentleman who has lived here for many years tells me that all their houses are connected underground by halls or passages, so that they can travel a mile or so without coming to the top of the ground.

Wherever you see a prairie-dog village, there you will find good water by digging a few feet. Sometimes boys capture these queer little dogs, and they become quite tame and make cunning pets.

MARY MAXWELL RYAN.





THE STREET-PLAYER.

UNDER my window I hear a sound,
The scrape of a fiddle, the clatter of feet ;
And a curious crowd of boys and men
Has gathered there in the street.

And in their midst is a little child,
With ragged shoes and a brimless hat,
Not bigger than Hop-O'-my-Thumb, at most,
And wan and thin at that.

I see his fingers like little claws,
His berry-brown eyes, and wistful smile,
As he plies the bow of his fiddle fast,
And tries to sing meanwhile.

And when his shrill brief song is done,
He plucks the hat from his curly head,
And begs a penny from every one,
Though not a word is said.

Just fit for a mother's arms to fold,
Yet here alone in the heat and dust,
Doing his poor, tired, baby best
To earn for himself a crust.

He looks like Teddy, for all the world ;
Just such a tanned and rosy skin ;
Only he lacks the apple cheeks,
The dimples, and double-chin.

And I think if Teddy were motherless,
And had to wander from place to place,
How quickly the twinkle would leave his eye,
And the dimples leave his face.

So, Teddy, open the little bank,
And give him the pennies kept for toys,
And under my window let me see
Two little nut-brown boys !



THE CATBIRD.

THE catbird belongs to the family of thrushes, and is one of the most peculiar of our American birds. It is dark colored, with brown head and neck, and greenish-black tail. The bird is fond of society, and usually builds its nest near the dwellings of men, rather than in the quiet of the forest.

Its voice, when angry or disturbed, is harsh and shrill, but at other times, soft and sweet. It has also a cry like the mewling of a cat, from which it derives its name. It is very courageous, and will defend its young until it falls exhausted.

The catbird can be tamed, but is as mischievous as a young monkey, — meddlesome, full of curiosity, and so jealous, that it will drive any other pet bird out of the house. It dislikes to be caged, preferring the freedom of the room, so that it may look in the looking-glass, take pins off from the cushion, or perch on the plants in the window.

HOW TO DRAW A CAT.



When Ellen makes up
dough for bread,
A roll like this
you see.

One turnover she
puts on top,
Because it pleases
me.

Now when I saw Miss
Pussy's back
As she lay upon
the mat,
I thought of Ellen's
bread and pie

It surely looks
like that,
So adding ears and
tail I had,
The rear view of
my cat.



PLAYING COOK.

JENNY was at her little table, making a pudding for her doll's dinner, when brother Albert came in with Snap the dog, and said, "Let me be the cook, sister: I know how to make a pudding. First I will break these three eggs into the dish."

"But I can see no eggs," said Jenny.

"Look sharp," said Albert, going through the motion of breaking an egg. "Good and fresh."

"I see no eggs," said Jenny.

"You must be losing your eyesight," said the cook, taking a spoon. "Now, then, I will stir up the eggs; and now I will put in a little flour; and now I will grate in some nutmeg."

"I think you had better put in some milk," said Jenny.

"Of course, I shall," replied the cook. "Where's the basin of milk?"

"You will find it on the floor," said Jenny.

Albert looked, and cried out, "Go away, Snap! — See, Jenny, that greedy dog has lapped up all the milk!"

"No matter," said Jenny. "You can get some more where you got the eggs."

So Albert seized the little pitcher, went through the motion of emptying it, stirred the pudding once more, and then placed it on the little doll-stove.

"Oh, what a fine cook you are!" said Jenny. "But, when I am very hungry, I think I shall not come to you for my dinner."

IDA FAY.



HOW A BOY CAUGHT A FISH WITH HIS NOSE.

A FEW years ago, a little boy was out fishing with his mother, on Crooked Lake, in the western part of New York; or perhaps I should say, *she* was fishing, and he was looking over the side of the boat. He could see the fish darting about here and there, and liked to watch them, and he put his face as close down to the water as he could to see them more plainly.

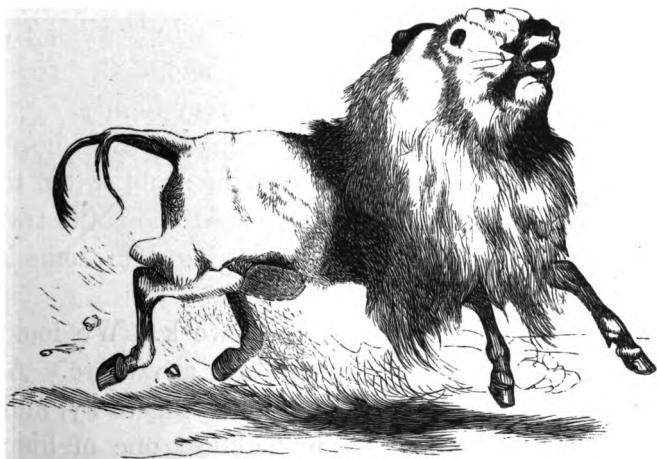
A big trout came along, and saw something smooth and round and white close to the top of the water. It was the boy's nose. The trout was hungry, and I suppose he thought it was a piece of meat, or something else good to eat: so he gave a spring out of the lake, and caught fast hold of it with his teeth.

Very much startled, the boy jerked his head back sud-

denly, and landed Mr. Trout in the boat. He was a fine large fellow, and weighed several pounds. I hope he did not bite off the end of the boy's nose. I wonder if the boy would like to try to catch another trout in the same way.

Everybody thought this so funny, that the boy became, for a while, quite famous, and had his photograph taken, with the mark of the bite on his nose. This may seem a very tough story, but it is true. The thing took place only a few miles from where I live.

ELIZABETH SILL.



AN OLD FABLE.

AN ass, having put on a lion's skin, roamed about in the forest, and amused himself by frightening all the animals he met with in his wanderings. At last he met a fox, and tried to frighten him also; but the fox no sooner heard the sound of his voice than he exclaimed, "I might have been afraid, if I had not heard you bray."

This fable was written by Æsop, a famous Grecian who lived nearly three thousand years ago.

A fable is a fictitious story designed to enforce some useful lesson or moral. See if you can tell the moral of this one.

UNCLE CHARLES.

OUR FLY.



I WANT to tell "The Nursery" readers about a fly who has lived in my mamma's room all winter. At night he hides away in some warm place; but, when the sun shines, he flies all about the room, and acts as if he were very happy.

When my mamma was sick, he used to fly about her, and make a great buzzing; and, when the girl brought up her dinner, he would crawl about the tray as if he were hungry. Mamma would give him some sugar, which he liked very much.

We missed him once for a whole week. We looked all over the room, but could not find him anywhere. At last, one day, we saw him on the window trying to fly, and what do you think? The poor fellow had lost one of his wings. Mamma said that he must have flown into the gas-light, and got burnt. She gave him some sugar, and he seemed to feel better for eating it.

I watched him a long time, and when he had eaten enough he crawled on to my hand. I took him off, and put him on the window again; but he kept coming back to my hand, and I think, if he could have spoken, he would have said, "Thank you, little girl, for my nice dinner."

I will tell you more about him some time.

VIOLA.



GRANDPA'S WATCH.

GEORGE is never so happy as when he is on grandpa's knee; and the first thing that grandpa has to do, when little George is seated there, is to pull out his watch.

“Watch, watch!” cries little George; and grandpa takes it out, opens it, and lets him see all the queer little wheels and the bright works, that shine and glitter so, and keep up the quick movements, and make the watch say, “Tick, tick!”

Grandpa and George are good friends, because grandpa tries to explain things to him. One day he brought home a watch and gave it to the little boy for his own, and showed him how to wind it up, and make it tick.

George is very proud of it, and will soon learn to tell the time of day. He knows now how to count ten.

A. B. C.



HELEN'S BIRD.

WHEN Helen was eight years old, a pretty little canary-bird was given to her as a birthday present. She named it "Chirp;" and she and Chirp soon got to be very fond of each other.

Helen took the whole care of him; and he grew so tame

that he would perch on her hand, and take seeds from her finger, and even from her lips. He was a fine singer, and Helen liked to be waked in the morning by his music.

His cage was placed on her table near her bed, and she always began the day by having a little talk with Chirp. There was not the least risk in opening the cage, and letting him out into the room; for he would fly to Helen as soon as she called him.

So for years the little bird and the little girl lived happily together. One November day, when Helen was almost eleven years old, she had been out making a call, and, on her return, Chirp was missing. Helen saw that a window had been left open, and knew that he must have flown out.

"Oh, dear!" said she, in great distress, "my poor little Chirp is gone, and I shall never see him again."

Her mother tried to comfort her by saying that he had not been gone long, and could not be far away. "But," said Helen, "it is cold weather, and is snowing too, and he must be chilled to death."

However, without wasting time in talk, she snatched up a handful of canary-seed, and ran out of doors at once in search of her little pet. She looked up into the vine that grew on the side of the house, and called, "Chirp, Chirp!"

She could see nothing of him; but Chirp saw her, and in a moment came fluttering down among the snowflakes, and perched upon her hand. Oh, how delighted Helen was to see him! The first thing she did was to give him some seeds to eat; for she knew he must be half starved.

"You dear little venturesome thing," she said. "You wanted to see the world, didn't you? But why couldn't you wait for warmer weather? You have given me a dreadful fright. Come into the house now and be contented, and next summer you shall go out with me."

JANE OLIVER.



THREE LITTLE CHICKS BORN IN A SHOE.

THREE little chickens,
Born in a shoe,
When the freshet came,
Didn't know what to do:
One went on deck,
Just to watch the weather,
While down below
The others sat together.

"Oh, what shall we do!
Mother is not here:
Captain there on deck!
Oh, what cheer? what
cheer?"

"Water everywhere,
Far as I can see!
But the wind is fair;
Let us easy be."

"Oh, we want our mother,"
Cried the other two:
"Stop that!" said the cap-
tain, —

Captain of the shoe:
"We are lucky chickens
In our little boat;
Water-tight it is,
And it keeps afloat.

"I hear mother calling
From the barn-yard wall:
Courage, little sisters!
Don't you hear her call?"
Yes, they heard it plainly;
Oh, how glad they were!
"Now blow fair, thou gentle
wind,
Bear us all to her!"

And the wind kept blowing,
Fair and fair it blew,
Bearing to the barn-yard wall
All that little crew.
When their mother saw
them,
She flew down apace;
On her back she bore them
To a nice dry place.

EMILY CARTER.



THE GEESE AND THE HAWK.

ONE day in May as Charles walked through the fields, he saw a large hawk hovering in the air, and heard a noise as of geese cackling. Soon an old mother-geese with a troop of little ones came running towards him.

She knew that Charles would protect her and her fledglings from the cruel hawk; and she was not mistaken. He took up a stick, and, looking up at the hawk, said, "Now come on if you dare, you old thief!"

The hawk made a swoop down to the top of a tree near by, caught sight of the goslings, and would, no doubt, have liked to clutch one of them, and carry it off; but the robber-bird was not quite bold enough to do this while Charles stood by.

At last the hawk flew off out of sight, and Charles called his good dog Fido, and pointed at the geese, and said, "Take care of them, sir." So Fido sat down near by, and



watched the geese. I think if the hawk had come then, Fido would have been more than a match for him.

UNCLE CHARLES.

MABEL'S SECRETS.

AND what were her secrets? She was one of the children allowed to make Christmas-gifts to their friends.

But it was hard for Mabel to keep her secrets. When her papa came home at night, she always climbed upon his knee to tell him every thing that had happened in her little world during the day; and her papa always listened to her prattle with a great deal of interest.

Now, that there was something she must not tell, Mabel could think of nothing else. She climbed upon his knee, and sat so silent, that her papa said, "Well, puss, have you nothing to tell papa to-night?"

"Oh, I mustn't tell you my secrets, papa," said wise little Mabel: "I've lots of 'em, and one is for you; and, if I tell, you will know all about it."

Now that the ice was broken, Mabel chatted on, innocently thinking that her secrets were safe in her wise little head. "Mamma knows," she continued; "but you mustn't know; and we are going to have a Christmas-tree to put 'em on, and everybody will be so *sprised*."

Sure enough, when Christmas Eve came, every one was surprised, but, most of all, little Mabel; for a beautiful doll and many other pretty things hung upon the tree for her. "Why, mamma," she exclaimed, "somebody else must have had secrets too!"

M. B. L.





THE LITTLE STUDENT.

In the sun by the wall, with Lion close by,
With her book in her hand, little Ruth you may spy :
She is getting her lesson as fast as she can,
While the birds sing their song; and the soft breezes fan.

See, that is her slate lying there on the ground :
She can make a square figure, and then make a round ;
She can add up a sum, if it's not very big ;
But she cannot yet draw me a cat or a pig.

But she tries to learn something, though little it be,
Each day of her life, — something useful, you see :
And in two or three years you will find she can spell,
Read, cipher, and write, and do it all well.

ELLEN SIMPSON.



THE SNOW-COUNTRY.

“WHAT a funny looking man !” cried Harry, running to me with his book open, to show me a picture. “Where does he live, aunty ? and why does he wear such clothes ?”

“He is an Esquimau, and lives in the snow-country, and his clothes are made of fur.”

“Tell me about the snow-country, aunty.”

“Up in the far north, near the north pole, it is winter all the time. There the snow is always on the ground ; and instead of having, as we do, many days and nights, they have only one day and one night in all the year.

“You will wonder if the people sleep all through the long night, and if they do not get tired of the long day. No ; for they go to bed and get up about as often as we do.

“During the night they have the stars to light them, and bright flashing colors in the sky, such as we call the ‘Northern Lights.’ When the sun comes back, he makes



them a long visit ; but never gets so high in the sky as he does with us, and never makes the weather warm."

"What are those things in the picture that look like bee-hives ?" said Harry.

"The picture shows you an Esquimaux village, and those are the houses. They are made of blocks of snow. Some of the houses have pieces of clear ice for windows. Others have no windows at all ; only a small hole for a door, which is closed up with snow after the family have all gone in."

"A snow-house with ice windows !" said Harry. "Why, how do they keep warm ?"

"They warm the houses with oil lamps, and get them very warm and very smoky too."

"Well," said Harry, "the Esquimaux are a queer people. I should like to hear more about them."

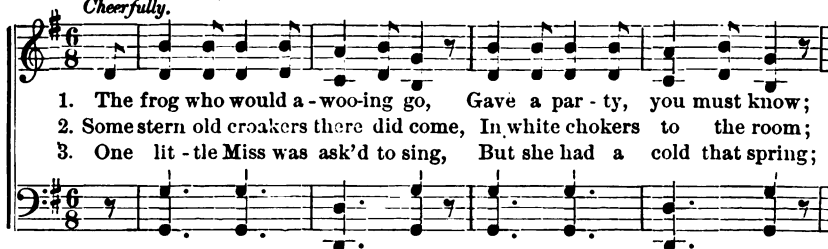
"I will tell you more some other time."

G. D. Y.

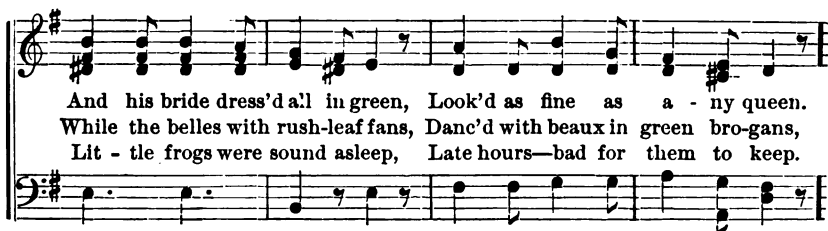
THE FROGGIE'S PARTY.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

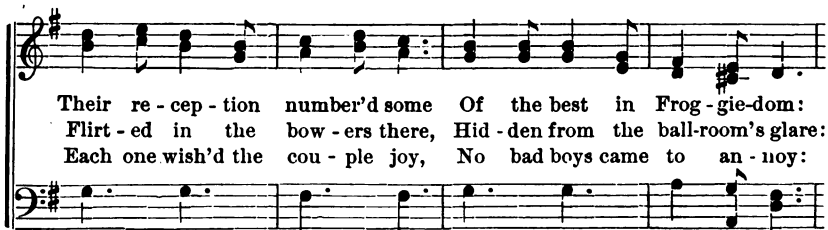
Cheerfully.



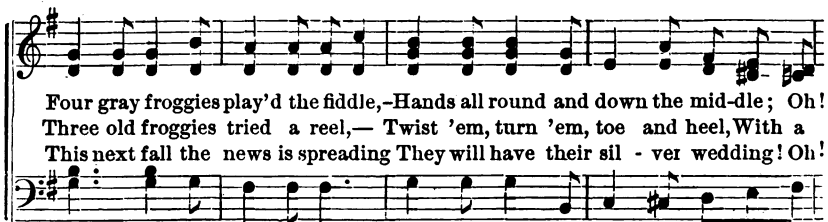
1. The frog who would a - woo-ing go, Gave a par - ty, you must know;
2. Somestern old croakers there did come, In white chokers to the room;
3. One lit - tle Miss was ask'd to sing, But she had a cold that spring;



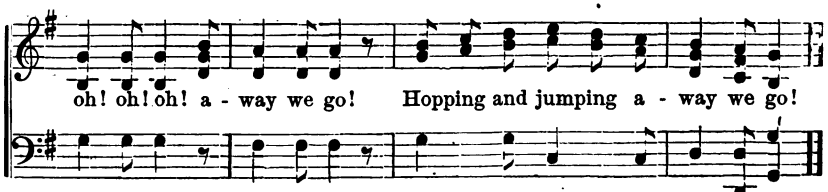
And his bride dress'd all in green, Look'd as fine as a - ny queen.
While the belles with rush-leaf fans, Danc'd with beaux in green bro-gans,
Lit - tle frogs were sound asleep, Late hours—bad for them to keep.



Their re - cep - tion number'd some Of the best in Frog - gie - dom:
Flirt - ed in the bow - ers there, Hid - den from the ball-room's glare:
Each one wish'd the cou - ple joy, No bad boys came to an - noy:



Four gray froggies play'd the fiddle,—Hands all round and down the mid-dle; Oh!
Three old froggies tried a reel,— Twist 'em, turn 'em, toe and heel, With a
This next fall the news is spreading They will have their sil - ver wedding! Oh!



oh! oh! oh! a - way we go! Hopping and jumping a - way we go!



TIRED OUT.

TIRED OUT.



ONE day Miss Lily Macnish heard the door-bell ring. She put down her spelling-book, and asked, "Who can that be, mamma?" Before mamma could give an answer, Jane the housemaid entered, and handed her a note.

"Why, this is not for me: it is for you, my dear," said Mrs. Macnish, giving the note to Lily.

"For me!" said Lily, while her cheeks flushed; for it was the first note she had ever received.

"Please read it for me, mamma," she said; for Lily could not read handwriting quite as well as some little girls of her age that I could tell of.

"It is an invitation to a children's party at Mrs. Vane's," said mamma. "Miss Lucy Vane asks the pleasure of Miss Lily's company on Thursday evening, at seven o'clock."

"Oh, can I go? Can I go?" cried Lily, jumping up, and clapping her hands.

"I do not quite approve of children's parties, especially when they take place in the evening," said mamma. "But I know who will say 'Yes,' and I suppose I shall have to do as he says."

She was thinking of Lily's papa, who loved the little girl so much, that he could not bear to say "No" to any request she might make.

Well, mamma was right. Papa saw that his little girl was bent on going to the party, and so he teased his wife into yielding her consent.

So, when Thursday came, Lily was dressed up in her little white robe, with straw-colored ribbons, and her pretty slippers, and sent in a carriage, with Jane the housemaid, to the party.

It was not quite such a party as I approve of. I do not like to see little girls and boys trying to act like grown-up people. I like to see them act like children.

Lily had the good taste to get tired of it all very soon. Little girls would come along and stare at her slippers; but she did not feel much pride in them. Little boys would come and bow, and ask her to dance; but she had had enough. There was music and singing, and then ice-cream and cake were handed round; but Lily had promised to eat nothing, and she kept her promise.

At half-past eight o'clock she saw Jane beckoning to her at the door; and very glad she was at the sight. Bidding Miss Vane "good-night," she let Jane put on her shawl, and lead her to the carriage. "Oh, I am so tired, so tired!" said poor Lily.

Mamma received her at the door of her own house, and, taking her in her arms, bore her up stairs to the little girl's papa. "What! has she come back so soon?" said he, throwing down his newspaper, and taking her on his knee.

"Oh, you dear papa, I am so tired, so tired!" murmured Lily. "Oh, do sing me 'Flow gently, sweet Afton,' and let me go to sleep on your lap."

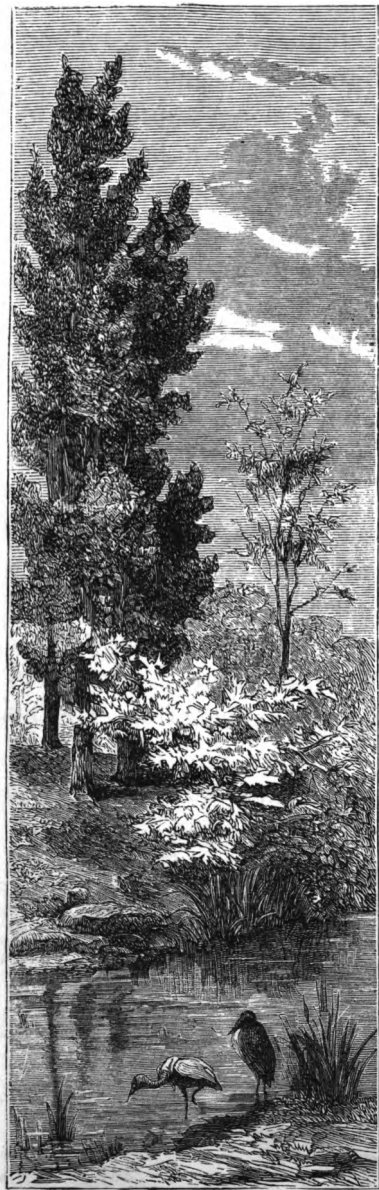
But mamma said, "No, Lily. You must go to bed while you can keep your eyes open."

And so Lily kissed papa, and was borne off to bed. I think she will wait till she is older, before she will care much to go to another "children's party."

DORA BURNSIDE.



THE HERONS.



A VERY shy bird
Is the heron, my dear ;
It will run fast away,
If you come very near :
It has a sharp bill,
A neck slender and long ;
It is fond of small fish,
And goes where they throng.
It builds a snug nest
On some very high tree,
And there lays its eggs,
Where the boys cannot see.
Woods marshy and wet,
It likes to frequent ;
For there it finds food,
And there lives content.
No sportsmen with guns
Come often to kill :
And when they appear
The heron keeps still ;
It keeps still and hides
On a lofty bough near,
Till the fowler says, " Well,
I can find no birds here."
Then he and his dogs
Go off in the dumps,
And the heron flies down
To the bushes and stumps ;
There flaps its big wings,
Right glad to have cheated
The life-seeking foes,
Who now have retreated.

EMMA AND THE BOOK.

ONE day little Emma said to herself, "It is about time that I knew how to read. I wonder if I could read that big book on the table." So she went to the table, and tried to reach the book; but it was too high up.



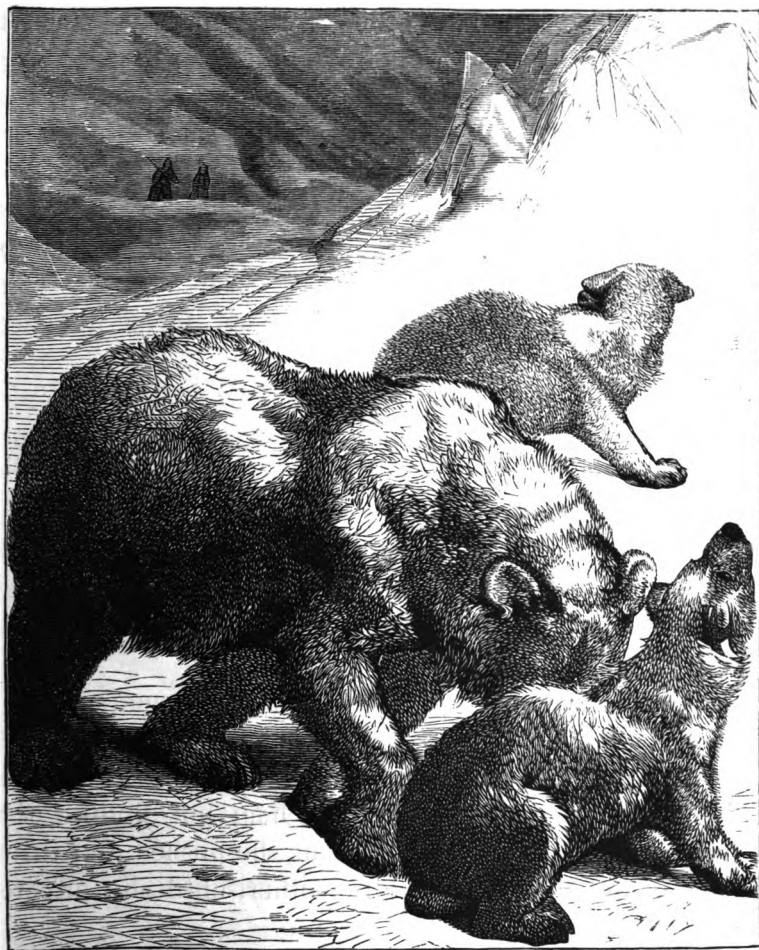
Now, Emma had a brother Fred, who was older than she was. Fred was always very kind to Emma, and now he said, "That is not such a book as you would like, but if you

will be quiet, I will read you a story out of my own book."

It was a pretty little story that he read; and Emma stood very still, and listened to every word. "Now," said she, "will you please let me have the book, Fred; for my dolly likes stories too, and I want to read to her." So Fred gave her the book, and she sat down and read to her doll.

WILHELMINA GRANT.





THE BEAR AND HER CUBS.

“ARE there any people besides Esquimaux in the snow-country?” asked Harry, one day.

“Not many,” said I. “There is a small Danish settlement in Greenland; but, with that exception, the Esqui-

maux and the bears have the country pretty much to themselves."

"Tell me about the bears," said Harry. "I saw a bear last summer at the White mountains. He was chained to a tree."

"But the bear that roams about over the snow and ice of the Arctic regions, is much larger and more savage than the common black bear that you saw. It is of a dingy white color. When full grown, it sometimes measures nine feet in length."

"Didn't I see one in Barnum's menagerie?"

"I think not, Harry; for the polar bear suffers so much from heat, even in our coldest winters, that it will not live long in this climate.

"There is one thing very interesting in the bear nature, and that is the affection of the female for its young. This has often been noticed. Here is a picture showing an instance of it.

"A Greenland bear with two cubs, was pursued across a field of ice by a party of armed sailors. At first she tried to urge the young ones along by running before them, turning around and calling them to her; but finding that the pursuers were gaining upon them, she pushed and threw the cubs before her, one after the other, until she effected their escape.

Each cub would place itself across her path to receive the impulse, and when thrown forward, would run onward until overtaken by the mother, when it would adjust itself for another throw."

"Well, that shows that even a bear has some good feeling," said Harry, "and some common sense too. I'm glad that the sailors did not catch them. What would those cubs have done without their mother?"

UNCLE CHARLES.



BROWN BILLY SOLD.

EDITH, with cheek against the window,
Is sobbing out her grief;
Gold-Locks is in a sad condition
Of pocket-handkerchief.

And Teddy at his play is sniffing,
His little nose all red!
Is Tony sick? Is pussy stolen?
Is the canary dead?

Else why this universal crying? —
Weepingly I am told,
With many a look of indignation,
“Brown Billy has been sold!”

And why? No one can tell the reason;
And yet I chance to know,
It was — ah, wicked little pony! —
Because he acted so.

Sometimes the phaeton all too heavy
Would grow for him to draw;
You'd think his feeble strength must perish
Under another straw.

Sometimes as light as any feather
He rolled its dainty wheels,
Humming and whirring like a spindle
After his flying heels.

And, worse than that, he had a fashion
Of rearing in the air;
And what became of load or driver
He did not know nor care.

Yet, without least alarm, the children
Would laugh at him, and say,
“Do see dear, cunning, old Brown Billy:
How well he likes to play!”

And bits of apple, lumps of sugar,
 From little hands were given,
 With fond pet names, and soft caresses,
 And sometimes kisses even.

Brown Billy, but for your wild frolics
 We might have had you yet;
 And then these three sweet doleful faces
 With tears would not be wet.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



HOW TWO BOYS WERE MADE HAPPY.

MAY I tell the readers of "The Nursery" how happy two little boys were made this evening by the arrival of a present from a kind friend? And what do you think it was? A magazine with a green cover, on which Guy, one of the boys, pointed out these letters, "N-U-R-S-E-R-Y."

Max, with his chubby hand, turned to the first page, and found the Christmas-tree, with the baby and flag at the top. Then mamma had to read the story, and, after it was finished, the same little hand turned the leaf back; for the blue eyes wanted to see baby Arthur again.

Then how both pairs of eyes looked at Teddy with his new sled! and, while mamma read to them the pretty verses of Teddy's mamma, they were still as mice.

And how their eyes sparkled when they saw the picture of the wheelbarrows and cart loaded with earth! for this was just the way they used to play in the warm pleasant

weather. They thought the three little boys must have had lots of fun.

Then they wanted to hear about "Georgie's Pet Mouse," and "Bess and the Kitten." They did not wonder that "Baby" felt cross at having his picture taken; for Max had to sit still so long, and so many times for his, that he knew how to pity the poor baby.

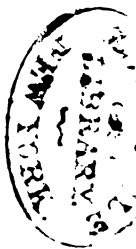
The "Rooster" pleased them very much; and mamma promised to take "The Nursery" to the Kindergarten, and draw the rooster on the board for the little children there.

When we came to "Bed-time," mamma thought it would be just the thing to read last, before putting her little boys to bed. But they begged for one more story, and *just* one more, till we came to "By-lo-land," and after hearing that read, they wanted me to sing it to them.

Then the night-dresses were brought, and snugly in their little bed the brown eyes and blue eyes were closed, and my happy little boys went "over the hills to By-lo-land."

MRS. F. A. B. D.





THE SUMMER SHOWER.

WELL do I remember dear old aunt Rachel, as we called her, my first schoolmistress. She wore spectacles, and I have heard it said that she sometimes took snuff ; but, if she did, she was careful not to do it in the presence of her pupils.

She was the aunt of nobody in particular ; but, had she been aunt to all of us, she could not have taken more pains to keep us from harm, and to lead us in the way of right.

One day, just as school was dismissed in the afternoon, a severe rain-storm began. " Oh ! how shall I get you all

home," said the dear old lady, opening the door, and looking up at the clouds.

First she fitted me and my little sister Eva out with her best umbrella, and told us to make the best speed we could, and send the umbrella back.

As for the boys, they ran out, rejoicing in the rain, and well pleased at the prospect of getting wet through. The other little girls were kept waiting till the sky should clear, or some one should come for them.

My sister and I started off, side by side, under our umbrella. It was a large cotton one, with a long, heavy handle, — just about suited to the capacity of a giant. But, by taking hold very high up, I managed to carry it without any trouble, and it kept us both dry. We really enjoyed our walk; and, the harder the rain came down, the better we liked it.

No sooner had we got home than the clouds broke, and patches of blue sky began to appear. Then Eva spied a rainbow. So mother told us to put on dry shoes and stockings, and take back the umbrella.

How glad Aunt Rachel was to see and welcome us! "I am so glad you did not get wet," said she; "but, as for those wild boys, they would rush out into the rain, and I could not keep them from it."

IDA FAY.



A MONKEY STORY.

THIS is one of the true stories that I tell my little boys over and over again, as we sit before the fire, and make ready for their journey to "Sleepy-Land."

"When your grandfather was a lad about twelve years old, an uncle of his made a voyage to South America, and



brought home as a present to his nephew a fine large monkey. Of course Master Richard was very much pleased; and the frolicsome pet would have had a warm welcome from the whole household, had not the uncle seen fit to report some of Jocko's pranks on shipboard.

"This put the young ladies upon their guard. But old Bella, the cook, never seemed prepared for his capers; and the fuss she made over them pleased Jocko so much, that she became the object of his attacks.

"One day Bella went to the city, and brought home a fine new bonnet in a large bandbox. During the evening she showed it with great pride to the young ladies; and, unknown to her, Jocko enjoyed the sight of the ribbons and laces and flowers from behind the parlor sofa.

"Like Bella herself, he was fond of finery; and the bonnet seemed to him a very fit garment for a monkey to wear. So the next morning, while Bella was busy in the kitchen, Jocko went to her closet, took out her bandbox, dressed himself in the bonnet, and stole down the back-stairs.

"Bella, hearing a noise, looked around, and there he was, his head literally lost in a sea of red and yellow ribbons. With a shout of rage, she seized the broomstick, and hurried after the thief. But before she could reach him, Jocko had mounted two flights of stairs, leaped out on the porch, and climbed up to the roof of the house.

"There he rested; and there he was when the whole household, frightened by Bella's shrieks, came running up to see what was the matter. In vain Bella scolded. In vain Richard coaxed and threatened. Jocko would not come down until he had finished his work; for he was busily engaged in tearing poor Bella's bonnet into fragments.

"As ribbon after ribbon was destroyed, her screams grew louder and louder; and nothing could move her from her determination to kill the monkey, except the promise of a gayer bonnet than the one that Jocko had stolen.

"But Jocko never was forgiven; and the poor fellow would have gone supperless a great many times, had it not been for his devoted young master."



TIME TO GO TO BED.

DAUGHTER.

"WHY must I go to sleepy-land, sleepy-land, sleepy-land?
Why must I go to sleepy-land
So early in the evening?
I'd like to stay up longer, pa, longer, pa, longer, pa ;
I'd like to stay up longer, pa :
To sleepy-land it is too far,
So early in the evening."

FATHER.

"'Tis time to go to bed, my dear, bed,^f my dear, bed,
my dear ;
'Tis time to go to bed, my dear,
Though early in the evening.
For such a little girl as you, girl as you, girl as you,
For such a little girl as you
Should be abed, and sleeping too,
Thus early in the evening."

DAUGHTER.

"Oh! then I'll sing another song, another song, another
song ;
Oh! then I'll sing another song,
So early in the evening!
For you must take me pick-a-pack, pick-a-pack, pick-a-pack,
For you must take me pick-a-pack,
My good papa, upon your back,
So early in the evening."



FATHER.

“ Then jump, and we’ll go up the stairs, up the stairs, up the stairs ;

Then jump, and we’ll go up the stairs
So early in the evening.

Now here she is ! My pig is safe, pig is safe, pig is safe,

Now here she is ! My pig is safe :

It must not squeal, or kick, or chafe
So early in the evening.”

DAUGHTER.

"So up we go! Good-by, mamma, by, mamma, by, mamma;
 So up we go! Good-by, mamma,
 So early in the evening!
I'm going off to sleepy-land, sleepy-land, sleepy-land,
 I'm going off to sleepy-land:
 To all good folks I kiss my hand,
 So early in the evening!"

EMILY CARTER.



WHAT BRAVO TOLD RORY.

"TELL us a story, Kate," said Emma.

"Yes, *do*," chimed in Bertha.

"*Will* you tell us a story?" said Herbert.

Thus entreated by these dear, good children, I could not refuse. So while their three heads, close together, with their bright faces beaming upon me and upon each other, formed a pretty picture, I told them this story about two shepherd-dogs, Bravo and Rory: —

"When farmer John and his bride moved into their little white house, a mile from the old homestead, they took with them the young dog, Bravo, and left Rory to guard the old house. Bravo was large and wide awake, but only five months old. He seemed very happy in his new home. His master taught him many curious things; and for a week or more he showed no signs of home-sickness.

"But when old Toss, from the tannery near by, made an attack upon him, although Bravo's fleetness saved him from harm, he began to wish he had never left his puppy-hood's home to live with farmer John. Down he sat at the door of his kennel, with a lonely and forsaken look, trying to smooth down the hair of his sleek coat that old Toss had ruffled.

"The tanner's dog repeated his attack for two or three days, and,

more than that, drove poor Bravo from his nice warm quarters at night, compelling him to lie out in the cold. Then Bravo said to himself, 'Something must be done. I dare not fight Toss ; for he has long teeth, and is a savage dog, — more than a match for me. I think my best plan is to go and tell Rory.' And away he sped, just at sunrise, and came back in time for breakfast, with a cheerful look in his face.

"Now, Rory was steady and brave and wise. He had no love for running round nights : so it surprised his master, when, just as the sun



went down that day, Rory started down the road, and up the lane to farmer John's. On he went, with a grave look, without stopping to greet any old friend, even by a wag of his tail. Bravo met him, and whisked around him ; and, after a short consultation, the two dogs crawled into the kennel, Rory staying nearest to the door.

"The moon shone clear and bright, and all was still until about midnight, when farmer John's wife was suddenly awakened by a sound of growling, snarling, and yelping. 'Wake up, John, quick, quick ! Get up !' she shouted. The farmer leaped from his bed, and, half-dressed, ran to the door, thinking that the dogs were killing sheep ; but instead of sheep, Rory and Bravo had Toss at their mercy, and were giving him a fearful punishment."

“Good, good!” shouted Herbert. “That served him just right.”

But little Bertha turned a wondering look upon Herbert; she could not help feeling pity even for Toss.

“Let us hear the rest of the story,” said Emma.

So I went on, —

“The sharp voice of the farmer made Rory and Bravo release their victim; and Toss, in a crestfallen way, started for his home; but, before he could get over the fence, Rory gave him a final clutch that sent him off yelping. He never came back; and when he met Bravo afterwards, he was careful not to trouble him.

“In a short time Bravo grew to be so strong and brave, that he could fight his own battles without the aid of his friend Rory.”

The three children, who had listened very attentively to the story, now talked it over; and they came to the conclusion that Toss received a good lesson, and was probably a better dog after it. “For,” said Herbert, “a dog who abuses a smaller dog is almost as mean as a big boy who tyrannizes over a little boy.”

M. KATE BRAWLEY.





PLAYING THE CHINAMAN.

FRANZ is a little boy about four years old, who lives in Brooklyn, California. His favorite play is to take some pieces of cloth, fill his mouth with water, turn his head from side to side, letting the water squirt from the corners of his mouth upon them (as he has seen the Chinamen do at the laundry), fold them, turn the iron-stand on its back, and carefully smooth them. This is Foo Lee, washing and ironing.

Sometimes the clothes are not wet enough, and the sprinkling goes on with the ironing.

"Your clothes will smell of tobacco and opium, if you sprinkle them so much," says Franz's elder brother.

"No, they won't," says the little wash-man. "Me do them good; me do them cheap."

When he gets tired of this, he puts his wash into a piece of paper, and takes the bundle to mamma. "I hope the clothes are not too blue, John," says mamma.

"No," answers Foo Lee. "They done good this time."

"And did you find my stockings, which were missing from last week's wash?"

"Yes, they all here. I found them: they all right this time, — fifty dozen."

"How much shall I pay you?"

"Six bits." (Seventy-five cents.) "I do them velly cheap."

Mamma gives him two buttons, — one large one for the four-bit piece, (fifty cents), and a smaller one for the two bits (twenty-five cents).

"Thankee. Good-baah!" says Foo Lee. "Good-by," returns mamma.

L. M.



PANSY'S SECRET.

PANSY had a secret, and nobody could find it out. She would come down stairs in the morning, and seat herself at the breakfast-table, and then papa would say, "Well, Pansy, are you going to tell us your secret to-day?"

Pansy would shake her head, and reply, "You must guess it, papa! Can you not guess it?"

"Well, I guess you have a new tooth coming."

"Oh, no, that is not it. Mother can guess better than that, I think. It concerns you, mother."

"Well, I guess," said mother, "that you are to have the present of a kitten from aunt Julia."

"And I guess," said brother John, who was five years



older than Pansy, "I guess you are knitting a pair of woollen cuffs for papa."

"You are all wrong," cried Pansy, "and I shall not tell you my secret to-day."

The next morning, as she was coming down stairs, she paused, and said to herself, "Shall I tell them my secret

now? No, Pansy, let them see that you can keep a secret."

No sooner was she seated at the table in her high-chair, than papa said, "Well, Pansy, how much longer are you going to keep us in the dark? Are you going to tell us your secret?"

"Not yet, papa," said Pansy, looking up with a roguish smile.

"What can it be?" said mother, laying down her knife and fork, and putting her hand to her head.

"I don't believe it is any thing of any account," cried brother John. "She wants to keep us curious."

"Well, I think Pansy must be learning a new piece to recite," said her mother.

"That's not it," said Pansy. "It's a 'portant secret: one that my mother will like to hear."

"Oh, it's important, is it?" said papa. "I do wonder what it can be."

"Mother, what day was it that you lost your wedding-ring?" said John.

"Don't speak of it, John. It was more than a month ago. I have hunted high and low, and cannot find it. I would have given all my other jewelry rather than have lost it."

Here Pansy turned red in the face, got down from her high-chair, and ran out of the room.

"Did you see that?" said papa. "The little rogue has found the ring, and that's her 'portant secret."

In a minute Pansy came back, holding up the ring, and her face radiant with delight. "I found it, mother, among my doll's things. You must have dropped it there when you were fixing them."

And so little Pansy's secret was out at last!



A TROTTING SONG.

UP and away ! now up and away !
We've a good long journey before us to-day.
The road is smooth, and the sky is bright :
Whoa, now ! My darling, hold on tight !
There's joy in the saddle. We'll scour the plain
With a gentle trot and an easy rein ;
And, as we journey the way along,
I'll sing my darling a trotting song.

Up and down !
Up and down !
And over the hills to Sleepy Town !
Fast or slow,
Soon, we know,
Into the land of nod we'll go.

Oh, dear me !
Right off my knee,
Into a hollow I didn't see ;
And baby small,
On steed so tall,
Came near getting a horrid fall.
She's not afraid,
My little maid,
Too oft on her that trick is played ;
And good is she
As good can be,
If I'll only trot her upon my knee.
Over she goes !
But don't suppose
I'll let her tumble upon her nose,
Or give a fright
To my darling bright,
Who laughs and frolics with such delight.
Whoa ! now, whoa !
We must not go
So fast, my darling ; for don't you know,
At such a pace,
So like a race,
We never shall come to a sleepy-place ?
Trot, trot away,
And tell me, pray,
How many miles we have gone to-day ?
Up and down !
Up and down !
And over the hills to Sleepy Town !

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



SAGACITY OF THE DEER.

A FRIEND of mine who has been in the habit of hunting deer in the Adirondack Mountains, is of opinion that the deer is often more than a match for the dog in sagacity. The deer seems to be well aware that the dog is guided by his faculty of scent in tracking him; and all the deer's efforts are directed to baffling and thwarting this keen and wonderful sense with which the dog is gifted.

With this purpose, the deer will often make enormous leaps, or run around in a circle so as to confuse and puzzle his pursuers. He will mount a stone wall, and run along it for some distance, well aware that the dog cannot scent him so well on the rock as on the grass. If he can find a pond or stream of water, the deer will plunge in and swim a long distance, so that the dogs may lose his trail.

It is a joyful sound to the poor hunted deer when the dogs send up that sad, dismal howl, which they give utterance to when they have lost all scent of the deer, and despair of finding it. He is then a happy deer. He hides quietly in some covert among the bushes, and he will take care to place himself where the wind will carry all odors of his body away from the direction where he supposes the dogs to be.

So you see the deer is by no means a stupid animal. He knows, better than many a little boy, how to take care of himself, and get out of the way of danger. And now can you tell me in what part of the State of New York are the Adirondack Mountains?

From a correspondent in Springfield, Mo., I have a letter, in which the writer says: "I suppose the Boston boys don't have deer for pets. I have a young one named Billy, and he eats corn out of my pocket. When I come home from school he always runs to meet me. Although he can jump over fences, he never tries to run away. He wears a collar with a bell on it: so we can hear him when he is down in the orchard eating apples, which he seems to be very fond of."

UNCLE CHARLES.

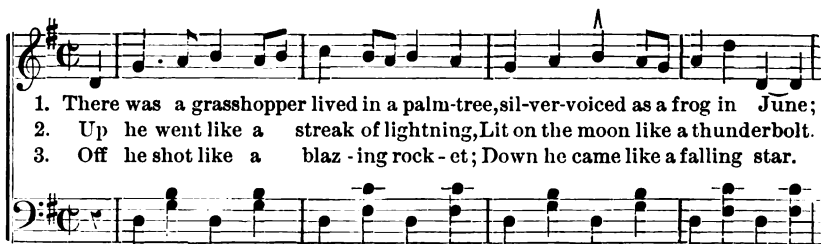




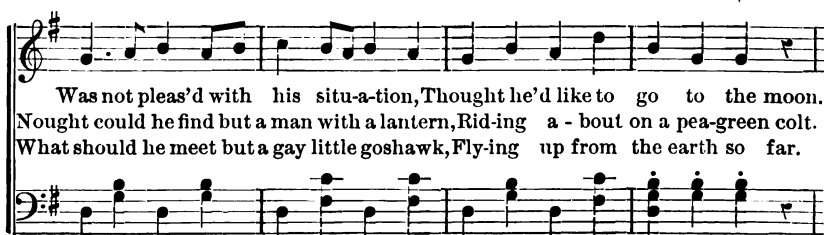
GRANDMA ASLEEP.

GRANDMA dear has gone to sleep;
See how still the children keep!
Little Johnny leaves his toys,
And, without a bit of noise,
Rests his book on grandma's lap
While she takes her peaceful nap;
Darling Mabel on the floor
Sits all quiet and demure;
And old pussy tries to be
Just the stillest of the three.

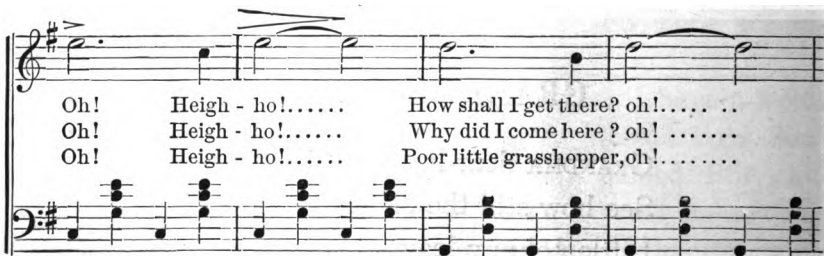
THE LAY OF THE GRASSHOPPER.



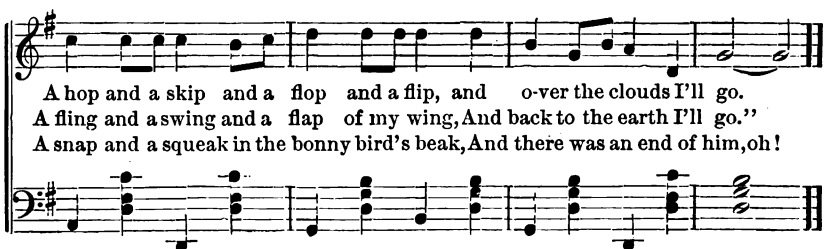
1. There was a grasshopper lived in a palm-tree, sil-ver-voiced as a frog in June;
 2. Up he went like a streak of lightning, Lit on the moon like a thunderbolt.
 3. Off he shot like a blaz-ing rock-et; Down he came like a falling star.



Was not pleas'd with his situ-a-tion, Thought he'd like to go to the moon.
 Nought could he find but a man with a lantern, Rid-ing a-bout on a pea-green colt.
 What should he meet but a gay little goshawk, Fly-ing up from the earth so far.



Oh! Heigh - ho!..... How shall I get there? oh!.....
 Oh! Heigh - ho!..... Why did I come here? oh!.....
 Oh! Heigh - ho!..... Poor little grasshopper, oh!.....



A hop and a skip and a flop and a flip, and o-ver the clouds I'll go.
 A fling and a swing and a flap of my wing, And back to the earth I'll go."
 A snap and a squeak in the bonny bird's beak, And there was an end of him, oh!



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THE INVALID AND THE NURSE.



HERE was a little girl, once on a time, whose name was Alice Ray. She was a very good little girl, but rather heedless; so heedless, that she would often take cold by forgetting what her father said to her.

One day he said, "Remember this, Alice: when you are heated, you must never stand still where a cold current of air can blow upon you. The cold air may feel quite pleasant to you for a time; but it will check the perspiration too suddenly, and that will cause you to take cold."

"What do you mean by perspiration?" asked Alice.

"It is the exhalation that is constantly going on through the pores of the skin. When increased by heat or exercise, it forms drops of moisture on the skin commonly known as sweat."

"Yes, I know what that is," said Alice.

"I thought so. And now, little girl, will you remember what I say, and be careful not to stand in a current of cold air, while you are warm?"

"I'll try to remember it, papa," said Alice.

But two days afterwards Alice had forgotten all the good advice her father had given her. The weather was cool; but she had been driving hoop till she was heated through and through. All at once she caught sight of a hand-organ man and his monkey. She ran to see the show; and there she stood looking at it, and remained quite still for five minutes while the cold wind blew upon her.

In less than five minutes the mischief was done. That night Alice went to bed with symptoms of fever. The next day the doctor was sent for; and Alice had to keep her bed for two weeks.

During that time her sister Ruth was her faithful nurse and companion, bringing her meals to her, and often sitting by her side, and reading to her from some good book.

At last, one fine morning in April, the doctor said that Alice might walk out on the piazza. What delight! The sun shone, the air was soft, and the wild violets on the lawn were in bloom. Alice and Ruth walked and played for an hour, and then the little invalid and her nurse went into the house. Alice thinks she will not forget another time, her father's good advice about taking cold.

DORA BURNSIDE.



THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD.

I THINK, if we could have heard what the two parent-birds said to each other, it would have been something like this, —

“Now, mother, just look at those three lazy little things,

with their bills all stretched open, and crying for food. Don't you think it is about time for them to get their own living?"

"You are too hard on them, father. The dear little things! There is poor Billy" —

"Yes, he is well named: he is all bill."

"There is poor Billy, I say: he is quite delicate. I thought at one time I should never be able to raise him."

"Billy delicate? Why, he is the greatest glutton of them all. He won't let the others have a bit of slug or worm, if he can help it."

"Yes, the poor thing has an appetite, I know; but he is a darling all the same. You may send forth Tom and Tit to shift for themselves, but don't make Billy quit the nest yet. He is so sensitive!"

"Sensitive, is it? I'll tell you what, mother: I'm not going to indulge those children any longer. Why, look at neighbor Twit-twit: his children are not as old as ours by a week, and they all get their living now."

"The Twit-twits are a coarse family: my children are naturally refined."

"Nonsense! Out of that nest they must go this very instant."

"Oh, the poor things! How cruel!"

Soon after this conversation took place, old Mr. Blackbird might have been seen standing on the nest, taking part in a dialogue with his son Billy. Here is a faithful report of it:

Papa Blackbird. — Well, Master Billy, why are you not gone with the rest?

Billy. — Please, sir, I'd rather not. Work doesn't agree with me. It never did. It is plain that I was born to be waited upon. Oh, I'm so hungry! Why doesn't some one bring me a nice fat slug?

Papa Blackbird. — You young upstart ! You are plump now with overfeeding. A little fasting will do you good. Now, my fine fellow, take your choice, — starve, or go to work.

Billy. — Oh, this is too bad, too bad ! I never have done a day's work in my life.

Papa Blackbird. — It is time for you to begin then : you have been indulged till you think all the rest of the world was made to wait upon you. Quit this nest.

Billy. — What an unnatural parent ! Must I, then, go to work ? It is too bad, too bad !

But Billy just then got sight of a slug, and snapped it up. "Bravo, Billy !" cried his papa. Thus encouraged, Billy went to work, and soon found that industry was much better fun than idleness. He now thanks his papa for driving him out of the nest. He means soon to have a nest of his own ; and if there is any lazy Billy in his brood, won't he catch it ?

ALFRED SELWYN.





CAT'S-EARS.

I WAS tripping along a wildwood path
With a friend, in my glad young days,
When I saw 'mid the grass the strangest
flower,
And I stooped the prize to raise.

I called to my friend with a cry of delight :
"I have found a bird on a stem ;
It is covered with feathers or down inside,
And see, there are flocks of them !"

We gathered the beauties, and praised
their forms,
And their delicate purple shades ;
And we tried to think what their names
might be,
As we strolled through the forest-glades.

"O Fannie !" said I, "let us name them
ourselves,
We've the right of discoverers, dear :
We never have heard of the pets before,
They look like a gray kitten's ear."

"That is just the thing ; let them be
'cat's-ears,'
By that we will make them known,
And Bella, my dear, there will be one flower
With a name that is all our own."

When we told the friend in our new-found
home
Of the wondrous wild "cat's-ears,"
He said they were poison camas-flowers,
And had borne *our name* for years !

BELLA W. COOKE.



AN EXPLORATION.

WHAT is baby doing with that basket? Watch her, and you will see. She knows what she is about.

There seems to be nothing in the basket but a piece of cotton cloth. But this baby is not going to take any thing for granted. She means to make a thorough search.

She suspects that under that cloth there may be a spool of thread, or a piece of wax, or a pair of scissors, or a needlebook, or some other thing that a baby would like to get hold of.

It is of no use to tell her that there is nothing there. She is going to see for herself. She does not want any help or advice. She is giving her whole mind to the work in hand.

Pull away, baby. Have it all out. You will do no harm; the fact is that mamma put the basket there on purpose for baby to rummage. But I really think that she ought to have put some nice thing in it for baby to find.

THE LIONESS AND THE TERRIER.

IN Dublin, which you know is one of the great cities of Ireland, there are gardens where all kinds of wild animals are kept for show. These are called Zo-ological Gardens. Our word *zo-ology* comes from the Greek words, *zo-on*, an animal, and *lo'gos*, discourse; so that zo-ology means that part of natural history which treats of animals.

In these Dublin Gardens there was a lioness that went by the name of Old Girl. She was born in the Gardens in 1859, and died there at the age of sixteen years, (a pretty old age for a lioness), after presenting her owners with fifty-four cubs, of which she actually reared fifty. She was a lioness of very high spirit, though quite gentle; and good judges said she was the handsomest one they had ever seen.

These flesh-eating beasts, when in health, have no objection to the presence of rats in their cages: on the contrary, they rather welcome them as a relief to that sameness of life which is the chief trial of a wild animal in confinement. But in illness the case is different; for the ungrateful rats, not contented with sharing the lion's food, then begin to nibble the toes of the helpless lord of the forest, and add much to his discomfort.

To save Old Girl from this vexation, the keepers placed in her cage a fine little terrier. He was at first received with a sulky growl from Old Girl; but when the first rat appeared, and she saw the little terrier toss him into the air, and catch him across the loins with a snap as he came down, she began to understand what the terrier was for.

Her whole manner was changed. She coaxed the little dog to her side, and folded her paw around him, as if to thank him for saving her from her terrible enemies, the



rats. Every night after that, the little terrier slept at the breast of the lioness, infolded with her paws, and on the watch for enemies. You may be sure, that during the six weeks that Old Girl lived after this, the rats had a bad time.

UNCLE CHARLES.

THE TWO BABIES.

Two little babies in the crib :
Hush, for one is sound asleep ;
But, if you will lightly tread,
At the babies you may peep.

That one with the golden hair
Clustering round her forehead fair,
And the dimple in her chin,
Where my kisses tumble in,
And the cheeks so soft and white,
And the lashes long and bright,
And the rosebud mouth so sweet,
And the dimpled hands and feet,
And the wondrous preciousness
That invites your warm caress,—
That's *my* baby, understand,
Sweetest baby in the land !

The other — see how still she lies,
Despite her wide-awake black eyes.
Her name is Susan Isabel:
Red her cheeks, and lips as well.
There is some difference in the two, —
My baby-girl and little Sue.
The latter never cries, you see,
Or reaches out her arms to me,
Or frets for this or that ; in fact,
No baby could more nicely act.

She's quite content, from head to foot,
To stay exactly where she's put.
But *my* wee, restless little midget
Is pretty often in a fidget,
Unless, full fifty times a day,
Mamma neglects her work for play.
My baby kisses when I kiss ;
Not so the other little miss.
My baby's blue eyes shut at night,
The while my arms infold her tight :
The other lies awake and stares,
And for my singing nothing cares :
I do not love her much, but maybe
It is because she's not *my* baby.

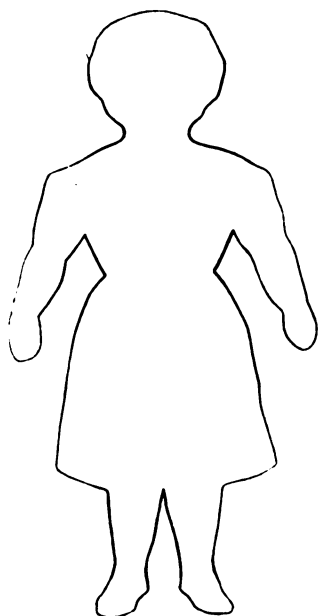
Whose baby is she, then? Oh, well,
That black-eyed Susan Isabel,
Who doesn't talk, or laugh, or see,
And doesn't care a jot for me,
Is not a baby, after all,
But just *my* baby's favorite doll.

MARY D. BRINE.

NELLIE'S PAPER DOLL.

“MAMMA,” said little Nellie, “are you too busy to make me a paper doll, just a little one?”

Mamma was not very busy. She laid down her sewing, and said, “I will show you how to make one for yourself.” Then she took a scrap of paper, and folded it double, and cut out a little figure that looked very funny. It looked



like a half baby ; but, when it was unfolded and smoothed out nicely, it was plain that it was a little girl.

Then mamma got up, and found a blank card and a sharp-pointed pencil. "Now, Nellie," said she. "you shall make yourself a doll. Lay this little lady down on your paper, and hold it fast with one finger, and with the other hand draw very carefully and lightly around every part of it. Leave the arms and legs till the last."

This is the way Nellie's baby looked. "And now," continued mamma, "I will make a face for

her." And she made a sharper point on the pencil, and Nellie watched the little face grow under her mamma's skilful fingers. Then came the waist, and the skirt, and at last the stockings and shoes.

"Now," said mamma, "you may cut her out." That took a long time ; and while Nellie was cutting, mamma finished her seam and then began another.

"Now, Mrs. Dressmaker," said little Nellie, "my baby wants a new dress."

"Well," said mamma, "I will see what I can do." So she took some note-paper, folded it double, and



laid the baby on it, so that her shoulders came just at the fold. "First I must take her measure. She must have her measure taken for every new dress."

"Oh, yes!" cried Nellie, "in case she should grow."

"Now see, Nellie, just how I lay her on the paper, and now, how I make little touches with my pencil all around her where the dress is to come. Now I lift her up; and, see, there is her measure."

"I can make it now any pattern I like, only it must be low-necked, you see. Now I will finish it up, and trim it with a ruffle and ribbons, and buttons down the front."

"It is all done, and you can cut it out; only take care to leave a little piece on the shoulders to fold back, or the dress will tear after Miss Dolly has worn it a few times. And now my little Nellie can sit down and make another dress all by herself; for it is very easy when you once know how."



WILHELMINA GRANT.

THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE.

If you should start from Boston, and go west, somewhat more than half way round the world, you would come to Japan in the Far East. Travellers call it a "Paradise for children." There is a saying that Japanese children never

cry. Perhaps you can guess why they are so happy, if I tell you some things I noticed very soon after going there.

The climate is beautiful, the scenery brilliant and varied. The houses are low and safe; and they have no furniture in them to be harmed or broken, no hard surface or sharp corners to inflict bumps and bruises.

The doors and windows are made of paper. Soft mats of rice-straw serve for carpets; soft cotton mattresses for beds, which can be rolled up and put away. At meals, straw table-cloths are laid on mats, and all the family sit on the floor around them. How like a picnic!

The dress of the children is like that of their elders, — a plain loose garment, girded about the waist with a sash. There are no hooks to pull out, no buttons to drop off, and no pins to scratch: a strong silk cord does all the fastening.

Then the garments, instead of being sewed together like ours, are basted together with a strong silk thread, so that they can easily be taken to pieces for washing. Stockings are made with a place for the big toe, like the thumbs in our mittens. A kind of clog is worn in the streets. Pockets are put in the large sleeves. Handkerchiefs and napkins are made of thin white paper, soft as silk.

The sliding-doors and partitions in the houses are almost always pushed back, so that you can see and hear all that is going on. Many a house has an aquarium, with gold and silver fish, or bamboo cages in which beds of flowers make a home for numerous butterflies and grasshoppers.

Mothers play with their children much of the time. Fat little dogs and pretty cats are their companions too. Babies are carried upon the back, and are never afraid of falling. Everywhere their shaven heads and black eyes peep out of folds of garments, or sleepily bob up and down, as their nurses rush to and fro in the excitement of kite-flying or

other play. Japan is the land of toys and dolls and kites and fans and parasols. A little girl will sometimes have over one hundred dolls.

The children have much rice to eat, but hardly any milk, for the queer little cows do not give much. Fruit is eaten green; for it is thought unfit to eat when soft and mellow.

The flowers of Japan have no odor, and the birds do not sing. The stork is one of the favorite birds.

The golden globe (instead of stars and stripes) is the flag that floats over Japan; and the chrysanthemum, is the national emblem. It is wrought in tiles for roofs, on opium-pipes, on earthen-ware, and on many other things.

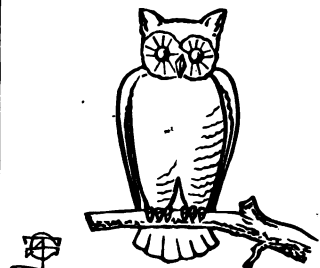
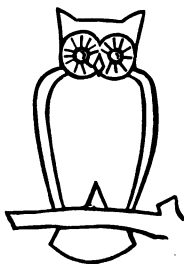
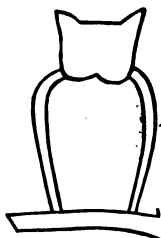
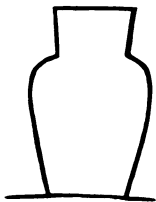


The little girl whose picture I send is named *O Natsu San*, which means *summer*; and her dolly is called *O Kiku San*, which means *chrysanthemum*. *O Natsu San* is eight years old; but the *gata* she stands on make her look rather tall. She has a fine forehead, as you would see, if it were not covered by her hair, which is dressed in the approved style for children.

She begs me to tell her stories about America. She is a good child, and I wish you could speak to her and ask her to sing. I have made up my mind that children, the world over, are very much alike.

S. J. J.

HOW TO DRAW AN OWL.



Sometime you may find
In the woods on a tree
A something which looks
like a vase.

Sitting straight on the branch,
Now what can it be.
Away up in that
funny place?

Come nearer, an Owl with
great eyes, you will see,
Wide open and staring
at you,

But while the sun shines
He's as blind as can be,
So he says to each visitor
Hoo!!



THE BIRD THAT WOULDN'T SING.

A LITTLE bird upon his nest,
In pretty plumage gayly drest,
Made up his mind, one summer day,
He would not sing his roundelay.

Oh, he was such a lazy thing !

He couldn't sing,

He wouldn't sing.

While other birds around him sung,
He sat aloft, and held his tongue.

The zephyrs came and shook the tree,
And were as rude as they could be ;
But, though they ruffled up his crest,
They could not drive him from his nest.

Oh, he was such a naughty thing !

He couldn't sing,

He wouldn't sing.

While other birds around him sung,
He sat aloft, and held his tongue.

His little mate, so trim and neat,
Flew off, and brought him food to eat,
Which made the other birds declare
He should not have his bill of fare.

For since he was a lazy thing
Who couldn't sing,
And wouldn't sing,
They wouldn't stay and see him shirk,
And let another do his work.

They twitted him ; they flouted him ;
And then at last they routed him,
And chased him all along the sky,
Until he'd hardly strength to fly.

And then the naughty little thing
Who couldn't sing,
And wouldn't sing,
Trilled forth, like an obedient bird,
The sweetest song you ever heard.

So loud and long the clarion note,
He very nearly cracked his throat ;
For, since he had been forced to sing,
He meant to overdo the thing.

Oh, wasn't he a naughty bird !
Upon my word,
'Twas quite absurd !
And still he sings that tree atop,
As if he never meant to stop.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.





TOPSEY.

MINNIE's father has a black mare called Topsey. She is very kind and gentle. Sometimes Minnie's father leads Topsey out of her stall, fastens her to a ring which hangs from the ceiling of the stable, and puts Minnie on her back. Minnie pats the horse's neck with her little hand, and says, "Go along, Topsey."

Topsey walks round in a circle as far as the length of the

rope she is fastened with will allow, and when Minnie says "Whoa!" she stops; but, at the first pat of Minnie's hand, she starts off again. Minnie calls this playing circus.

Topsey is fond of apples, and, if any one goes into the stall with an apple in his pocket, she smells it at once, and holds up one of her fore-feet, and whinnies, as if she meant to say, "If you please, I would like that apple very much."

Minnie's papa sometimes lets Topsey walk about the yard, and crop the grass. One day, as she was grazing in the yard, she came towards the side-door. Minnie, who was in the house, opened the door, and held out an apple. Topsey saw it, and walked up to the piazza, and would have come into the house if Minnie had not closed the door quickly.

She opened the window, and handed Topsey the apple. Topsey stood and munched it, and, when it was gone, stuck her head in at the window, and looked all about as if she were saying, "Is this where you keep your apples? I would like another." Minnie patted Topsey's nose, and said, "No, no, pony can't have any more now;" and Topsey looked quite sad for a minute, and then went back to finish her dinner of grass.

One day a pile of dry leaves near the stable took fire from a lighted match which a careless person had thrown on them. The stable was soon filled with smoke, and, while Minnie's papa ran with pails of water to put the fire out, Minnie cried bitterly, saying, "Oh, my dear Topsey! She'll be burned, she'll be burned!"

The little girl would not be still until her papa led Topsey out of the stable and tied her to a tree in the yard, a long way off from the fire; and it was not until the fire was all out and the smoke all cleared away that Minnie was contented to have her pet taken back to the stall.

L. E. W.



FANNY'S PETS.

ONE, two, three, four rabbits. One is white, with long gray ears. One is jet black. Two are gray, with white spots.

These rabbits are Fanny's

pets. They have a nice little red house to live in ; but when, Fanny brings them their food, she opens the gate, and lets them all out.

The white rabbit looks to me like the mother of the family ; the gray rabbit, in the gateway, looks like the father ; and the other two I should take to be the children.

I wonder if I am right in this. Fanny could tell me ; for she knows all about her pets, and has a name for every one of them. She takes the whole care of them, and they are very fond of her.

A. B. C.



OUR TENT.

You shall see a picture of our tent ; and if you will come to Hazelwood, where we live, you shall come in, and sit there as long as you please.

I have one little brother ; his name is Philip : and we have a dog whose name is Roy. Playmates are scarce ; for there is not a house within half a mile of ours. But Philip, Roy, and I manage to have pretty good times.

In summer we pick wild strawberries and raspberries. Roy takes our basket between his teeth, and off we start, and pick berries enough for the tea-table.

“Why, where did you get all these nice berries?” asks papa.

And mamma replies, “Ellen, Philip, and Roy: they did all the work.”

“Ellen, Philip, and Roy shall each have a good mark,” says papa, laughing, and eating his berries with a relish. Then I heap more on his plate till he cries, “Enough, enough! my little girl.”

In my tent we read and tell stories; and sometimes I take my two dolls, and put them to sleep there. And then Roy will lie down by them as if to watch.

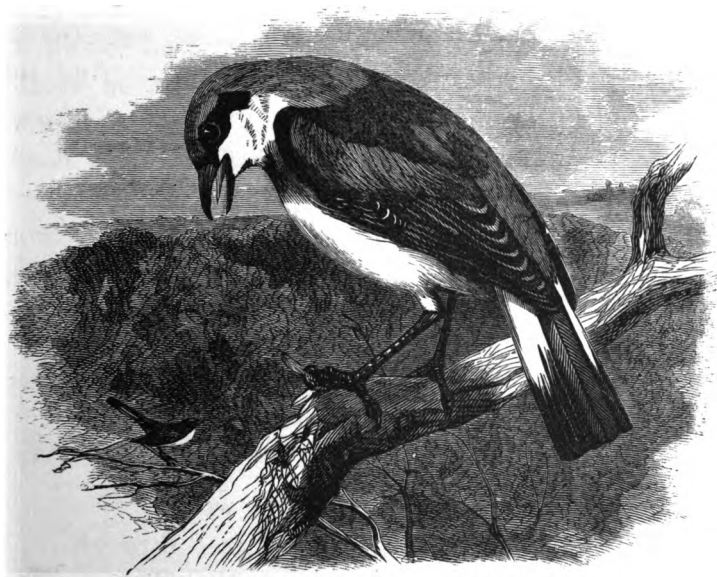
ELLEN.



THE BUTCHER-BIRD.

Up to the pasture Tom and I
Have been to salt the cows,
And there we saw a little tree
With thorns upon its boughs;
And one sharp thorn was fastened through
A living beetle; and on two
Were meadow-cricket big and brown;
And one a dragon-fly held down;
And one was like a sword-blade thrust
Into the yellow breast
Of *such* a pretty little finch! —
Green wings and orange crest.
“A shameful thing!” I cried: “oh, dear!
What wicked fellow has been here?”

But Tom said, "Have you never heard
About the great, gray butcher-bird?
A robber, with a hard, black beak,
He prowls about all day;
The spiders on their silver webs,
The small birds sweet and gay,



The great green grasshoppers, that sing
As to the clover tops they cling, —
He kills them all, and then, as now,
He stores them on some thorny bough.
He is a very skilful bird,
And shows much cunning art."
"But it is dreadful, Tom," said I,
"To have a cruel heart."

Tom hurried home across the fields,
And, when an axe he'd found,
He hastened back, and down we cut
The thorn-tree to the ground.
And as from off the thorns we drew
The pretty goldfinch, and the two
Brown crickets, and the dragon-fly,
It was so sad it made me cry.
We set the living beetle free,
And in the moss we made
A little grave, and there, with flowers,
The poor dead things we laid.
And when the butcher-bird, some day,
Comes back again to get his prey,
He'll look round for the thorny tree,
And not one sign of it will see;
And then I hope he'll spread his wings
And far away depart;
For 'tis the worst thing in the world
To have a cruel heart.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



HOW A HORSE KEPT WARM.

ONE morning last March, a well-known physician in Meriden, Conn., drove up to a house on Crown Street, left his horse standing in front of the door, and went in to visit a patient.

The horse was one that could be trusted to stand without

tying; but the weather being cold, he soon began to feel chilly. He stamped and pawed the ground, he moved this way and that, hoping every moment that his master would be ready to drive on.

At last, feeling that he could not wait any longer without exercise, the horse started off at a brisk pace, toward Olive Street. When he had gone several rods, he turned the buggy round as neatly as though guided by a skilful driver, and trotted back to the standing-place.

Here he stopped, and waited again full five minutes. Then he trotted on several rods towards Main Street, turned round as skilfully as before, and in spite of a boy who tried to stop him, (fancying that he was a runaway), pranced back to his old station in front of the house, and waited patiently for his master.

When the doctor came out, there was the horse standing at the hitching-post, as demurely as though he had never thought of leaving it. This is a true story. UNCLE CHARLES.

EASTER EGGS.

EASTER, as most of our little readers know, is an annual religious festival, appointed to celebrate the resurrection of Christ. It occurs in the Spring, when nature seems to be awaking to a new life, and in all Christian countries it is the season of various ceremonies and sports.

Among the best known of these is the custom of making presents of colored eggs, which are sometimes beautifully ornamented. The little children in Germany imagine that these eggs are laid by the Easter hare!

I saw a great many hares when I was in Germany, and

have even known them to be caught; but no one has ever yet caught one laying eggs.

But whether the hares lay them or not, these beautiful eggs never fail to be ready by Easter to delight the hearts of the little ones.

In the afternoon of Easter Sunday, the children of the family in which I lived, used to hunt for eggs. Out in the garden, from under the gooseberry-bushes, from among the ivy-vines, from out the long grass at the foot of the apple-trees, would come the glad cry, "*Ich habe eins!*" — "I have one!" If the weather is rainy, the eggs are found in the house; but to look for them out of doors is what the children like best.

It is a pretty sight, which I wish some of our children could have seen too; and the pleasure of watching the dear, happy round faces, all aglow with admiration of their prizes, and with cheeks rosy from the 'hunting,' is one of the brightest memories which I carried away with me from my house on the Elbe.

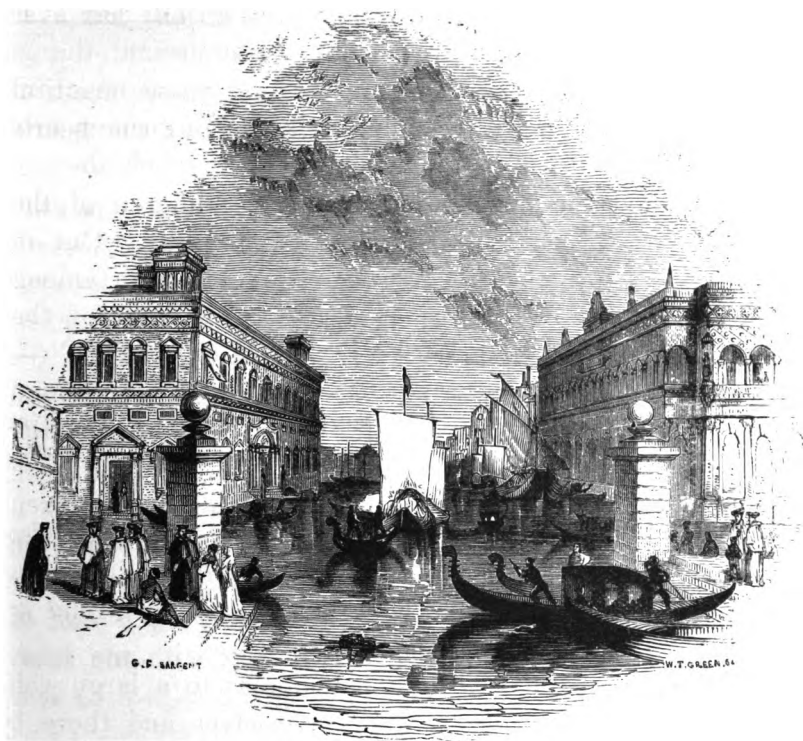
F. F.



ABOUT VENICE.

It is a beautiful city, very different from Boston, New York, or Chicago; for it is built, not on the land, but on the water. The streets are all water, instead of brown earth or wooden pavements; and the boys and girls when they go to church or to school, have to go in queer-looking black boats, called "gondolas."

The gondola is rowed by a man who stands in one end of it, paddling with a long oar, and calling out, to warn other boatmen, when he turns a sharp corner, or passes under one of the dark and narrow bridges.



This queer old city was once very wealthy; and its rich merchants built many beautiful marble palaces. Now the merchants are all gone, and little beggar-children swarm in the grand old houses, scamper over the marble floors, and sleep under the frescoed ceilings.

When you grow up to be men and women, I hope you will all go to Venice, and see the strange and beautiful things there. You will see, for the first time, I am sure, a large city which contains only five horses, and four of those made of bronze.

The fifth horse, which is a real live one, is kept in the public gardens on one of the islands, and is as much of a

curiosity as the elephant in the menagerie is to you. The boys and girls think it a great treat to ride around the garden on his back.

The picture shows you Venice as it was in ancient times, when the city was in its glory; but it looks much the same now, for the same old buildings are there still.

J. R. M.



WHAT HARRY AND PHILIP SAW.

HARRY and Philip are just seven years old. They are very good friends. Their mammas always try to spend the summers together.

Last year they were in a beautiful town on the Hudson River. The little boys were never tired of sailing across the river in the ferry-boat, and sometimes they would sail either up or down in the steamboats.

One day they went with their mammas to a large white house where three ladies live by themselves, and there, by the side of the house, they were shown something that pleased them very much. When Harry saw it, he said, "O mamma! we must tell 'The Nursery' all about this."

It is called "The Rockery," and is a complete model of a Dutch village. The three ladies have built it, and take daily care of it. It is made of rocks and moss, and contains houses, a church, and a schoolhouse shaded by trees, with paths winding in and out in every direction; and the whole is enclosed by a hedge of box only four inches high.

Each house has its tiny people in it and about it. At the door of one house a man is chopping wood, and a dog and a cat are near him. By the side of another house are tiny washtubs; and a woman is drawing water from a well.

In the centre is a fine mansion, with a piazza around it. Ladies are seated on the piazza; a footman in livery is awaiting orders; and on the lawn in front groups of children are playing. The schoolhouse has its master at the door, calling his pupils to come in.

In one corner there are the ruins of a house and barn, covered with moss as if very old. There are lakes and streams, with boats and swans upon them; and bridges over which men are fishing.

Remember, none of these houses are over twelve inches high, and the people are not more than two inches long. The figures are all of china, painted, and were most of them brought from Holland.

Although every thing is so small, it is perfect in every respect. At the entrance of the village is a tiny mile-stone, on which is painted in white letters, "Twenty-seven miles to New York." This curious village is more than fifteen years old. Perhaps some of the little "Nursery" readers have seen it, and will know just where it is.

PHILIP'S MAMMA.



ROSE-RED MORNING.

Words by DAY NOBLE.

Music by GEORGE LEACH.

Playfully.

1. Rose red morning, bud and break!
2. Melting go the dreams and dark;

Pia.

Fresh winds gently swing and shake, Birds and ba - bies wide a-wake. Flutt'ring out from
Up and down the household, hark! Ring clear ech-oes of the lark. Bub-bles forth to

east to west, Ev-ry ba - by leaves its nest, Down and dew to them are best,
flow'r and bird; Laughter breaking eve - ry word, — Ba - bies! not a hope deferred.

Rose-red morning bud and break, Birds and babies wide awake.

mf



THE BABY WHO WOULDN'T CRY.

THE BABY WHO WOULDN'T CRY.



RY, you little darling; let me hear you cry," said his mother one day, as she held up Baby Basil in her hands, and gave him a gentle shaking, just in play.

But Basil only laughed: he had no notion of crying.

"What ails you?" said mamma: "why don't you cry, like other babies, you little good-for-nothing?"

But this only made Baby Basil laugh the more, and twine his little fingers in his mother's hair, not pulling it, however, enough to hurt her.

The truth was just this: Baby Basil was brought up in a healthy way. His father was a wise man, a retired doctor. Coming into the room one day, and seeing the nurse about to give baby a teaspoonful of somebody's "soothing syrup," papa took the vial, and emptied it on to the ashes. "None of that nonsense!" said he. "If baby does not choose to go to sleep, let him keep awake."

Baby was not pestered with pins and tight clothes; he was not rocked and trotted, and tossed up and down. He was given to understand, even while a baby, that he must learn to look out for himself, and amuse himself, and go to sleep himself. He was not overfed. He was soon made to learn that the worst plan he could try for getting his food was to cry for it.

So Baby Basil soon grew to be the most cheerful and independent of babies. He found out that it was much pleasanter to laugh and crow than to fret and cry, and make himself unhappy. And now, when mamma shook him, and said, "Cry, baby! Why don't you cry?" the little fellow only smiled a very sweet smile, and replied, "Gargoo!"

What "gargoo" means in the language of Baby-land, I do not quite know. It means something pleasant, I think; for Baby Basil was quite fond of the word, and did not give it up, till one day he found he could say "Kitty!" From that to saying "Cow, Moolly, Baa, Horse, Dog, Bow-wow," the way was not long; till one day, mamma cried out, "O Baby Basil, Baby Basil! you are no longer a baby, but a wise little man, and I must subscribe for 'The Nursery' for you. Soon you will be wanting 'The Popular Science Monthly.' O Baby Basil! why could you not have staid a baby, and have been content with saying, 'Gargoo'?"

EMILY CARTER.

CHARLIE AND HIS TRAIN OF CARS.

CHARLIE is nearly five years old. He has a mechanical turn of mind, and delights in any thing having motion. On a late visit to the fair, he was attracted by a miniature locomotive, worked by steam, and drawing a long train of cars.

He watched it as it ran back and forth, and he had many questions to ask about it. So when Christmas morning came, and he found in his stocking a book telling all about engines and cars, he was greatly pleased.

"Santa Claus knows," said he, "that I want a train of cars, and he will bring them next year."

Charlie little thought that there was a train of cars waiting for him in the house at that very time. But after breakfast a procession was formed of the household, headed by Charlie and his little sister; and he was directed into a room where he found a car-house, two feet by four, with

double doors at each end, and a double track leading through it.

Charlie opened the door of the car-house, and there stood the engine and tender and a baggage-car on one track, and two passenger-cars on the other.

Some boys would have hardly known what to do first



with such a treasure; but Charlie went soberly to work like a practised engineer. He drew out the locomotive on a line of extra track, and coupled on the passenger-cars, making up a train eight feet long.

The locomotive is made of wood, and runs by spring power on an iron track. It is lettered "Charlie," and the cars are marked "Oakland to Boston."

The little boy plays with his train of cars by the hour, and is so fond of it that we call him, "Engineer Charlie."



ROSA AND THE BEE.

Rosa once found in the grass a bee that some one had trodden on, and hurt. Not thinking that bees could sting, she took it up very gently in her hand, and bore it to her little chamber, where on the window-sill stood a vase of flowers.

Rosa placed the hurt bee on a sprig of honeysuckle, and left it. When she came back, the bee seemed much better. Rosa got a drop of honey from the storeroom, and placed

it on a leaf beside the bee. The bee sipped of the honey. "You dear little bee, you shall have a name," said Rosa, "you shall be called Buz-fuz."

Whether the bee understood what she said, I cannot say; but, strange to relate, he made his way on to her bare arm, and walked up and down as if he liked it. Rosa kept very still, and at last she let him crawl back on to the honey-suckle. He could not yet fly.

Rosa and Buz-fuz slept in the same room that night; and when Rosa woke in the morning, whom should she see, crawling up the side of her pillow, but Buz-fuz! She kept quite still just to see what he would do. He lit on her forehead, and crawled about on her face, as if to say, "Good-morning to you," and then he flew off back to his vase.

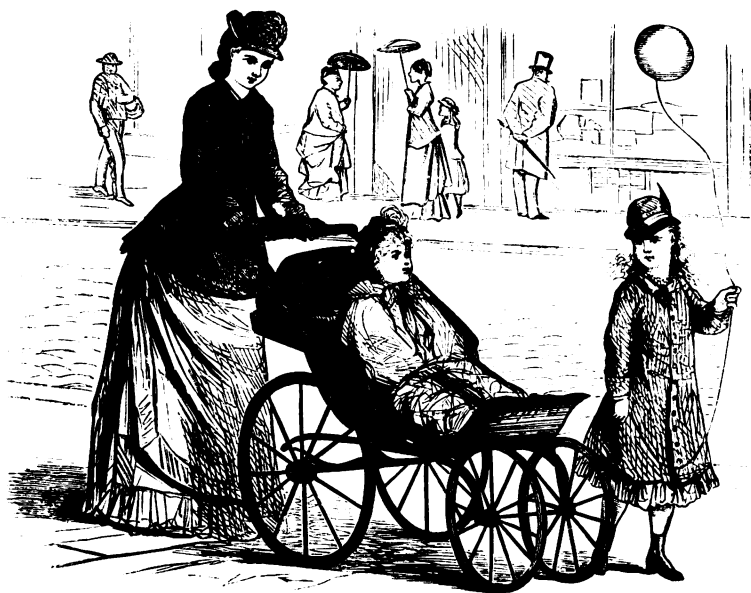
Seeing that he was now strong and well, Rosa opened the window; and by and by, as the day grew warm, Buz-fuz flew off, and Rosa thought she should never see him again.

But the next day the weather was very pleasant; Rosa went into the arbor where the woodbine grew, and as she stood there, holding her straw hat in one hand and a bunch of flowers in the other, who should come buzzing up but her friend Buz-fuz! She knew it was he, and I think he knew it was she. For first he lighted on the nosegay she held, then he crawled up her arm, and then he flew round and round her head as if to salute her.

Rosa was much pleased. "I see that even bees can be grateful," thought she; and she there and then made up her mind that kindness was generally the best rule, even towards insects. She can now repeat by heart the poem, beginning, —

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour!"

ALFRED SELWYN.



OUT FOR AN AIRING.

LITTLE Edith in her carriage
 Is the marvel of the street,
 With her halo hair about her face
 That soft winds love to greet,
 And such a gay, delighted way
 Towards all we chance to meet.



Her little fleece-white mantle
 Is daintily overshot
 With a thread of blue ; and her bonnet,
 Tied with an azure knot,
 Has one white plume, and a tender bloom
 Of blue forget-me-not.

Fair as the sweet Christ-flower
Is the dainty glowing face,
Rolled in her little carriage
Along the public place :
The busy stay on their hurrying way
To note its baby grace.

Oh, little trundled lady,
Serenely as a star
You gaze upon the passing throng,
From all their care afar :
No royal queen was ever seen
More lovely than you are !

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



FAITHFUL BOB.

FAITHFUL Bob is only a dog ; but to do his duty seems to be his first wish. If some boys and girls would try as hard to do their duty, they would be the better for it.

Bob's master is old Mr. Gray the blind man, who goes round begging, led by Bob.

One day, as Bob was leading him along the sidewalk in New York, Bob saw a ladder before him, so placed from the curbstone to the side of a house, that, if he should lead his master under it, the poor blind man would hit his head.

What do you think Bob did in this state of things ? Why, he led his master off the sidewalk on to the pavements, so that they could both go round the ladder instead of passing under it.



Was not Bob a wise dog to do such a thing as that? The story is a true one; for the man who saw the thing told me of it.

Bob is not a handsome dog; but he is good. See him, with the basket in his mouth, waiting till Mr. Gray comes to hold the string, and be guided by faithful Bob through the street.

UNCLE CHARLES.

MAKING HERSELF USEFUL.

ONE day Flora thought to herself, "What a useless little girl I am! I let mother do every thing. She mends my clothes, she combs my hair, she waters the plants, and she feeds the canary-bird. Surely I am old enough to take some of the trouble off her hands. She has now gone to market. I will surprise her when she comes back."

So Flora looked around to see what she should put her hand to first. She spied the big watering-pot. "I know what I will do!" she said. Then she took the watering-pot, and setting it down in the sink in the wash-room, she turned the faucet, and let the water flow in. As soon as the pot was half full, she lifted it out, though not without wetting her frock somewhat.

Taking the watering-pot into the hall, where the flower-pots were, she began watering a plant that had been placed on one of the hall-chairs. But for ten drops that reached the plant, a thousand fell on the chair, and dripped on to the floor. "How it behaves!" said Flora.

So, after she had produced a great puddle on the floor, she set the watering-pot down. Not discouraged by her awkwardness, she now thought she would attend to the canary-bird. To do this she had to stand on a chair, and lift the cage from its hook. This she did pretty well.

Then she set the cage down on the floor and opened the door of the cage, to put in fresh water and seed. But before she could do this, little Dicky, the bird, flew out and perched on the back of a chair. No sooner was he there than old Claw, the cat came in, and made a leap for poor Dicky.

"Oh, you bad, bad cat!" screamed Flora; but Claw did not heed her. He failed in seizing Dicky, and the little



frightened bird was flying round, not knowing where to alight.

At this crisis Flora's mother came in. Dicky at once alighted on her head, and felt safe. "What is the meaning of all this?" said mamma. "Who left the water running in the wash-room? Who has been spilling water in the hall? Who has let poor Dicky out of his cage?"

Flora hung her head. "I wanted to be useful, mamma," said she ready to cry.

"Drive the cat out of the room, and then come to me. my child," said mamma.

So when Claw had vanished, and the door had been shut, and Dicky had been put back in his cage, mamma took Flora on her knee, kissed her, and said, "There is an old proverb, my dear, and it is this: 'The more haste, the worse speed.' My little girl must not try to do things till she can do them safely. Such attempts will lead her into mischief. When you want to be useful, let me know, and I will give you a task."

Flora promised that she would remember this. IDA FAY.



MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE.

THAT is my great-grandmother,
Children, you must know, —
Seated on her mother's knee,
A hundred years ago.
'Tis a pretty picture,
You must all allow:
Grandmother, great-grandmother,
Come and see me now!

I would like for playmate
Such a little girl,
With the smile upon her lip,
And her hair a-curl:
Oh, my own great-grandmother,
Would you could come so,
In the very form you had
A hundred years ago!



Will they not in heaven
Please to let you be
Once again a little girl,
Just to play with me ?
'Tis your great-grand-daughter,
Lonely here below,
Who would have you as you were
A hundred years ago.



THE BLACK EAGLE.

THE beak of the eagle is hooked, and ends in a sharp point bent downwards. Its feet are strong and armed with talons or claws. This bird has a wonderful power of sight, and is said to be able to look at the unclouded sun.

Eagles are remarkable for the nobleness of their bearing, and for their daring courage. They have powerful limbs, are fond of flesh, and will attack animals of quite a large size. It is only when pressed by hunger that they attack small birds.

They build their nest on the flat surface of some rock, or on a platform of some high hill. The size of the nest is large, and every year it is made larger, for these birds do not like to change their homes. The nest is often made of

large pieces of wood, that shows how great must have been the strength of the birds that could carry them. The pieces are so placed as not to yield easily to the wind, and they support boughs, forming a solid sort of hollow, called an eyry.

It takes about thirty days for the eagle to hatch her eggs, and during this time the male hunts for food, and brings it to feed his mate. Eagles live on wild mountains, and often build their nests on the highest cliffs.

UNCLE CHARLES.



WILLIE'S LETTER.

WHEN Willie's cousin George went to New York to live, he saw a great many things which he wanted to tell Willie about. So he wrote a letter, and sent it to the post-office, with Willie's name nicely written on the outside.

The next day, when the postman came, he brought George's letter to Willie. But the little boy did not know how to read, and his mamma had to read his letter to him. Willie then put it in his pocket, and walked about, feeling very grand because he had a real letter with a stamp on it, which came through the post-office.

But still Willie would have felt a great deal better if he could have read the letter himself: so he asked his mamma to let him go to school and learn to read. His mamma was willing, and the next Monday he went. It took a good many weeks; but at last Willie learned to read a printed story very well.

But as he could not read writing, he could not yet read George's letter. So he said, "Now I will learn to write, and then I can not only read George's letter, but I can write one to him myself."

He began with *a*, and, when he could make all the letters in writing, he asked his mamma for a sheet of paper, and said he was going to write a letter to his cousin George.

"How shall I begin, mamma?" said he.

"You must first put the date on the top line," said his mamma. "Then begin a little farther down, on the left-hand side, and write, 'Dear Cousin George.'"

Willie was busy with his pen a few minutes; then he ran to his mother, and said, "See, mamma, is that right?"

"Oh, dear me!" said mamma, laughing.

"What are you laughing at, mamma?" said Willie.

"At your spelling," said mamma. "All the words are spelled wrong."

"Do folks have to learn to spell before they can write letters," said Willie.

"Yes indeed," said his mother. "It is not of much use to know how to make the letters with a pen, if you don't know what letters to make. You must know how to spell all the words."

"Oh, how much people have to know before they can write a letter!" said Willie. "Now I shall ask my teacher to let me write a spelling-lesson on my slate every day."

So the next day Willie began to write words on his slate, and at last he got so that he could write a letter, and spell all the words right.

There was only one word that puzzled him. That was "hippodrome." But he did not want to ask anybody to tell him any thing that he could find out himself: so he looked at a handbill, and found the word, "hip-po-drome."

Then he finished his letter, sealed it up, put it in the letter-box, and it went to New York; and, when cousin George answered it, Willie was able to read George's letter without anybody's help.

H. W.



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DRAWING-LESSON.

OUR POLL.

HE is really a beautiful Poll ; and he thinks so himself, for he will stand on the outside of his cage and say, " I am pretty Poll, I am pretty Poll ! " over and over again.

In the warm weather he is only allowed to have meat once a week, and we always give it to him on Sunday. But one Sunday his little mistress, Nina, was away from home, and her aunt forgot Poll until dinner was sent down stairs : so she said to herself, " Never mind, I will give Polly some cracker to-day."

When the cracker was offered to him, Poll looked at it, took it in his beak, and threw it away. Then we tried to tempt him with a piece of cake ; but he turned his back upon it, and walked sulkily out of his cage. Did Poll remember that Sunday was his meat-day ? It seemed so ; for he would eat nothing until we gave him a bit of beef, though on the very next day he was perfectly satisfied with cracker.

One morning, when he was first given to Nina, he coughed terribly, so long and so hoarsely, that we were alarmed about him. We were standing around his cage, looking at him and pitying him, when, all of a sudden, he burst into a peal of laughter, which he repeated over and over again, until every one in the house laughed with him. He never could worry us with his cough after that.

Last summer his cage was hung out of doors on the piazza, not far from which our three cows were pastured. Every evening the man came to call them, giving a long whistle, and saying, " Come, boss, come, boss, come, boss ! "

One afternoon, although it was much too early for milking, we heard the man's call ; and the cows came hurrying along. Nina went out and watched, and found that Polly

was calling the cows in a voice so like the man's, that we were all deceived by it.

A lady was calling on Nina's mamma lately, when Poll cried out, "What will you take to drink, boys?" in a clear, loud voice. The lady started from her seat, saying, "Oh, what was that?" Her surprise made us all laugh, and we took her out on the piazza to see Poll.

R.



THE GROUND-ROBIN.

THERE was a little ground-robin that had a nest on the ground, in a thicket on the left side of the path through the forest. In the nest were five little eggs. On these she sat hour after hour to keep them warm; for she knew that

if she did so long enough, five little birds would be hatched out from them, and that she should love them dearly.

But, while she was sitting patiently on her nest one fine spring day, she saw a boy moving along the path through the wood, and looking to the right and the left. "That boy is after no good," thought robin: so she rose from the nest, and ran across the path to the other side.

The boy did not see her, and, when he came up where the bird was sitting, she suddenly rose as if scared from her nest. Do you know why the cunning bird did this? She wanted to make the boy think that her nest was on the right side rather than on the left.

So when she flew over to the left side, where her nest really was, the boy, after a vain attempt to catch her, said, "Oh, I know your tricks, old bird: you want to make me think your nest is on this side; but I know well enough it is on the other."

If ground-robins ever laugh, I think ours would have done so when she saw the egg-hunting boy run over to the other side, and there hunt among the grass and the shrubs. Soon he got tired of his search, and walked off, not very happy in the thought that he had been playing truant, and would be punished the next day at school. Then the robin flew back to her nest.

The ground-robin is sometimes called the *chewink*. It is spotted with white, red, and black, the female being of a bright bay color where the male is red. It lurks among the bushes, and it is not easy for a gunner to get a good aim at it, so swift are its movements.

This bird is a very constant singer during four months of the year, from the first of May. Its notes are cheerful; and they have the sound of *che-wee'*, with the accent on the last syllable.

UNCLE CHARLES.



HARRY'S WAY. .

NORTH WIND and EAST WIND, hand in hand,
Held a carnival in the land,

Astonishing folks
With practical jokes ;
Gave a friendly tweak
To the flying curls
Of rosy girls ;
And tapped the cheek

Of a nice old lady, who doubted whether
She could keep together
In such contrary-minded weather ;

Turned wrong side out her old umbrella,
And left her surprised at what befell her;
Then they lifted Miss Fanny's bonnet,
Carried it off, and trampled on it,
Just as Harry came down the street,
Firmly resolved to keep his feet :
“ Old wind, we'll try
Which will be stronger, — you or I.”
He braced his shoulders
Like two little bowlders,
And right in the teeth of the wind went he ;
And Harry would say,
It is best to take some things that way,
Sure and steadfast, — the way you know,
That green grass pushes through April snow.

ADELAIDE G. WATERS.



JIMMY'S STORY.

My little boy Jimmy is six years old, and went to school for the first time last summer. The schoolhouse is close to the woods; and at noon the children have a nice time playing among the trees.

One afternoon Jimmy came running into my room, where I sat tending the baby. “ O mother ! ” said he, “ I got to school just in time this morning.”

“ Well,” said I, “ that is right. I like to have my little boy always get to school in time.”



“Oh!” said he, “I did not mean that. I meant that I got to school just in time to see that poor little squirrel.”

“What little squirrel?” I asked.

“I will tell you. You know there is a cistern near the school, where we get water, and there is a chain-pump in the cistern. Well, a little squirrel had run into the nose of the pump, and, when Arthur Mason came along, the squirrel was frightened, and ran farther in; and the first thing Arthur heard was a splash,—the poor little thing had fallen into the cistern.

“Soon there was a crowd of children around the pump. In a short time we heard the chain rattle: the squirrel was climbing up to the spout again. Up, up, he came, and looked out through the spout; but he saw so many little girls and boys, that he turned back, and down he went again to the bottom of the cistern. I think he felt very bad, don’t you, mother?”

"Yes, I think he did. But how did you get him out? or did he die in the water?"

"No, he did not die. Pretty soon the teacher came up, and told all the children to step back, so that the squirrel could not see them if he came out. Then she took a piece of cake, and laid it in the spout.

"In a few minutes we heard the chain moving. We all kept still, and by and by out poked a poor little wet nose and two bright eyes. Then the teacher gave a good smart rap on the back of the pump, and out ran the squirrel.

"He was so tired and wet and cold, that he could hardly walk. He went slowly across the yard, and climbed up on the fence, and was sitting in the sun when the bell rang. I was very glad that he got out of the cistern, and I hope he is now up in the tree with the rest of the squirrels, don't you?"

"Yes, Jimmy," said I, "I hope he is; and if you ever see any little animals that have in any way got hurt, don't make them feel any worse than they do, but try to help them all you can, for God likes us to be kind to all the creatures he has made."

CELIA LYNN.





THE HEN AND HER BROOD.

SEE the proud old mother-hen with her chickens ten!
What nice little things they are! But no: they are not all
of them good. Two of them

are fighting,—fighting for a big worm. Stop that, you naughty chicks!

One good little chick has lighted on her mother's back. Two are sipping water from a dish; and one stands on the edge, holding up her head, as if she were saying, "Oh, how nice this water does taste!"

Soon the little chicks will be old enough to take care of themselves. Then they will begin to lay eggs. What good fun it is to hunt for eggs in the hay! Once I found twenty eggs in a nest. An old hen had hid them away.

A. B. C.



GRANDMA'S BABY.

THE wee little midget, who, truly to say,
Seems to be always in every one's way,
Who vexes her nurse, and bothers mamma,
And burns her wee fingers with papa's cigar,
Goes grieving at last to her grandmamma's breast,
And forgets all her woes in that haven of rest.

"Grandmamma's baby" loves cookies, we know;
And cookies in grandmamma's pockets do grow;
And grandmamma's pockets, we plainly may see,
To wee baby-fingers are constantly free,
While grandma demurely sits knitting away,
Contented and peaceful the whole livelong day.

"Grandmamma's baby" climbs up in her chair,
And tangles and tumbles the silver-gray hair,
Or rumples and creases the snowy white cap,
Or rolls her small self into grandmamma's lap,
And pats with her soft dimpled hands the kind face,
Where love for her troublesome self she can trace.

"Grandmamma's baby" knows where she can go
If she wants to hear "yes," when all others say "no"!
She knows who is never too busy for play,
And who never says to her, "There, run away!"
She knows who will "spoil her" from morning till night,
And who for the little one's triumphs will fight.

So lay your bright face, little dimpled-cheeked child,
Against the dear face that is peaceful and mild,
Despite the deep wrinkles which tell us that care
And trouble have one time been grandmamma's share.
As grandma makes sunshine for baby each day,
So baby must help keep the shadows away.

MARY D. BRINE.



THE
NURSERY

A Monthly Magazine

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

VOLUME XXIV.

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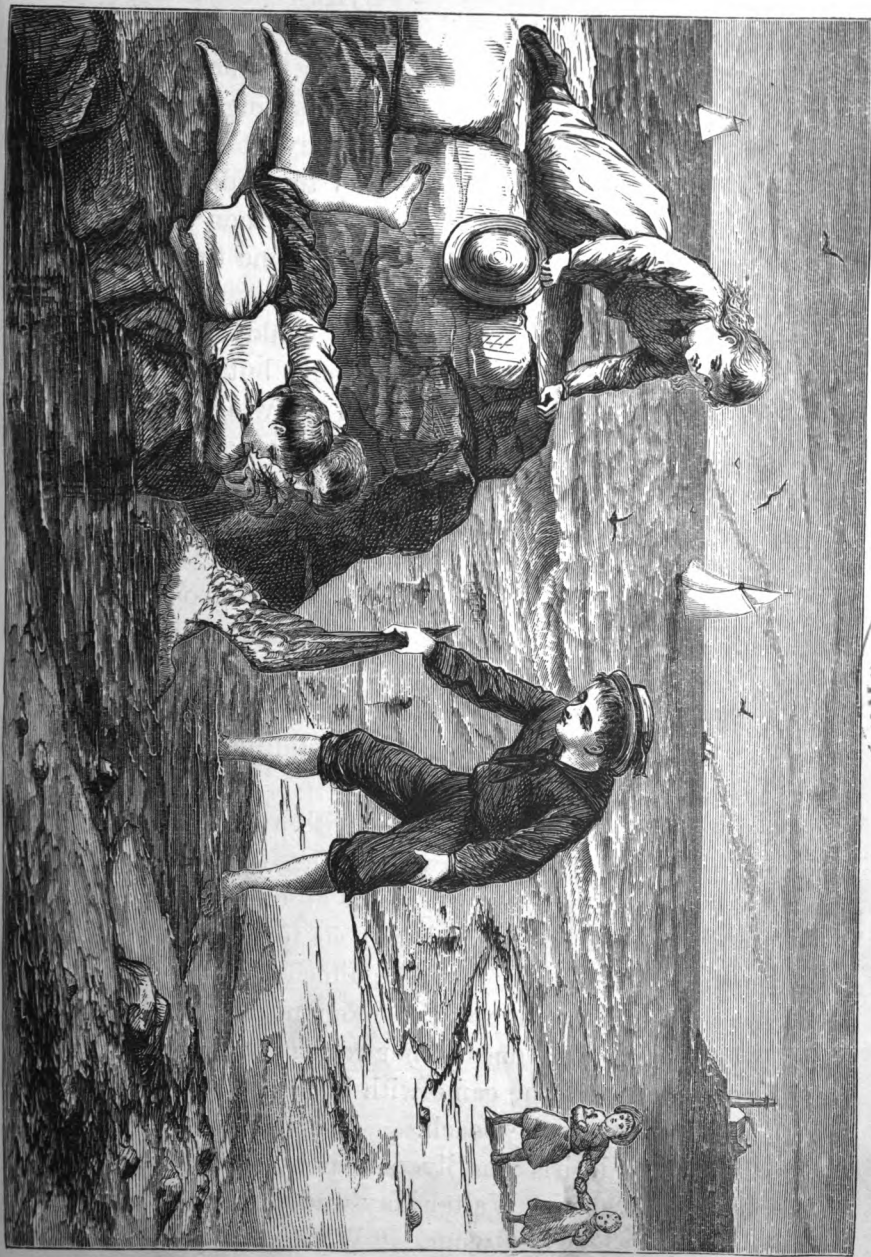
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NEW YORK

THE SEA-GULL.



ON the ledge of a cliff high up on the north Atlantic coast a sea-gull was born. Its wings were white, with a little coloring of gray at the tips. It looked out from its nest on the wide ocean, and saw the old birds mount high up in the air, then dive down, and skim swiftly over the foaming waves, and the little gull longed for the time when she could do the same.

Soon that time came. At first she could only fly down from the cliff, and walk along the beach; but as she grew stronger, she found she could keep on the wing a very long time, and go far out to sea, almost out of sight of land. How easy and graceful were her movements as she flew round the top of the lighthouse, or looked down on the mast of some ship from her great height!

At last the little gull grew to be of quite a good size, and she made a nest and laid some eggs, and soon three little baby-gulls were hatched out. Oh, how hungry they all were! So the young mother-gull flew off over the rocks, and along the beach to see what she could find for her little ones to eat.

She did not see that a young man with a gun was strolling along the beach; or, if she saw him, she did not think that he would do her any harm. But all at once he cried out, "What a beautiful gull! and how near to me she flies! I must have a shot at her!" So he aimed his gun, and fired, and the poor gull, so happy the moment before, dreaming of the joy of her little ones at her return, was shot through the heart, and down she came with a heavy thud into one of the little inlets of the beach.

Some boys and girls who lived near by saw the gull fall, and ran to look at it. Walter May waded in, and raised her by the end of her left wing. "What a pity!" said he.

"Where was the need of that fellow's shooting it? It could do him no good. It is not eatable. I call it a cruel, brutal act."

"That it was," said his sister, who was perched on a rock near by. "Perhaps that poor gull had young ones that are waiting its return so that they may be fed. I call it mean and cruel to shoot a bird just for sport."

"So do I!" and "So do I!" cried the other two boys.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE CATTLE-TRAIN.

THIS picture illustrates an incident that was related some years ago by Miss L. M. Alcott, the well-known author. We give the story in her own words as published at the time:—

"Somewhere above Fitchburg, as we stopped for twenty

minutes at a station, I amused myself by looking out of a window at a waterfall which came tumbling over the rocks, and spread into a wide pool, that flowed up to the railway. Close by stood a cattle-train; and the mournful sounds that came from it touched my heart.

“Full in the hot sun stood the cars; and every crevice of room between the bars across the doorways was filled with pathetic noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered, in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to wet their poor parched mouths!

“The cattle lowed dismally, and the sheep tumbled one over the other, in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating so plaintively the while, that I was tempted to get out and see what I could do for them. But the time was nearly up; and, while I hesitated, two little girls appeared, and did the kind deed better than I could have done it.

“I could not hear what they said; but, as they worked away so heartily, their little tanned faces grew lovely to me, in spite of their old hats, their bare feet, and their shabby gowns. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the grass, and, emptying upon it the berries from her pail, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the suffering sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the precious water with an eagerness that made little barefoot's task a hard one.

“But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the small pail was so soon empty; and her friend meanwhile pulled great handfuls of clover and grass for the cows, and, having no pail, filled her “picking-dish” with water to throw on the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I

wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of those two little sisters of charity." — "*Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.*"



WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

My child, we once were children,
Two children small and gay;
We crept into the hen-loft,
And hid beneath the hay.

We crowed just like the roosters ;
And people passing near
Heard " Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo " —
And thought 'twas chanticleer.

The boxes in the court-yard
With draperies we decked,
And there kept house together :
How fine was the effect !

To visit us quite often
Our neighbor's cat came there ;
We gave her bows and courtesies,
And compliments to spare.

With kind concern we asked for
Her health each time she came ;
To many ancient tabbies
We since have said the same.

We sat, too, oft lamenting,
Like old folks shrewd and gray,
That every thing was better,
Far better, in our day ;

That faith and love and friendship
And truth no more were here,
That very scarce was money,
And coffee, oh, so dear !

Past are the sports of childhood,
All things roll on like youth —
The world, the times, and money,
And faith, and love, and truth.

M. A. C.

WHY TIGER WOULD NOT LET ALICE PASS.

"TIGER, you are a bad dog to come and bark at me when I am going on an errand for my mother. Go away, sir! Don't stop me! I shall tell my mother of you, if you do."

That was what Alice said to Tiger; but he did not mind her words. He kept on barking as if to say, "You must not leave the house yet, little girl: it is not safe for you to leave the house yet."

Seeing that Tiger would not let her pass, Alice called for her mother to come to the door, and said, "This naughty dog will not let me pass. Come and drive him away, mother."



But, when her mother came, she saw that a horse was loose in the yard, and was running wildly about. "Why, Alice," said she, "it is lucky for you that Tiger would not let you pass: you might have been trampled on by that gay horse. Tiger did right in stopping you."

"Did Tiger do it so that the horse might not hurt me?" asked Alice.

"That was his motive, there is no doubt," said her mother. "He meant to protect you from the horse."

"Come here, Tiger, you good dog!" said Alice, stooping and patting him on the head. "I could hug you, you dear, good, honest Tiger."

Seeing that the object of his barking was now understood, Tiger was very happy. By this time the horse had been caught, and led to the stable. Then Tiger followed Alice to the grocer's, where she bought half a pound of tea for her mother.

On her way home, a boy met her and said, "You've got the ugliest dog in the whole village, Alice."

The little girl ran home and told her mother what the boy had said; and her mother replied: "If he says so again, Alice, tell him that 'handsome is, that handsome does,' and that therefore your Tiger is a downright beauty."

IDA FAY.

OUR BANK ACCOUNT.

OUR bank was a handsome two-story building, painted red, with green blinds and a white door. On the front-wall were painted the words, "PINWOOD SAVINGS BANK;" for Pinwood was the name of our place where we lived. Emma was president and I was cashier of the bank.



Our bank stood on a little wooden bracket in the play-room. The only entrance into the bank was through the chimney. All the money that was brought for deposit had to be put in through the chimney.

Once we read in the newspapers that burglars had gone at night to the cashier of a bank in Maine, and demanded

the keys of the safe, and, on his refusing to give them up, they had shot him.

"Oh, I am glad I am not a cashier," said Emma. "But I don't want you shot, Edwin. Let us not have a cashier for our bank. Let us have only a president."

"Pooh! I'm not at all afraid of burglars," said Edwin; "besides, there are no keys to our bank to give up. If burglars ever come and wake me, and ask for the keys, I shall say, 'There are no keys. Get out!' And then, if they don't go, I shall seize my pistol."

"But it isn't loaded," said Emma.

"Never mind. How will the burglars know that?"

"How much money have we in the bank?" said Emma.

"Hand me the slate, and I will add up the figures," said I; for all the sums that each of us had put into the bank were on the slate in two columns.

After adding up the figures carefully, I found that we had just three dollars and seventy-five cents in the bank.

"It is now June," said Emma. "It is almost six months to Christmas. Do you think we shall save money enough to buy that ——?"

"Hush!" cried I.

"Won't mother be" ——

"Hush, Emma."

"What do you mean?"

"Did you never hear that walls have ears? Nobody must know our plan for Christmas. That's a secret, I tell you. That's to be a surprise."

"But what if the bank should be robbed?"

"It sha'n't be robbed while I am cashier: so don't worry. If there ever was a safe bank, it's the Pinewood Savings Bank. Put in all the money you can get and make yourself easy."

EDWIN WATERS.

TEDDY'S BIRTHDAY.

HAVING a birthday was even a greater event to Teddy than having a tooth pulled.

He was five years old, and that was the nearest to being a man of any thing he had ever known. He made great plans as to his presents, and teased for every new thing that came into his mind, with a vague idea that a birthday was to do away with all limitations, and the whole world of playthings was to be open to him. He was sure to get a velocipede, for one thing, but was not at all prepared for what he did get.

Early in the forenoon, our express-man came, and left a little wagon at the door, with "U. S. Mail," in large letters at the side. It was a very pretty one, and was plenty large enough for him to have his friends draw it, while he rode in state, and drove.

Then another man came, with a toy-chest of tools, which held a saw, and hammer, and plane, beside various other things he did not understand ; then, last but not least, came the velocipede, and a beauty it was ! It really all seemed like the work of Santa Claus !

You may be sure these things kept him busy. Before noon he had every other wheel off his wagon, and the tongue out ; he had pounded on all the nails he could see with his hammer ; he had sawed a hole in a wooden box in the kitchen with his saw ; and had tried the velocipede up and down in front of the house, to the envy of crowds of little boys.

But with it all he had a dreadful headache, and before night was forced to go to bed, crying. A fever came on, the doctor was called, and he pronounced it "measles."

Then followed a weary period for a little boy who had

just come into possession of so many new playthings, for he had to be kept very quiet. And now, when he counts up his birthday-presents, he says, "A velocipede, a wagon, a chest of tools, and the measles!"

C. D. B.

THE SONG OF THE BIRDS.



HAPPY are we,
 For spring has come ;
 Here our nest see,
 This is our home.
 Flowers bright and fair,
 Buds fresh and neat,
 Make all the air
 Fragrant and sweet.

See how the leaves
 Glisten and shake,
 As each receives
 Some golden flake
 From the glad sun,
 That tries to peer
 And shine upon
 Our two eggs here.

Chee-wee, chee-wee ! Now look, and you'll see
 Our neat pretty nest on the bough of a tree ;
 You may look on our nest, you dear little girl,
 With the rose on your cheek, and your hair all in curl ;
 But I pray you to send all bad boys away,
 For they plunder our nests, and they call it fine play.
 Oh, if they but knew what affliction they cause,
 Before stealing our eggs, they surely would pause.



ON THE WAY TO SAN FRANCISCO.

You call that a slow team, do you? My good sir, you have no idea at what speed those three children are going. They live in a village not a mile from the Atlantic Ocean, and they started ten minutes ago for San Francisco, where their uncle Peter resides.

San Francisco is on the Pacific Ocean, you know; and yet, with that team which you call slow, those children mean to get to the end of their journey in ten minutes more.

They are very anxious to see uncle Peter. All the books and playthings they have in the house came from uncle Peter. They think him a greater man than either the President or the Governor.

Whenever a letter comes from uncle Peter, there is sure

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to be money in it for the children's mother; for she is a poor widow, and has to work hard to keep those three little ones clothed and fed.

They have been longing to visit uncle Peter, and they have set out for San Francisco by that conveyance to see if they can find him. As soon as the driver says, "Whoa!" they dismount, and call at the houses and shops.

"Uncle Peter is not in the city," says John. "We must go home, and call another time."—"I do so want to see uncle Peter!" says little Grace. "I am going to write him a letter," says Lucy: "mother says I may."—"Uncle Peter is the best man in the world," says John; "I know it, for mother says he is."

And so the children remount, and turn their heads homeward. Grace snaps her whip. Lucy puts her hat on a stick, and cries, "Hurrah for home!" John says, "Whip up the team, or mother will be anxious;" and Grip, the dog, who has followed them all the way, barks and frolics just as if the journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific were a mere trifle.

I would give a good deal if I could travel as fast as those three children can. I could do it once, when I was as young as they are, but I can't do it now.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE GINGERBREAD CAT.

MAMIE had a pussy-cat,

So well-behaved and sweet,

That all the little children cried,

"It's good enough to eat!"

It never mewed, or showed a claw ;
Was never cross or surly ;
And Mamie loved it from its ears
Down to its tail so curly.

This little kitty-cat was brown,
As brown as brown could be ;
But though it had two bright black eyes,
Alas ! it could not see.
And, though it had four little paws,
It couldn't even walk ;
And, though it had two little ears,
Could not hear Mamie talk.

And so this helpless pussy-cat
Much needed special care,
And Mamie kept it in her arms,
And lugged it everywhere,
Until, alas ! at supper-time
This kitty-cat so brown
Into a bowl of bread and milk
From Mamie's hand fell down.

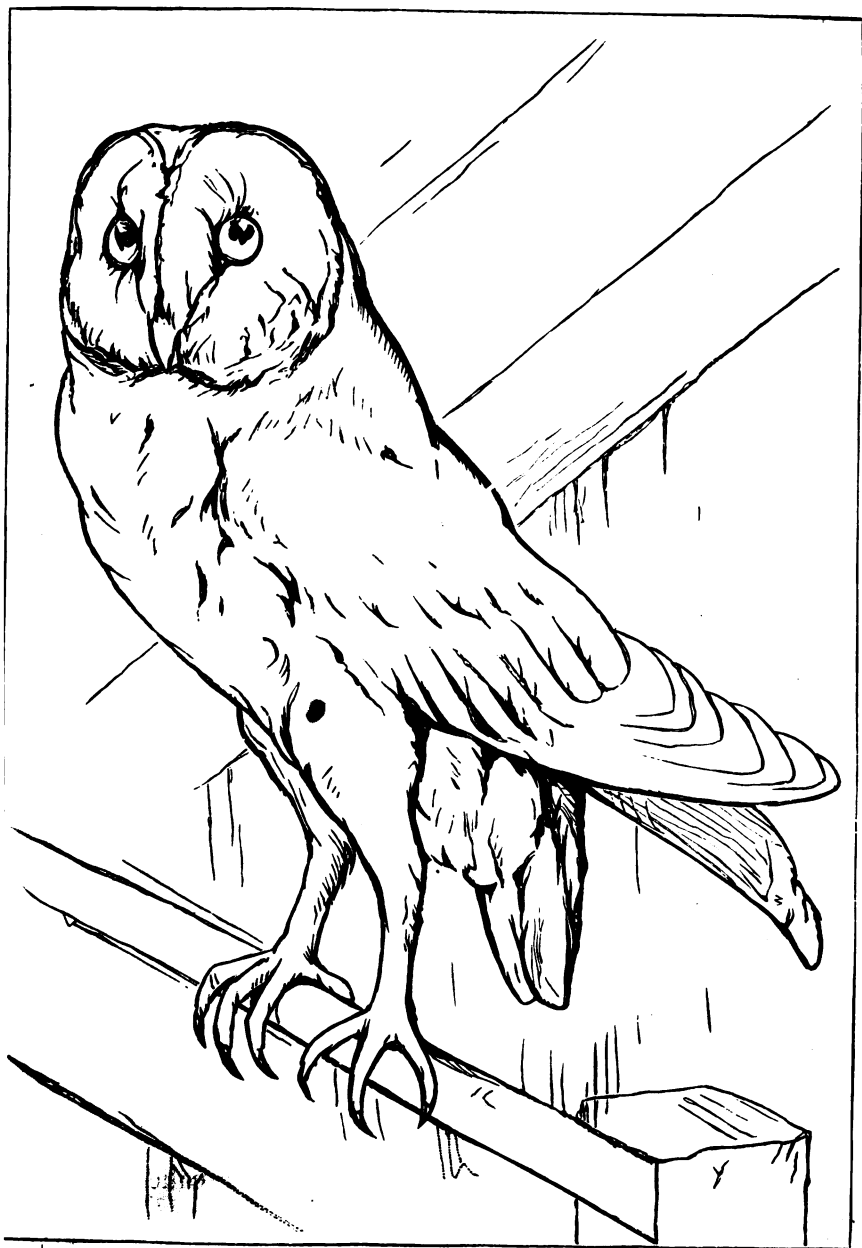
So mamma laid it on the shelf :
"When morning comes," said she,
"I have no doubt, your little puss
All nice and dry will be."

But such a dreadful thing befell
The kitty-cat that night!
We know, of course, that cats eat mice,
A rule that's very right;

But, truly I am grieved to say,
This time it was the mice
That put an end to poor Miss Puss,
And ate her in a trice.
And, when the morning dawned, alas!
All that remained of Kitty,
Was just one crumb to tell the tale :
Now, wasn't that a pity !

MARY D. BRINE.





DRAWING-LESSON.

STORY OF AN ARMY MULE.

EDDIE, who has for the past year or more been a constant reader of "The Nursery," wants his papa to write, for its little readers, the story he told Eddie about an army mule. Eddie's papa was an officer in the army, and stationed at Fort Ripley, in the State of Minnesota, several years ago.

At that time there were many soldiers at Fort Ripley, and they had several mules to haul wood and supplies; for there were no cars or boats (excepting ferry-boats) nearer than fifty miles. Among the mules was one kept to haul the cart that was used to clear up the dirt and rubbish around the post; and his working-hours were from "fatigue call" to "recall."

Soldiers don't bother about clocks and watches. There is one clock at the guard-house, where the post-guard stays; and a drummer and fifer, or bugler, plays tunes to let the soldiers know when it is time to get up, when breakfast is ready, when to go on guard, when to drill, when to work at cleaning up the post, when to quit work and drill, when to go to dinner and supper, when the sick may go to the post-surgeon, when to go to bed, and when to put out the lights.

The call that tells them when to go to work is called the "fatigue call." Whether it is because they are likely to get pretty tired before they hear the "recall," which tells them to quit work, I cannot say; but it always did seem to me that either that call was misnamed, or some very jolly chap couldn't resist having his joke when he called it the "fatigue call."

You will wonder what all this has to do with the mule.



Well, it is just this: that mule learned one of those calls. He didn't beat it on a drum, or blow it on a fife or bugle; nor did he whistle it, or even bray it; though I suspect, from the noise he made when it sounded, that he was attempting to sing a bass accompaniment.

Although there was any thing but music in his voice, he had a fine large ear for music. He certainly had an ear for that one call. Could the readers of "The Nursery" guess which call it was? It was the "recall," which told the soldier in general (and that mule in particular, it seemed), that it was time to quit work.

He paid no attention to any other call; but let the "recall" be sounded, at any time in the day, on drum or bugle, and off he would go, full gallop for the barn, banging the old cart around like a tin-kettle tied to a dog's tail.

The soldiers would give chase, but that only made him run the faster. On he would go, he-hawing all the while,

as much as to say, "The first duty of an army mule is to obey orders, and the 'recall' says 'quit work.'"

Don't you think that was a smart mule, and that he well earned his rations of hay and oats?

EDDIE'S PAPA.

JUNE.

SEE the crowd of daisies,
Like a drift of snow ;
Hear the birds drop praises,
As they touch and go :
Green leaves and grass blades dancing in tune ;
For the time is summer, and the month is June.

Watch the blossoms pouting
On the apple-tree ;
Hear the wild wind shouting,
"Up and follow me" ;
Buttercups and clovers starting out together,
In the summer season, in the sweet June weather.

M. N. PRESCOTT.



THE TROGON.

THERE is a summer-land of flowers near our own home, the land of Mexico, where a very beautiful bird called the "Trogon" lives. His plumage is so gorgeous that he is known as the "Splendid Trogon."

Now I will paint him for you. See, he is perched upon a tree of luxuriant palm-like foliage, laden with clusters of the fruit which he loves. His size is nearly that of the parrot; his head and breast are tufted with silky green; his neck is ringed with white; glossy feathers of golden green clothe his wings; and his body is of a dazzling scarlet.

The brilliant green plumes of his tail sweep more than thrice his length, in a superb curve; and beneath them are plumes of softest white barred with black. But the Splendid Trogon was not made to fly very far; for his wings are not strong, and his waving plumes seem to obstruct his movements.

A great many years ago, before Mexico was conquered



by Spain, it was ruled by its own kings, who lived in great pomp and splendor. One of the royal treasures was a collection of all the most beautiful birds that could be gathered from their tropic homes. They were kept in two large houses, which the king had fitted up for their use; and they had many attendants to feed and care for them.

But, alas! the king could not make them happy with all his wealth; and the sweet birds pined to be free again in the delightful bowers where they were born.

So much did the ancient Mexicans admire the rich and varied plumage of the king's birds, as they were called, that vestments and mantles were wrought of their feathers, for the costumes of the nobles of the kingdom.

But the monarch himself chose the plumes of the Trogon for his own adornment, and none but persons of the blood royal were permitted to wear them.

S. P. BARTLETT.



THE LITTLE BLACK DOG.

I WANT to tell "The Nursery" readers a true story about a little boy who has a dog,—not a live dog, such as many of you have, but a dog made of black astrachan, which was sent to him by one of his aunts.

It is the size of a real, live puppy, and has on a red blanket. Wilson, for this is the little boy's name, often takes it with him when he goes out to walk; and it looks so natural, that one day a large dog came up to him, and was going to take it right out of his hands.

Wilson had always wanted a dog; but his grandpa, with whom he lives, would not give his consent for him to have one. So, when this dog arrived, the little boy thought he




would play a joke. As soon as grandpa came home to tea, Wilson began to make a noise like a dog. His grandma went in, and told grandpa that Wilson had had a dog sent to him, and wanted to know if he could keep it.

Grandpa shook his head, and said, "Wilson knows I am not willing for him to have a dog. I wish he would not ask it."

"But," said grandma, "when you see what a cunning little thing it is, I don't believe you will object. I'll go and bring it in." So she took it in, and put it on the floor a little way off.

Grandpa looked up from his paper over his spectacles, as much as to say, "Well, it is cute, sure enough." And then the most comical expression came over his face when he found what a good joke had been played on him. He said very meekly, "Tell Wilson he can keep the dog." H. B. D.



SONG OF THE BEES.

THE hive is our home:
On days fair and sunny
We're out making honey;
Through gardens we roam.

We find something sweet
In the cup of each flower;
We toil every hour,
And mind not the heat.

"Buzz, buzz!" pretty maiden,
Is the tune we are singing,
As home we are winging,
With honey well laden.

Come, look at our labor,
And we will not sting you,
But by and by bring you
Some honey, sweet neighbor.

IDA FAY.



A BIRD'S SONG.

OUR little folks, Clara and Ned, like "The Nursery" very much; and the stories that please them best are those about birds. They want to tell you about a little bird they saw last summer out here in Colorado.

We were all going to the mountains for a "camping-out" trip,—father and mother and children, with uncle and auntie. We had two large covered wagons (called emigrant-wagons), and we carried with us every thing that

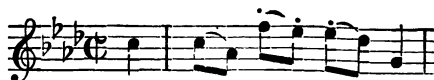
was necessary in keeping house, — tents, a stove, a table, chairs, beds, and food enough to last until we returned to the city. These things were packed in one of the wagons, and we rode in the other.

Once we lost our way on the plains, and wandered about more than half a day in search of water. It was very hot and dusty, and we and our horses were suffering with thirst. At last, towards night, we found Deep Creek, and there we stopped, and waited for the other wagon to come.

We decided to pitch our tents, and stay until the next morning. As we sat listening to the running water, and feeling very tired and hungry, a little bird, only a few feet from us on the ground, hopped out of its nest, and began to sing.

It was a most beautiful song; and Clara wanted to catch the bird and bring it home; but we told her she could not do that, and would only frighten it away. It was a brown bird, with a black band around its neck like a chain. The nest was in a hollow in the ground, and covered like an oven.

The little bird sang its song over and over, until it was dark, and was not at all disturbed by us. The first thing we heard in the morning, too, was the same beautiful song. It made the dry prairie seem bright and cheerful. We never can forget it. Fortunately it can be set to music, so you, too, can hear it. It was like this: —



You can ask some one to play or sing it for you, and then imagine how beautiful it would be sung in a loud and melodious bird-voice. Some other time I may tell you more about this camping trip.

DENVER, COLORADO,

AUNT MAGGIE.



THE HENS.

LET us go out and look at the hens. They have been well fed, and now they are resting in the sunshine as if they had nothing to do.

Soon they will be hungry again, and then they will begin to scratch in the garden for worms. I like to watch the

hens. How proud the old rooster seems, as he marches round, and then calls to the hens to come and see the fine worm he has found for them!

You should have heard the noise that the old white hen made when I went to drive her from the nest. I found ten eggs in that nest, and she wanted to sit on them till she could hatch out her young ones. But we wanted the eggs.

It is a clear, warm day, and the birds are singing as if they enjoyed it. The hens enjoy it; and why should not we enjoy it too?

A. B. C.



ANDY'S TIN TRUMPET.

Jane. — Now, Andy, be a good boy, and put down that trumpet. Kitty and Bella are asleep, and you must not wake them.

Andy. — Why, it's time they were up and at play. *Too-too-too!*

Jane. — Oh, stop that noise, you rogue! They have both bad colds, and I have given them some sage-tea.

Andy. — Why did you leave Bella out on the door-step all night, if you did not wish to have her take cold?

Jane. — That was an accident, Andy. I let her make a visit at Ellen Ray's, and Ellen brought her back, and laid her on the door-step. The night was chilly, and Bella took cold.

Andy. — Took cold ! Oh, what a likely story ! *Too-too-too ! too-too-too !* And how did Kitty take cold ? Oh, I'll tell you ; she dipped one of her fore-feet into a saucer of milk : I saw her do it. *Too-too-too !*

Jane. — I shall have to take away that trumpet, if you do not stop.

Andy. — Where's the use of stopping now ? That gray kitty with the night-cap on has waked up, and means fun. *Too-too-too !*

Jane. — There ! They are all awake now.

Andy. — Yes, the sage-tea has cured them, and they are all ready for a frolic. *Too-too-too !* Dolls and cats, come out to play, for it is a pleasant day. *Too-too-too !*

Jane. — I'll hide that trumpet, if you make such a noise with it, Andy.

Andy. — But if I carry Bella off, and hide her in the bushes, I think you'll give me my trumpet back.

Jane. — Well, they have all waked up. The sun has come out bright from behind a cloud, and I propose that we all go into the garden for a frolic.

Andy. — That's the most sensible thing you've said yet, Jane. Come on. *Too-too-too !*

ALFRED SELWYN.



REFLECTIONS OF A CAT.

I WISH that Etta would not pay so much attention to those two homely pups. She passed me without even saying, "Poor Puss." She dropped her flowers on the



ground, and began to pet Lock and Key, as she calls them.

What queer names for dogs!—Lock and Key. If I durst do it, I would scratch their eyes out. I could do it now; but soon they will grow, and grow, and get to be great strong dogs. Then I shall have to be civil to them, and keep the peace.

I wish Etta would not make me so jealous. She has a kind word for everybody, even for the pigs. You should have seen her pet that stupid calf. I rubbed up against her, and mewed; but all she said was, “Go away, Puss!” Was not that too bad?

But Etta does not know what I do. Oh! won’t it be jolly? The butcher is coming next week to carry off the calf. I wish he would carry off Lock and Key too. Then my happiness would be complete.

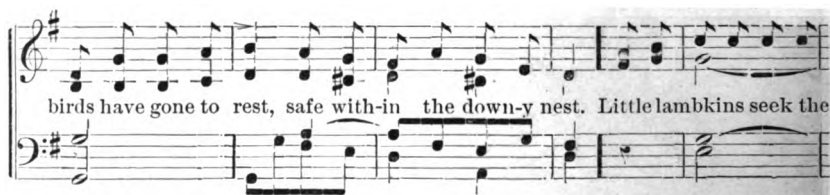
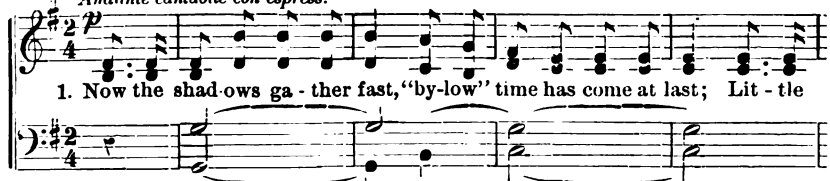
TABBY.

LULLABY.

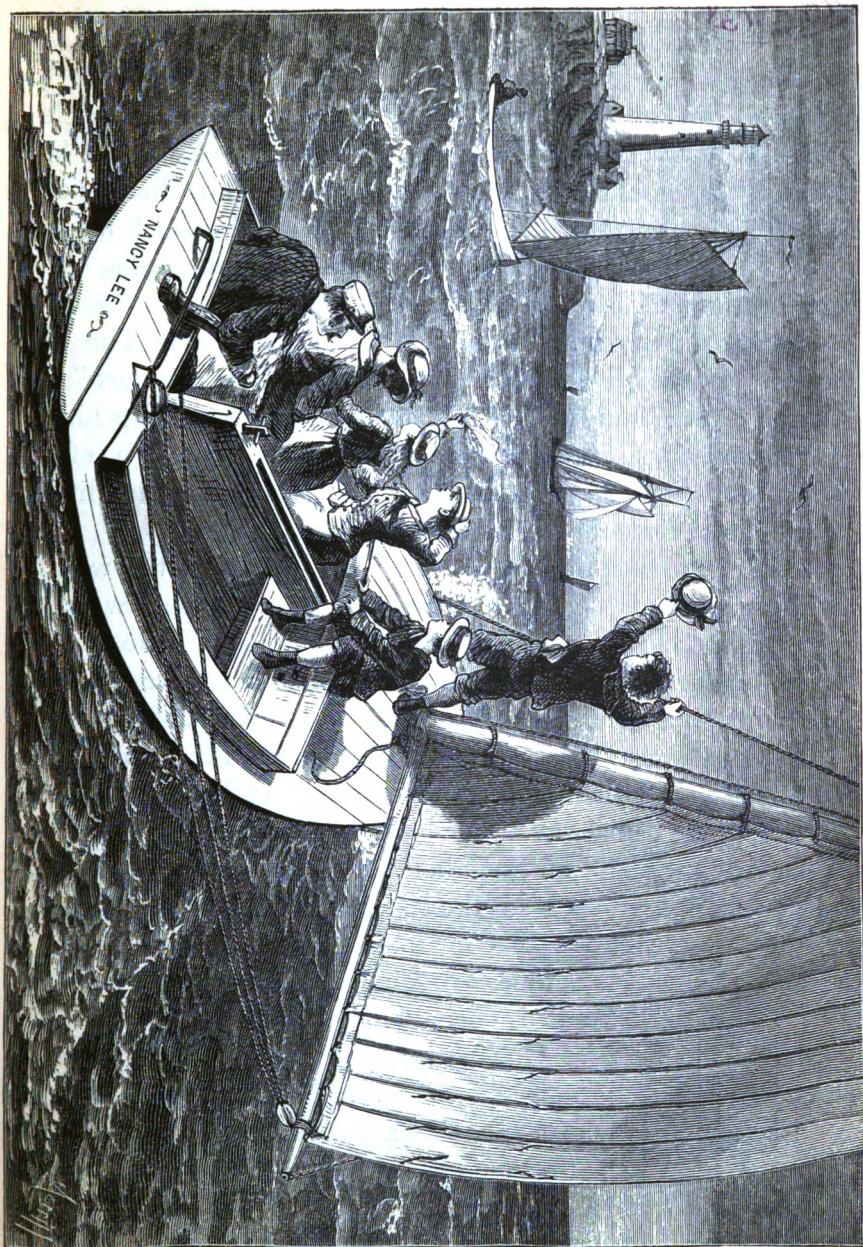
Words by MARY D. BRINE.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Andante cantabile con espress.



2. I will sing a sweet good night, to my baby's blue eyes bright,
To the little cheeks so fair, to the sunny golden hair.
To the rosy lips so sweet, to the dimpled hands and feet;
Gently rocking to and fro, singing softly, singing low.
3. Into Dreamland baby wee, soon will glide away from me;
Out from shadow into light, to the world of visions bright;
While the mother-love so true, keeping tender watch o'er you,
With the lullaby shall seem still to soothe and bless your dream.
4. Lullaby, oh, lullaby! stars are lighting in the sky;
All the sunshine of the day, like yourself is tired of play.
Tell me, are the sunbeams there, in that dreamland bright and fair?
Bring them back, my baby, then, when you wake to earth again.
5. Sweetly on her mother's breast, sinks the little one to rest;
By-low time is sweeter far, than the hours of play-time are.
So thinks baby, so think I, as we sing our lullaby,
Rocking gently to and fro, chanting softly, chanting low.



CRUISE OF THE "NANCY LEE."



THE "Nancy Lee" (that's my name) is uncle Tim's sail-boat. He promised all of us that he would give us a sail in her down the harbor on the Fourth of July. By "all of us" I mean, besides myself, my sisters Ann and Julia, and my brothers Charles and William.

Father did not much like to trust us with uncle Tim all alone. But uncle Tim was what was called an "ex'pert" in sailing a boat, and he had taught William how to help him.

"Promise me, Tim, that, if you see the least sign of a squall's coming up, you will steer at once for a safe landing-place," said father.

Tim gave the promise, and we went down to the wharf with our baskets of things for dinner; for our plan was to steer for Duck Island, where there was a snug little cove, while on the beach, sheltered by two high rocks, was a hut with a fire-place, and plenty of drift-wood lying about.

It was a warm, pleasant day. We passed the lighthouse in fine style, William taking off his hat, and giving three cheers, while Julia waved her handkerchief.

But oh! we had not gone half a mile farther, when a big black cloud gathered in the west; and uncle Tim said, "Now, girls, shall we steer for home, or for the island?"

"Oh, for home, as quick as you can!" said Ann.

"Too late!" replied uncle Tim. "Here we are, close upon Duck Island. Our best way will be to land there, and wait till the thunder-storm is over."

"That's the wisest plan," said William. "Hurrah! Won't we have a jolly time?"

So up into the little cove glided the "Nancy Lee." Brother William and the boys made her fast by an anchor

in the sand ; and we girls ran to the hut, where we arrived just as the big drops began to spatter from the clouds. Soon we made a fire. The boys brought up the baskets ; and we boiled some potatoes, and got all ready for dinner.

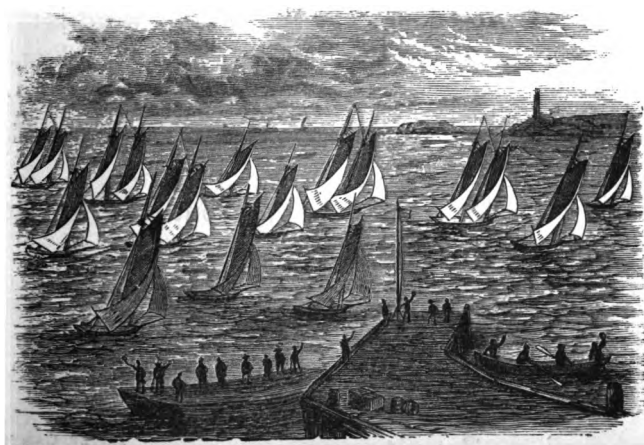
It was a merry little thunder-shower, and quickly passed away, leaving the brightest of blue skies. The wind fell, and all was calm : so we spread our table on a flat rock, which the sun had dried. What appetites we had ! The bread and butter, the cold chicken, the potatoes, the strawberries and cream, all rapidly disappeared ; and jokes and laughter supplied the place of champagne.

About four o'clock uncle Tim startled us by shouting, "All hands on board !" A slight breeze had sprung up. We were soon all ready, and steering for home.

At the tea-table, that evening, uncle Tim said to father, "Were you anxious about the squall ?"

"Well, Tim," replied father, "I telegraphed to the light-house-man, and he telegraphed back these words: 'Boat safe at Duck Island. With spy-glass can see crew eating dinner on rocks.' Mother and I concluded, after that, that we would not be anxious."

NANCY LEE.



THE CHILDREN AND THE SWALLOWS.



HERE are you going, swallow,
swallow?

Why all so busy to-day?"

"You girls and boys must not
follow, follow:

Go now, attend to your play."

"The merry wind it is blowing,
blowing,

And we can suspect what you
do:

Six hungry young swallows are growing, growing,
And crying for dinner and you."

"Don't tell the cat of it, darlings, darlings,

For we and old Muff don't agree;

She broke up, last week, a whole nest of starlings,
And would like us for dinner, you see."

"Don't think we will tell of you, birdies, birdies;

For that would be cruel and base:

No traitors are we, never broken our word is:

Far away that old Muff we will chase."

"Oh, do it, and, if we can't sing, we can twitter,

And let you our gratitude see:

We'll come to your window; about it we'll flitter,
All under the shade of the tree."

"So now we are friendly, swallow, swallow,

And you must not shun us, or fear,

But haste when we call you, and follow, follow,

And be not afraid to come near."



THE EMPEROR.

WE call him the emperor, because he rules everybody in the house. We all have to rise early because the emperor will have it so. He likes his breakfast at half-past six o'clock; and he wants all his subjects to be present when he takes his breakfast of bread and milk.

If papa is not in his seat, the emperor will refuse to eat. In vain does Lucy say, "Here, you little tyrant, take your milk." — "No, no," says the emperor sternly. "Papa! papa!"

So up stairs I run, and say, "Are you almost ready, sir? Baby is calling you. He won't taste a drop of milk, because you are not in your seat."

"Tell his Majesty, that, as soon as I can put on my boots, I will be present," says papa, laughing. "I felt at one time as if I could head a rebellion to put down the emperor; but soon I found that early rising was really doing me good; and now I am one of the most loyal of the emperor's subjects."

When papa appears at the breakfast-table, he kneels down; and the emperor, with a vigorous cry of "Papa, papa!" flourishes his spoon, and gives him a kiss; whereupon papa rises, cries "*Vive l'empereur!*" (Live the emperor!) and sits down to his coffee.

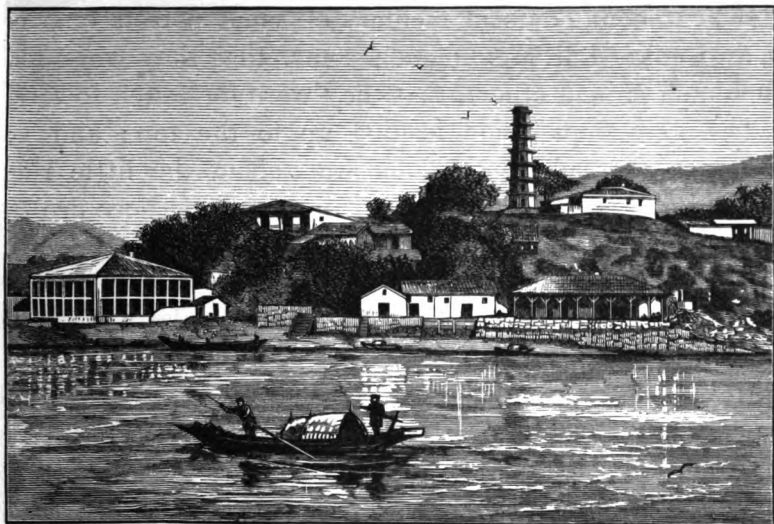
The emperor is very gracious to his sister Emma. Our girl Lucy, who takes care of him, says that Emma rules the emperor as no one else can. Unlike most emperors, he is very tender-hearted, and would not hurt a fly. The cat likes him, because he never pulls her tail, or tries to choke her.

SISTER EMMA.



AMY AND ROBERT IN CHINA.

Dear "Nursery" Readers: — What do you suppose has happened to Amy since I wrote to you? Why, about two months ago, as she and Robert were getting ready one afternoon to go to ride in the chair, I heard a loud cry,



and pretty soon the nurse brought Amy into my room, where I was sitting.

She had gone to call the coolies, fallen down the stairs, and broken her right leg near the ankle. For five long weeks she had to be kept still on the bed, while the bones were joining together, and getting strong; but now she is quite well, and is very happy to be running about again.

Have any of you ever heard of a pagoda? The picture shows you part of Pagoda Anchorage, twelve miles below Foochow, where all the large vessels have to stop, as there is not water enough for them to come up to the town.

In the back-ground you can see the pagoda, which Amy and Robert have often seen when they have been to sail on the river. This one is several hundred years old, is built of granite, and is about eighty feet high.

Pagodas are not used for any purpose now, and no one seems to know just what they were made for. Some say

they are monuments in memory of some person or event (like Bunker-hill Monument); some, that they were built for temples; and others, that they were for watch-towers.

There are steps inside, leading up to the top; and you can go out at each landing, and walk about the little ridge outside, by being careful, for it is not wide. There are two pagodas in Foochow, — one called the “White Pagoda,” and the other the “Black Pagoda,” from the color; and they look very pretty. Sometimes, from the tops, there are trees and shrubs growing.

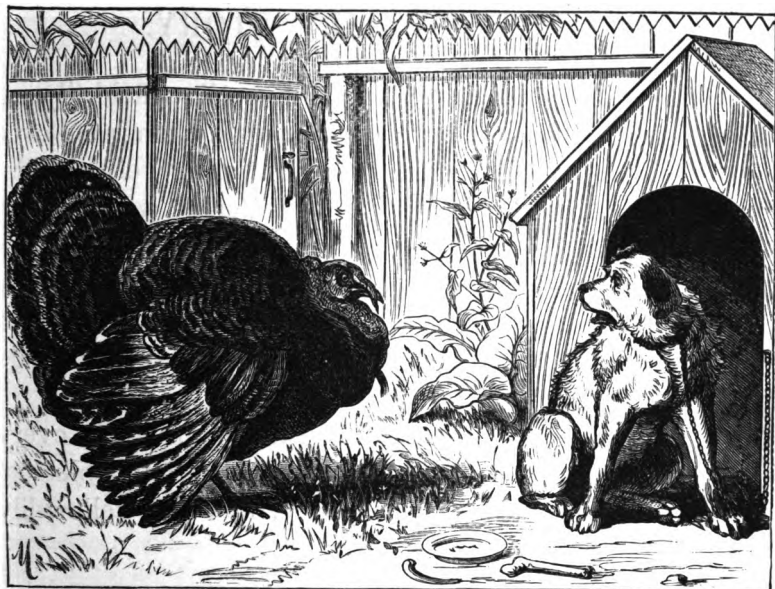
By the time you read this in “The Nursery,” it will be warm weather, and Amy and Robert will be thinking of Sharp Peak. They are going to have a bamboo made, with a basket or little bucket at each end, to put on their shoulders, and carry sand and shells. In the picture you see a cooly woman carrying baskets in that way; and it is the Foochow fashion for carrying water, or any load.

I must now say to you what all the people here say instead of “good-by,” — “*Chin-Chin*,” — hoping to send you another letter soon.

AMY'S MAMMA.

FOOCHOW, March 16, 1878.





A BRAVE DOG.

MAJOR was a brave dog ;
He could bark and bite,
Bow-wow-wow ! Bow-wow-wow !
All the day and night.
If you passed his kennel,
He would shake his chain,
And growl at you, as if to say,
“ Now, don't come here again ! ”
One day Mister Gobbler
Strutted down in sight

Of the doggie's kennel,
Where he slept at night.
And, for so much grandeur
Rather unprepared,
When he saw the gobbler,
Wasn't Major scared !
There he sat a-shaking,
And saying, just as plain
As if he could have spoken,
“ Now don't come here again ! ”

THE YELLOW-LILY STORY.

I MADE a picture of a great nodding, yellow field-lily, — more brilliant than any buttercup or dandelion you ever saw, — added splendid dashes of black, and lovely shining green leaves, and then pasted the wonderful work of art into Harry's and Freddy's scrap-book. On the same page I had put a bunch of violets, a cluster of red-and-yellow columbines, a charming wreath of apple-blossoms, and a little clump of arbutus, so pink and fresh that you could almost smell how sweet they were.

And then there is a story that runs along with every picture. The violet, columbine, arbutus, and apple-blossom stories have been told in their season; and the yellow-lily story is the favorite one at present.

This is the way I tell it: —

When your aunt Lucy and I were little girls, we lived on a farm, and ran wild all over the woods and meadows. There were no tramps then; the bears were all dead; and the Indians were thousands of miles away: so there was nothing to fear. Mother used to say to us every spring, "You may go anywhere you please in the woods and fields. Only in June, when the grass is high, and ready to be cut, you must not run in the mowing, especially in Mr. Holmes's meadows, as he is very particular not to have his grass beaten down. Now remember, girls!"

But one June morning — oh, such a June morning! all sparkle, perfume, bird-songs, and the sweet tinkle of the meadow-brook — Lucy and I forgot, and rushed through the tallest grass in Mr. Holmes's meadow, and gathered our aprons full of the most splendid lilies that ever grew.

We sat down under the big walnut-tree by the bridge to arrange our flowers, when, who should come slowly walking along, but mother, on her way home from Mrs. Holmes's, where she had been to get a cup of yeast.

"Why, my little girls!" she said on seeing us, "what have you been doing? You have forgotten what I said; and you must take the lilies right over to Mr. Holmes, and tell him all about it. It is the only way to make you think."

We knew that we must do just what mother said : so, with heavy hearts, we gathered up our lilies, and walked slowly over the pleasant road, under the shady trees, to Mr. Holmes's house. Mr. Holmes came to the door in answer to our timid knock, and said, "Why! What's this? Mr. Chapin's little girls, with their hands full of lilies!"

"We picked the lilies in your meadow," I said ; "and mother sent us back with them, to tell you all about it."

Mr. Holmes laughed, and said, "Well, it was rather naughty for you to go into my mowing after your mother had told you not to, and I don't like to have my grass lodged, that's a fact. But you are good girls, and won't do it again, I know ; and you have a good mother. Come in, and let us see what we had better do about it."

He looked so pleasant and smiling, that all our fears vanished as we followed him into the house. We had a splendid time. He showed us his shells, pictures, and stuffed birds. He had a wonderful collection, we thought. When we came away, he gave us some delicious tarts and cup-cakes ; and Mrs. Holmes added some pieces of pink, purple, and blue calico, for our patchwork, and gave us a little sweet-scented shell pin-cushion. The little cushion I have now. It is all I have to remind me of that sweet June day.

You remember, Harry, that when we were riding past my old home, a few days ago, and by the pretty green meadow, with its nodding yellow lilies, you asked me why I was so sad ; and I said I was thinking of other sunny days, that would never return. You hardly understood me. By and by, in the long years to come, you will know all about it.

SARAH THAXTER THAYER.



THE BARBECUE.

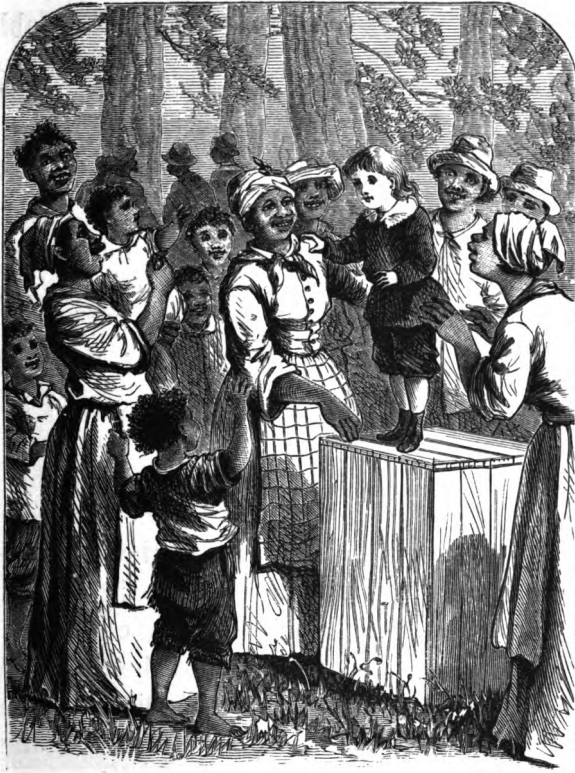


WHEN Robby lived at the South, he went to a barbecue with his old nurse Mammy Sue. A barbecue is a picnic, where an animal is roasted whole over a large fire in the open air.

It was a colored barbecue, only a few white persons attending to look on. The grown-up people sang and danced, and the young folks played games, while the great ox, two pigs, and several pairs of chickens, were roasting.

Some of the old aunties and uncles joined in the dancing. Uncle Moses made things lively by tying a doughnut to the limb of a tree, with a long string, and offering it as a prize to the boy who could catch it in his mouth while running. Handfuls of candy were thrown among the group of little ones; and such a bumping of heads, and scrambling, and screaming as there was! The pine-forest rang with the noise.

Robby was a little fellow; and Mammy Sue put him on a high box, so that he could see what was going on. One of the young men, who was a sort of poet among the colored people, made a rhyme for Robby to recite. Robby stood upon a box, surrounded by an admiring group of mammies



and aunties, and, with some help, recited in a very piping voice : —

“ I’m glad I’m not an ox,
To be roasted at a barbecue : ‘
I’d rather be up on this box,
Alongside old Mammy Sue.”

About half-past eleven the ox was roasted brown, and the cooks laid him on a table. They covered him with parsley, and put a wreath of flowers over his horns. On each side was a pig, with a rosebud and a sprig of parsley in his mouth. The chickens, dressed with parsley, were on



another table ; and a long, narrow table, covered with a white cloth, and spread with biscuits, pies, cakes, and several other good things, was soon ready.

There were several hundred people present ; and only a few favored ones got any of the chicken. Robby was one of them. He sat on

the box, his plate piled up with all sorts of things to eat.

Mammy Sue said, "Do don't gib dis chile no more to eat. He dun get sick shuah." But the kind waiters all said, "Jes dis, Mammy Sue, only dis. Dis won't hurt him."

After dinner there was more music with dancing and games. At four o'clock the folks began to go, and at half-past five, the last one had left the woods. The next morning, when they asked Mammy Sue about little Robby, she answered, "Dey jes dun went an' gon', an' made him sick at de barbecue yes'day."



L. M.

THE TWO-LEGGED MOUSE.

"OH, dear! there's a mouse in
the pantry, I know;
For what but a mouse could
be meddling so
With cake, and with crackers
and cheese,
And even preserves, and every
thing nice?
Why, nurse, it is evident that
there are mice:
We will watch for the rogues,
if you please.



"But how can a mouse lift the
covers, you see,
Of my heavy preserve-jars? Now, that puzzles me!
And, oh! did you ever behold
Such teeth-prints as these? What a wonderful mouse!
It really is dreadful to live in the house
With a creature so fearless and bold."

So they kept a strict watch, and one morning, I hear,
They discovered a mouse that was so strange and queer!
I'll try to describe it to you.
It had two chubby legs; and the little round knees
Were dotted with dimples as big as you please;
And each foot wore a tiny blue shoe.

This singular mouse had such roguish blue eyes !
(Blue as the bluest of sunny June skies,)

And soft rings of sunny gold hair,
And a mouth that was eating, as fast as it could,
Mamma's nice preserves that were tasting so good !
And, oh ! what a mouse, I declare !

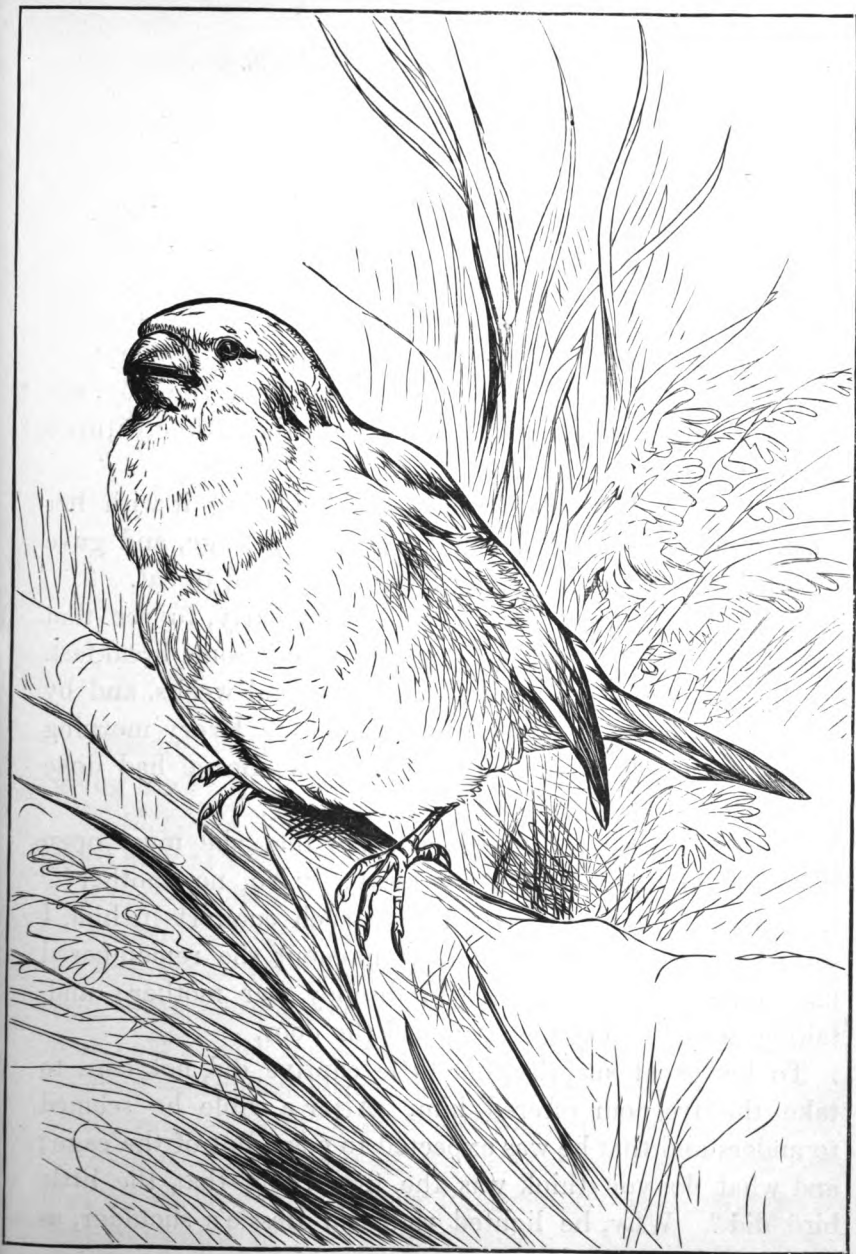
It wore a white apron ; and what did they see,
But in the wee pockets, as snug as could be,
Great lumps of white sugar there hidden !
And this was the mouse, — mamma's own little elf, —
Who meddled with things on the low pantry-shelf,
And treated himself, all unbidden.

Well, what did they do with the rogue, do you ask ?
To answer that question is no easy task ;

For I was not there to see :
But I should have kissed him, I'm sure that I should,
And made the mouse promise that he would be good, —
If he had belonged to me.

MARY D. BRINE.





DRAWING-LESSON.

THE LITTLE CAPTIVE.

"DID you think you could get him? You can't, if you try ever so hard," said little Bessie to her dog Carlo, as he sat by her side on the grass, one fine summer's day. As she spoke, she held high above her head a dear little robin.

An hour before, while walking in the fields, she saw Carlo in the distance, playing with something upon the ground. On coming nearer, it proved to be a nest with one poor little bird in it. Taking the bird away from the dog, she seated herself upon the ground to smooth the little creature's feathers, and calm its fear.

After placing it in the nest, and covering it with her handkerchief, she took it home, put it in a cage, and gave it some food, which the bird seemed very glad to eat.

The next morning, Bessie arose very early, to see that her little charge was all right, and to give it some breakfast. She took very faithful care of it for several weeks, and by that time it became strong, and could fly. Every morning it tried to sing, as if in gratitude for what Bessie had done for it.

One day Bessie's mother said to her that she must open the cage, and let the bird fly away. "No, no, mother!" said Bessie, "don't say so. I take such comfort in him, I can't let him go." But the next moment she remembered how unhappy it made her to disobey her mother; and, taking down the cage, she opened the door.

To her great surprise, her little captive did not care to take the freedom offered him. After a while he seemed to understand that he was expected to come out of the cage; and what do you think was the first thing that the little bird did? Why, he lighted right on Bessie's shoulder, as if he hated to leave her.

Bessie was pleased enough to see him so tame. She took him in her hand, and, carrying him to the window, held him out until he soared away into the air. But he did not forget his adopted home; for the next day, while Bessie was at dinner, she heard a flutter of wings, and again the bird perched upon her shoulder. After pecking some crumbs from the table-cloth, away he flew again out of the window.

But, my dear little friends, you will be surprised when I tell you that day after day, for two or three weeks, that little robin made a visit to Bessie's house.

MRS. HALL.



STAYING AT HOME FROM SCHOOL.

A DIALOGUE.

Tommy. — We are going to school, Esther: are you not going too?

Esther. — I took a cold yesterday; and mamma says I must stay at home, and take some medicine.

Jane. — How did you take cold?

Esther. — I lay down on the grass, and went to sleep.

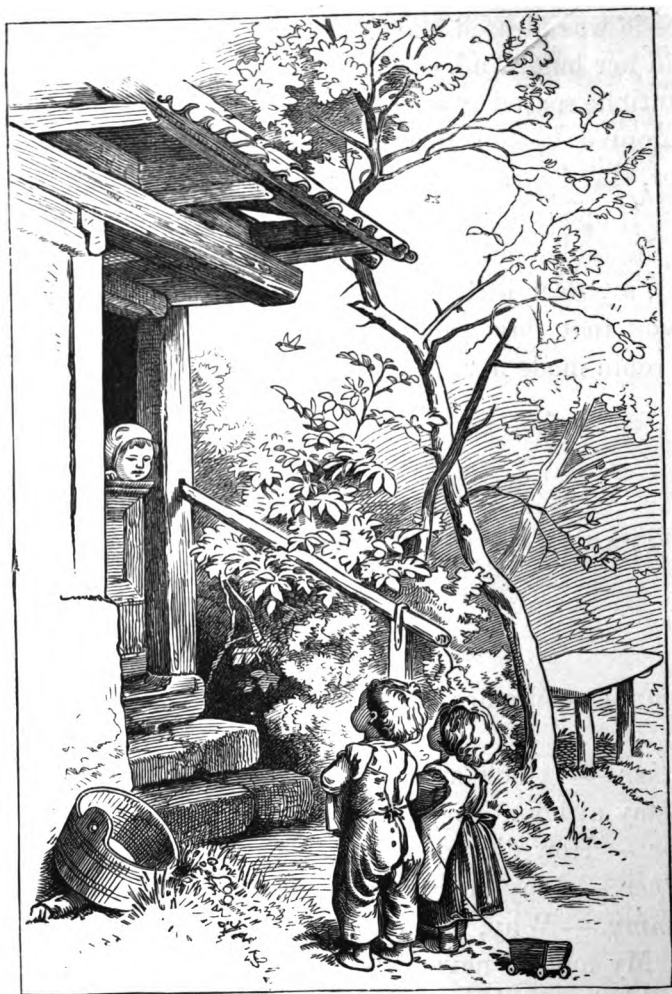
Tommy. — Why, you ought to have known better than that. My mother never lets me sit down on the grass, or on a cold stone: she says it is a sure way to take cold.

Jane. — I never let my doll lie on the grass.

Tommy. — Pooh! Your doll would not take cold.

Esther. — Don't say so, Master Tommy. My doll Bella lost all her saw-dust, just by lying out of doors all night on the wet grass.

Tommy. — What's the sense of having dolls, anyhow?



Esther. — What's the sense of having kites and marbles and paper balloons?

Jane. — If we stay here any longer, we shall be late at school. Come along, Tommy.

Esther. — Don't you wish you had got to stay at home, and take medicine, like me?

Tommy. — I wish no such thing: I hate medicine.

Jane. — I would much rather go to school. So good-by, Esther!

Tommy. — Good-by, Esther! Don't go to sleep on the grass again. It is a bad habit.

Esther. — Good-by, children! Learn your lessons, and be good. I am going to pick berries by and by, and, if I can dodge the medicine, I mean to do it.



THE HORSES AND THE PIGEONS.

IN my friend's stable there are a number of pigeon-holes, where the pigeons find a safe home. They fly all round the inside of the stable, and have become great friends with the horses, who let them come into the mangers, and pick up the oats and corn.

Sometimes a pigeon will perch on the head of one of the horses, and he will not resent the liberty. Indeed, he seems to like to have them near, and, if they stay long away, he will neigh as if to call them.

Once when the two horses were harnessed to the carriage, and standing before the stable-door, my friend saw two

pigeons flying round their heads, as if to say good-by. It is very pleasant to mark these friendships between animals.

I once heard of a poor old cat that had been stoned by some bad boys. Much hurt, she crept into a stall where there was an old white horse, and there tried to hide. The



horse seemed to take pity on her and to like her company. Every day when Peter milked the cows he gave pussy some milk, and she soon got well and strong.

Did pussy forget her friend the horse when she got well? Not so! Every day she would go into his stall, and jump up into his manger. It was quite evident that the two kept up their friendship, and liked to meet.

IDA FAY.



TAKING CARE OF BABY.

“MARY, can you take care of baby while I go to market?” That is what Mary’s mother said to her one fine June day.

“Yes, mamma, I think I am old enough to take care of baby: so go to market, and do not fear for us.” That is what Mary said in reply; and then mamma left the two alone.

Mary took her little ball, with a string tied to it, and rolled it along the floor. Baby tried to catch it. How he did laugh when he got hold of it! "Why, baby, you have got off one of your shoes," said Mary; and then she knelt down and put on his shoe. She saw baby pick up something from the floor, and put it in his mouth. "Why, that is a pin," said she, and took it away."

When mother came, this was Mary's report: "Baby has not cried once; he has been just as good and cunning as he could be."

A. B. C.



SAGACITY OF A HEN.

IN consequence of some very heavy rains, nearly all the ground about a poultry-yard was covered with water.

At this time there was a brood of young chickens in the hen-house: they were on the roosting-place, and could not get down because of the water.

In this situation they remained nearly two days, at the end of which time the hen was seen to convey them, one by one, on her back, wading through the water as well as she could, to a grass-plot near by.

Thus were the chickens saved from being either starved or drowned.



WHAT A BOY!

WHISTLING and stamping from morning till night;
Wishing he had the full moon for a kite;
Jaunty and careless, — now spinning a top,
Then playing at games with a skip and a hop;
Chief engineer of a train made with chairs;
Sliding down bannisters; tumbling up stairs;
Trying how much he can break and destroy:
Every one says, "What a boy! what a boy!"

Playing at soldiers, and charging the cat;
Breaking the windows with ball and with bat;
Sighing for ponies and pistols and powder;
Shouting, in accents that couldn't be louder;
Bad enough, sometimes, to make mother weep;
Up to her softly the rogue then will creep, —
Hugging her till she is smiling with joy:
Every one says, "What a boy! what a boy!"

HOW THE LITTLE BOYS MADE CHALK.

FIRST I must tell you that these little boys who made the chalk all go to the same school. They are between eight and ten years of age, and there are only nine of them.

One day their teacher read to them something about chalk, — how that it is formed from lime and a gas; then she told them, that, every time we breathe, the same kind of gas that helps to form chalk comes out of our lungs, and is carried away into the air with our breath. Now, if we breathe into lime-water, what happens? The lime is changed. The gas in our breath turns the lime into chalk. And now we come to the way by which the children made themselves sure of this.

Miss May got some lumps of lime, such as you have seen men use to make mortar, and put them into a large bottle of water. The lumps crumbled, and fell into powder, and mixed with the water. This formed the lime-water. After it had stood a while, most of the lime went to the bottom of the bottle, leaving the water looking very clear; but some little bits of the lime staid with the water, though they were so small they could not be seen.

Miss May poured the clear part into bottles, and each boy took one; then from a long box she took some nice straws, such as picture-frames are sometimes made of, and handed one to each child.

Each child put one end of the straw into his bottle, and the other end into his mouth, and breathed into the clear lime-water. Now watch the change! The clear water soon grows cloudy, and looks like milk. We now set the bottles away, and in a short time the white chalk settles at the bottom in a fine powder. It is quite different from the lime

that settled in the first large bottle. What has made the change? The gas in our breath, that came from our lungs, has turned the lime into chalk. Remember this, and do the same thing for yourself some time.

SHIRLEY BORDMAN.



THE HENS AND THE MICE.

Two little mice were nibbling at the oats which lay on the floor in the hay-loft, when two old hens came up and looked on. One old hen said, "Cluck!" and the other said, "Kut-ar-kut!"

I am not quite sure what all this meant, for I have not studied the language of hens, and don't know where to get a dictionary of it; but I think the first hen meant to say, "Halloo! what's here?" to which the second hen replied, "Two saucy mice, I declare!"

The mice kept on nibbling, for they were not afraid of the hens. But when the cat came up, and made a spring at them, they ran into their holes, which were so small, that the cat could not get at them: so she sat down and waited. But the mice were in no great hurry to come out.

IDA FAY.



A HAPPY FAMILY.

My friend writes me that he has in his stable-yard, chained to his kennel, an excellent sporting-dog, whose name is Roy. Some three months back, a hen, with her young brood of twelve chickens, left the poultry-yard, and

took up her abode in the kennel with Roy, who seemed to like her company very well.

As the chickens grew larger, some of them used to nestle under the dog ; and they all lived together, until they were so large that they had to be taken away. But the mother-hen still stays with Roy ; and, though she has begun to lay eggs in a corner of his kennel, he does not disturb them. This is a true story, and Mr. Weir has made a good drawing of Roy, the old hen, and the chickens.

UNCLE CHARLES.



STOP AND DON'T.

WHEN Johnny brought the rabbits home,

It pleased the children very much ;

And Johnny went to work and made

A pretty little rabbit-hutch.

He fed them, many times a day,

With cabbage-leaves and bits of bread ;

And, when they ran about the grass,

He kept them from the flower-bed.

His sister Jennie loved to see

The pretty creatures run and hop ;

But, when she sought to play with them,

Nought else was heard but " Don't ! " and " Stop ! "

For Johnny, I'm ashamed to say,

Is jealous of the pretty pair,

And any good that comes to him

Will seldom let his sister share.

It isn't right. We tell him so.

But Jennie soon the wrong forgets ;

And Johnny's sure to find her when

She's slyly playing with his pets.

Then "Jennie, stop!" and "Johnny, don't!"

Begin each other to oppose ;

And I believe the rabbits think

They have no other names than those.

And so, when near the flower-beds

We see the little creatures hop,

We drive them off repeatedly,

By saying either "Don't!" or "Stop!"

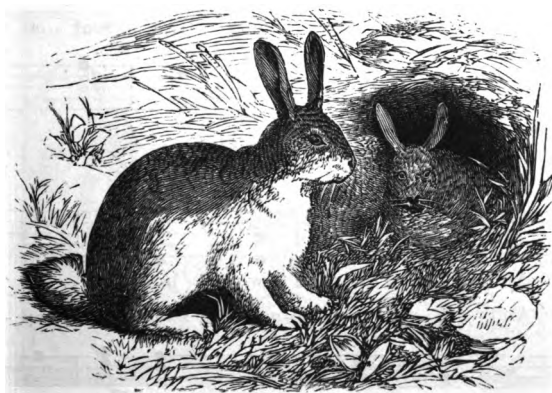
And everywhere I go, I find

These two so oft begin a quarrel,

That — "Shoo! who let those rabbits out?"

Don't! Stop! — you've run off with my moral!"

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



SONG OF THE SKYLARK.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Lively. mf

VOICE

AND

PIANO.

1. Good morn-ing, shin-ing sun, I think the lark would
2. I'll sing a mer-ry song, And then fly down to

say I'm hap-py in my heart This pleasant sum-mer day.
rest, Or search for worms to feed My young ones in the nest.

I'm - ve - ry glad you're come, You make the world so
This seems to me his song, 'Ere seat - ed on the

light, And all the trees and flow'rs so beau - ti - ful and bright.
ground; And I will not for-get the sweet and hap - py sound.



GOING A-BERRYING.

GOING A-BERRYING.

HUCKLEBERRIES were ripe, and the Flynn family decided to go a-berrying. They went in the old hay-cart, because the brood was so large that no ordinary wagon would hold them. There were big little-Flynns and little little-Flynns, and the baby besides.

One of the small boys, whose name was Bob, insisted upon getting out and running ahead of the wagon; and then, of course, Lucy and Nan had to get out too. You can see in the picture how they looked as they trudged along with their baskets, singing, "We're going a-berrying!" The boy in the right-hand corner is Bob, showing the way to the pasture.

The berries were as black as the baby's eyes, and so thick, that the city cousin picked nearly a quart under the shade of her fine umbrella.

When the two little girls saw the great basket and tin pails that Zekiel and Mary Jane had filled, they said there was enough to make a row of pies as long as the fence around the pasture. "But why have you not filled your own baskets?" asked Mary Jane.

At this Lucy and Nan laughed, and said they were afraid that if the baskets were full, the berries might spill out when the cart jolted over the stones on the way home. Zekiel said he guessed they had been spilling berries into their mouths. As to Bob, he thought the safest plan was to eat all the berries as fast as they were picked.

The baby took care of herself all day. Look at her in the picture, and you will see how good she was. Most babies are good when they find the lunch-basket at a pic-nic.

A. G. PLYMPTON.

BABY MAY.

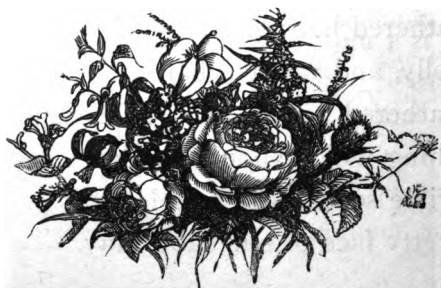
BABY is three years old ;
And baby, as I've been told,
Was very naughty one day,
And selfish in her play.

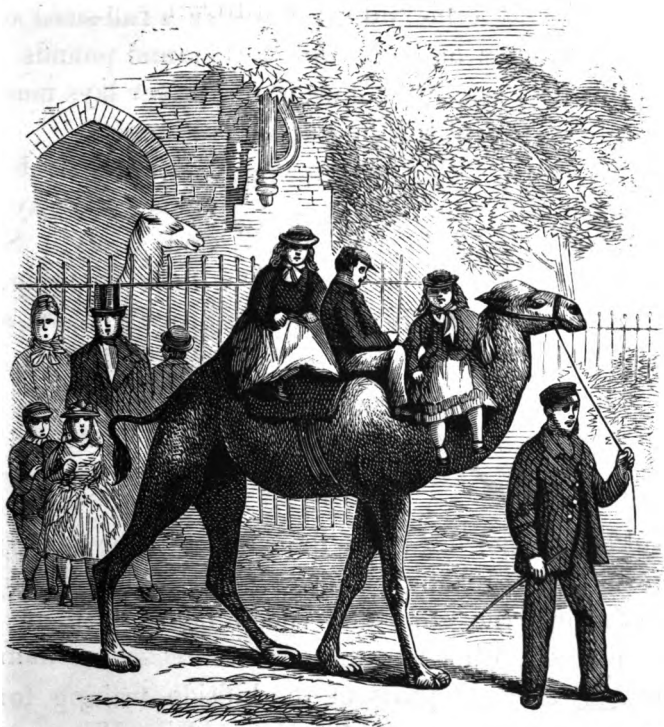


She toddled away with her picture-book,
And wouldn't let even her brother look
At the ducks and horses and pretty trees,
The scarlet letters, and A B C's.
She gathered her playthings all,
Her dolly, and worsted ball,
And gathered beside, on her forehead fair,
Something which should not have been there, —
A horrible scowl, which stole away
The pretty face of our baby May.

So, with playthings and frown,
She sat herself down
Way off in the corner,
Like little Jack Horner ;
Only May didn't have any pie.
But she came near having a cry,
This cross little midget May,
So naughty and selfish at play.
But the others played merrily on, you see,
Till May was as lonely as she could be ;
And so she pondered and thought a while,
Whether it would be best to smile,
Instead of frowning the minutes away,
While brothers and sisters were busy at play.
So, little by little, the dimples came,
Till May grew as sunny and sweet as her name.
And, oh ! the kisses came thick and fast,
When two little feet came toddling at last
Over the floor, while a sweet voice said,
" Baby May wants to hide her head,
'Cause she's sorry as she can be :
Won't somebody come and play with me ? "

MARY D. BRINE.





CHILDREN RIDING A CAMEL.

THIS is a scene which I once saw at the Zo-ological Gardens in London. Two children were mounted on a camel's back, and one little girl sat on its neck. A man led the camel round. It was a pretty scene.

The camel is a most useful animal in the sandy country where it is used. It will travel four or five days without water, whilst half a gallon of beans and barley, or else a few balls made of the flour, will sustain it for a whole day.

Before drinking, it disturbs the water with its feet, and then, after the manner of pigeons, takes several successive draughts.

In travelling over the deserts of Arabia a full-sized camel will carry a weight of more than a thousand pounds. He receives this load kneeling; but, if his driver lays more on him, he refuses to rise till the burden is lessened.

Mounted on the "ship of the desert," as the Arab calls his camel, the traveller in the East pursues his way over vast and trackless regions with ease and safety. Sometimes two long chairs, like cradles, with a covering, are hung on each side; and here he may sit or lie down as he pleases.

UNCLE CHARLES.

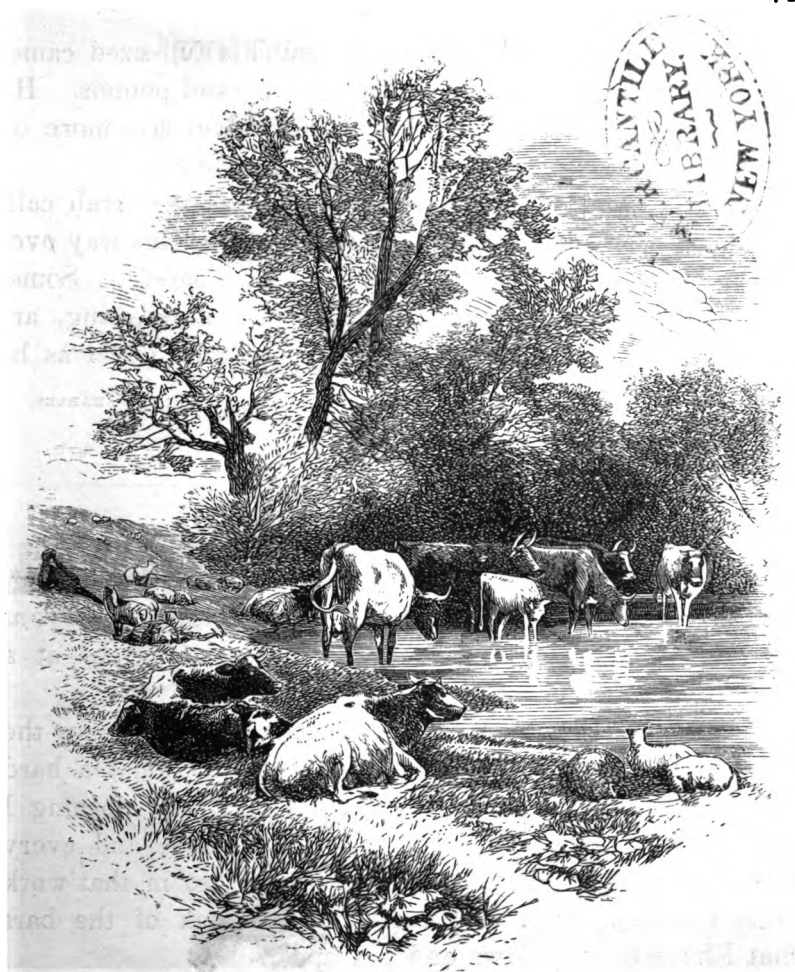


ROBERT THE COW-BOY.

It had been a hot day; but the sun was near its setting, and the air was growing cooler. Robert, the cow-boy, as he was driving the cows and sheep home, stopped at a pond to let them drink.

He sat down on the grass of the hillside, waiting for the cows to swallow what water they wanted. "What a hard lot is mine!" thought he to himself. "Every morning I have to drive the cows a full mile to pasture; and every evening I have to drive them home again so in that work alone I have to walk four miles, not to speak of the bars that I have to take down and put up."

And so thoughts of discontent began to rise in Robert's mind; but soon good thoughts came to drive them out. "What an ungrateful boy am I, to complain!" thought he. "Would I exchange my lot with poor Horace Dayton, who has nothing to do but ride in a carriage, but who is pale and sickly all the time? Have I not my health and strength? Am I not well fed? Do I not sleep well? Haven't I plenty of good books to read?"



And, so saying, Robert started up, and called the cows back from the pond, and took the well-worn path homeward, driving them and the sheep before him.

“I will be content in my lot,” said he, “and try to do my duty in it, till I see a chance of better employment. Meanwhile I must read and study, so that I may fit myself for something better.”

ALFRED SELWYN.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

THE bountiful supper is ready,
The early lamp is lit;
And all, in a happy evening mood,
About the table sit.

Only one chair is vacant;
But loud, in the outer hall,
Is heard the stamp of good stout boots,
A bang, and a noisy call.

And into the shining parlor,
Bringing a whiff of cold,
Bursts, as a young tornado might,
The little five-year-old.

Surely this can't be Teddy!
What if into his place
Had stolen some rude chimney-sweep,
With dirty clothes and face!

His hands, see! like a beggar's;
And streaming over his coat,
Floating, untied, the ribbon blue
That should be at his throat.

Sooty and black as a coal-boy,
Hat on the back of his head, —
Ah, no! my boy was sweet and clean:
This can't be little Ted.

The dint of a roguish dimple
 Stirs in each grimy cheek ;
 A sparkle is in the wide brown eyes :
 He does not need to speak.

Ah, Teddy, what is the reason
 You like the dirt so well ?
 I doubt not wiser folks than I
 Would find it hard to tell !



MRS. CLARA DOTT BATES.



A DUCK-HUNT IN AN INDIAN CANOE.

THE country around Fort Ripley, Minn., is full of lakes of various sizes ; and the Indians, soldiers, and settlers are fond of going to them to fish, and to hunt ducks.

Nearly opposite Fort Ripley is a small stream, called by the Indians "No-ka-se-be," which connects a beautiful lake with the Mississippi River. One day Gen. Hunt said he would like to go to that lake for ducks: so Eddie's papa got out his skiff and canoe; and with guns and ammunition, and a soldier to help row the skiff, they started up the No-ka-se-be in the skiff, towing the canoe behind it.

Tall weeds and grass, and wild rice, grew high and thick on the sides of the stream, and sometimes across it; so that to manage the skiff and canoe was no easy matter. However, they got to the lake at last, and rowed out to the middle of it, where it was thought best that Eddie's papa should take the canoe and go in one direction, leaving Gen. Hunt and the soldier in the skiff, to seek their game in another direction.

The canoe was made of birch-bark. It was about twelve feet long, and not more than thirty inches wide at the widest part, and so frail and light that great care was required to avoid capsizing it. The soldiers used to say that Indians parted their hair in the middle so that they would not upset their canoe by having too much hair on one side; but this was only one of the soldiers' jokes.

Well, Eddie's papa took off his boots, and placed them, with his gun, shot-pouch, and powder-flask, in one end of the canoe; then he carefully stepped into the other end, sat down on the bottom of the canoe, and paddled off toward a little bay, where several large ducks were swimming about.

For a while Eddie's papa kept the front-end of his canoe towards the ducks; for he knew that was the only safe way to shoot out of a canoe. After a while he saw a fine large duck flying towards him. Pointing the gun at the duck, he followed its flight as it drew nearer, until the duck was in

good range on one *side* of the canoe, when, forgetting where he was, he fired, — bang, — and got a *duck*.

But it was not the duck he was after ; for that duck flew away faster than ever, while he and his gun flew the other way. The gun had kicked him over, and the canoe turned bottom up, letting gun, boots, powder-flask, shot-pouch, and Eddie's papa go into the lake.

Fortunately the water was only waist-deep at that point ; so he soon got the canoe right-side up, and bailed the water out with his hat. Then he fished up the the boots, gun, and other things, and put them in the canoe. An Indian could have got into the canoe from the water ; but Eddie's papa had to wade to the shore (pulling the canoe along with him), where, in a short time, he was joined by Gen. Hunt and the soldier, who had seen the accident.

That ended the duck-hunt for that day ; for hunting ducks in wet clothes isn't much fun, especially when the weather is cool.

EDDIE'S PAPA.



LEARNING TO COUNT.

How many thumbs has baby, pray ?
How many hands for work or play ?
How many toes, and how many feet ?
How many fingers ? Count them, sweet !

Eight little fingers as pink as a rose,
Two little thumbs, and ten little toes,
Two little hands, and two little feet :
That is the way to count, my sweet !

CAROLINE A. MASON.

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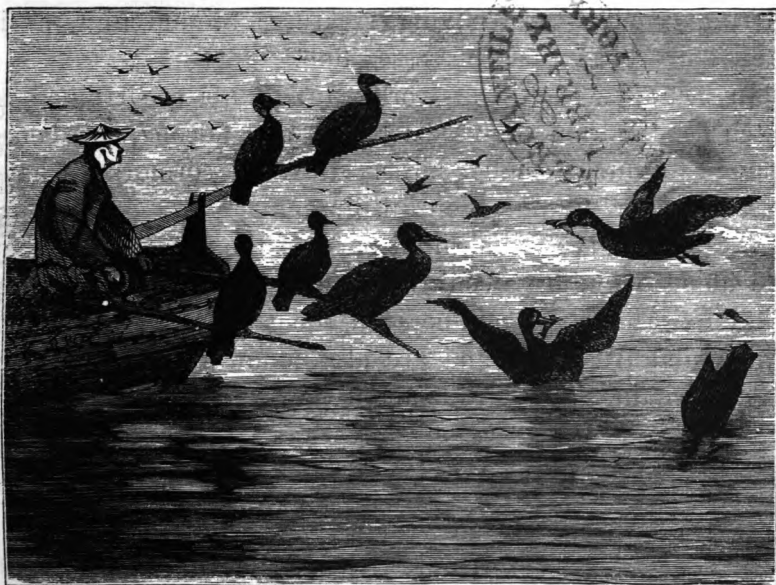
THE CORMORANT.



Who ever saw or heard of a cormorant, without thinking of the gluttony of the bird? People do not always deserve the bad name that may be given them; but the cormorant is certainly just as greedy as he is said to be.

Some people who have watched the cormorant say that they have known him to devour four pounds of fish in a day, — a quantity equal to half his weight.

He may often be seen on some rocky ledge by the shore, straining with all his might to swallow a fish that appears far too large to slip down his throat. He has quite a skilful knack of tossing



it up in the air, and catching it again, head foremost, that he may bolt it more easily.

The cormorant is accustomed to fish with his head under water; and he has such a clear, keen eye, and is such a splendid diver, that he is always able to remain long enough beneath the waves to catch the fish he pursues. He is therefore the very terror of the finny tribe; for the havoc he makes among them is very great.

He is an active bird, seldom at rest, except when he is so gorged with the food he has swallowed, that he can hardly move. Then the cormorant is not a pleasant object to look at. He sits on some shelving cliff, with drooping, damp wings half spread. He is so stuffed, that he cannot even swallow the herring, whose tail protrudes beyond the glutton's bill.

But there, with upright neck, he sits, his wild green eye

glaring cruelly on all living creatures around him, as if some spirit of evil had possessed him.

In some parts of the world cormorants are trained to catch fish, and land them, as hawks and falcons were once trained to pursue smaller birds. In China cormorants have been used for the purpose of fishing.

Cormorants are found in all parts of the world ; and they are able to endure even the rigors of an Arctic winter. They exist in large numbers on the shores of Greenland, China, and Australia, and are also found on the coasts of Great Britain. The bird is about the size of a goose.

UNCLE CHARLES.



BIRD HOUSEKEEPING.

WHAT sort of a house has birdie, —

My robin with russet vest?

Oh, she has a house of sun-dried clay,

Bound together with bark and hay,

Hair-lined within, in a cunning way,

For a warm and cosey nest.

What kind of a wedding had birdie, —

Sir Robin, with jacket of red?

He sang from the top of the apple-tree :

“ As I love you, if you will love me,

Take a bite of my worm ! ” — “ I will,” said she,

And the service was all said.

What sort of eggs are my birdie's, —

My robin of russet hue?

Four days she was counting them, one by one,

Counting, thinking, and adding one,

Till at Thursday noon the sum was done :

Four eggs of a turkois-blue !

What manner of chicks has birdie?

How lonely they must be!

Oh, blind, little, ugly, big-mouthed things,

Where are your feathers, and where are your wings?

And how do you know what your mamma brings,

With your eyes that cannot see?

Ha! now you will look at my birdies,

With their new brown jackets on.

Grubs and beetles, the fattest and best,

Have made them plump, till they fill the nest:

The new wings flutter, they cannot rest,

To-morrow they will be gone.

Oh, happy, busy, and patient

Are my brave, brown-bosomed birds :

Building, brooding, and waiting long,

Working and watching with love, how strong!

Their full, glad hearts run over with song,

Thanksgiving without words!

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

PLANTING SEEDS.

WHEN the bright warm days of spring came, and the little beds in the garden were all ready, how pleasant it was for two little boys to watch the planting of the seeds!

But they could not help wondering what would happen to these little seeds, down in the ground, before the tiny green leaves should come peeping above it. So their mamma thought she would show them. She first took a piece of coarse white lace, cut it round, and tied it carefully over the top of a glass goblet, just loose enough to let the middle dip into the water with which she nearly filled the glass. Then she took two of the sweet-peas left from planting in the flower-garden, and placed them on top of the lace, in the little hollow filled with water.

The glass was then put in a south window; and the little boys were told to look at the peas every day, and they would learn just what was going on under the ground, with the seeds they had seen planted there.

The next morning, as soon as they were dressed, they ran to the window to look at the peas. They found, that, while they had been asleep, the little brown skins had burst, and a tiny white sprout was shooting from the side of each. In a little while the tiny sprouts grew long enough to reach through the holes in the lace, and two green leaves were seen growing out at the top.

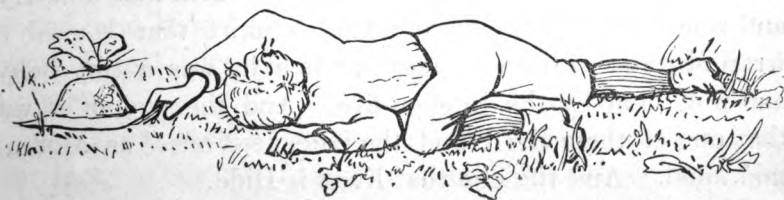
How happy the children were in watching them from day to day, and in keeping fresh, clean water in the glass! The seeds have grown to be tall, pretty vines; and the white, thread-like roots reach almost to the bottom of the glass.

If the little readers of "The Nursery" have never tried this way of planting seeds, I am sure they would find great pleasure in doing it.

MRS. F. A. B. D.



Charlie saw it flutter by
 On clover lit the butterfly
 He pounced and thought he had the prize
 And gently now he lifts the brim
 But Beauty slips out just in time
 To mount the hat and smile at him.



CHARLIE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

DIDO.

ISN'T this a funny picture? and isn't it a funny kitten? Her name is Dido, and, as you see, she drinks her milk from a bottle. But let me begin at the beginning, and tell you all about her.

Well, I have a little girl named Bessie, and a little boy named Morgan, and they are sweet, good little darlings, with ever so tender hearts. And one day, while I sat here in my sewing-room, up came Bessie and Morgan, pell-mell, both talking very loud and very fast. Each was carrying something in a soiled and spoiled apron; and Bessie had tears in her eyes.

At first I couldn't tell what was the matter; but presently I caught the words, "alley," and "kitty," and "drown-ded," and then, when I saw two little wet, shivering kittens in their aprons, I knew in a moment somebody had found the poor little things in the alley, half-drowned, and left to die, and had brought them to my little ones.

"We'll take care of them, won't we, mamma?" said Bessie, a smile shining through her tears. "And you'll be their mamma, won't you, mamma?" said Morgan, putting the dripping black mite down on my nice, clean apron. "Sweet precious things!" said Bessie, putting her kitten, too, on my lap.

So I took the poor little things, wiped them nice and dry, and rolled them up in an old flannel skirt that I used to wrap Morgan's little cold toes in when he was a tiny baby, and put them by the kitchen-fire. And the end of it was that one of them lived, and the "deadeest one," as Morgan said, died. And the one that lived is Dido.

Such a spoiled Dido as she is! And such a funny Dido! She is so black that on a black dress you can hardly see

her; and when she rides about the room, as she is very fond of doing, on my long skirts, I can only tell by the "pull" that she is there. When she first began to run around, she used to perch herself upon a broken flatiron under the



kitchen stove; and one could hardly tell where the flatiron ended, and Dido began. If we were to send her to a cat-show, I feel sure that she would take the first prize for ugliness.

But she is such a cunning kitten that we do not mind her looks. She dearly loves the children, Bessie and Morgan. Early in the morning she comes to my room to play with them; and such a frolic as they have! She

loves to play with their bare feet, and, dear me, how they scamper !

Round and round they go, and Dido after them, with her tail as straight as an arrow, and her eyes like balls of fire. Then she helps them to put on their shoes and stockings, and helps me to dress them ; and, when I'm in a great hurry, I have to put her in the closet till the children are dressed.

There is nothing going on in the house that Dido hasn't a hand, or rather a paw in. If I am fixing my hair, she must run up on my shoulders, and help me. If a bundle is to be made up, she must make runs and snatches for the paper and strings. If any cutting, or sewing, or writing, or, in fact, any thing, is done, it takes half one's time to make Dido behave herself. Whenever any thing is out of order, we no longer say, "The children must have been here ;" but we say, "Here's some more of Dido's work."

But our talk about Dido has been long enough for this time. Some other time, when Bessie and Morgan and Dido have gone to sleepy-town, and there is no one to disturb me, no kitten to bite and slap my pen as I write, I will tell you something about a friend of Dido's, named Bruin.

ANNA C. POLLOCK.





THE DOG THAT WOULD NOT BE CAST OFF.

ROY was not a handsome dog; but he knew almost as much as some boys. His master, Mr. Say, being on his way from one town to another in Belgium, took Roy with him.

“Whose ugly dog is that?” the people he met would

ask; till at last he thought he would get rid of poor Roy. But, as he did not like to hang him or to shoot him, he made up his mind that he would lose him on the way.

The dog, who, instead of kind words, and pats on the head, now got nothing but threats, seemed to see through his master's purpose, and so kept close to his heels, and would not leave him for a moment.

At an inn where he stopped one evening, Mr. Say, instead of bidding poor Roy good-night, said to him, "To-morrow, you rascal, I shall take the train, and you will have to stay here, and get your living as you can."

Mr. Say then went up to his room and went to bed. The next morning, when he got up, his surprise was great to find that his vest and one of his socks were missing. He called up the landlord; but the latter could not explain how the things had been taken away.

At last, after searching and wondering, they found, in a corner of one of the rooms, poor Roy, lying upon the vest and stocking of his master. This the dog did in order to prevent his master from starting without him.

"Come here, old Roy," said Mr. Say; and Roy crept up as if afraid of a beating. But Mr. Say patted him on the head, and said, "Old dog, you are not handsome; but you are bright, and I will not cast you off. So come along, old fellow. While I have a crust, you shall share it."

Was not Roy a happy dog on seeing his master's change of manner! He seemed to understand at once his master's words, and leaped up, and barked with joy. After that Mr. Say was not disturbed when any one called Roy ugly.

UNCLE CHARLES.





OUR BABY-BROTHER.

SEE him, our darling, our own baby-brother !
Where will you find in the whole world another
So pretty, so playful, so gentle, so cheery ? —
Our own little brother, our treasure, our dearie !

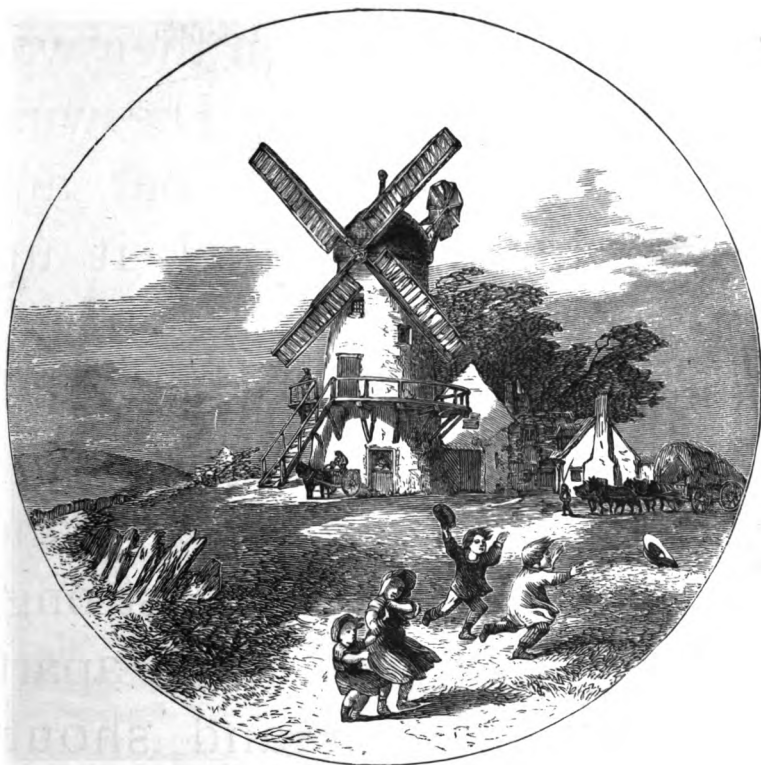
The summer is coming, you dear little fellow,
With violets purple, and buttercups yellow :
Just hear the birds singing, as if they were trying
To tell all the pleasure of loving and flying.

We'll take you to look at the calf in the stable ;
We'll show you the pussy that comes to the table ;
You shall see all the hens and the chickens together ;
And we'll pluck from the rooster a fine showy feather.

To the pond we will go, where the water is brimming,
And then we will see all the little ducks swimming ;
And baby shall see all the bright garden-flowers
That help to make lovely these mild summer hours.

IDA FAY.





THE WINDMILL.

THERE is the windmill, where they grind corn into meal. The wind blows, and the sails of the windmill go round and round.

See the children on their way home from school. The wind has blown off John's hat, and he is running to pick it up. Charles holds his hat in his hand, so that the wind shall not take it from him.

Ruth and Emma walk hand in hand. The wind is strong; but it cannot keep them apart. The boys laugh and shout; and the girls say, "Blow, wind, blow!"

And the harder it blows, the faster goes the mill. The miller is just sending away a load of meal, but a big load of corn is coming.

A. B. C.



THE SWAN AND THE DUCK.

“QUACK, quack!” said the Duck,
But the Swan made no reply:
He deigned a passing look,
Then glided proudly by.

“Quack, quack! What is the matter?
Are you deaf and dumb? Quack, quack!”
But the Swan was always silent,
Though a voice he did not lack.

Still the Duck kept on: “Quack, quack!”
He was perfect in that note:
What it meant I cannot tell you:
’Tis not hard to learn by rote.

At last the Swan broke silence,
And thus gave his answer back:
“’Tis better to say nothing,
Than to only say, ‘Quack, quack!’”

EMILY CARTER.

ALICE DAY.

POOR little Alice was maid of all work in a large family. Not fifteen years old, she had to rise early and milk the cow; and then she had to get breakfast. And all day long the cry was, “Alice, do this,” and “Alice, do that.”

Alice was an orphan, but she had a brother Tom, of whom she was proud. He was older than she by six years. He was a sailor, and a good one; so good that he was made first mate of a fine ship before he was twenty-two years old.

His heart went back to his little sister, and as soon as he could afford it he sent her a present of fifty dollars. But ah! it was intrusted to a dishonest man, and Alice never got it. Then Tom sent her a present of a nice shawl; but the vessel in which it was put was burned, and so Alice



failed to get that, too. But by and by Tom, now Captain Tom, came himself, and that was better than any present he could send.

“Why, you don’t mean to take Alice away from us, do you, Captain Day?” said Mrs. Pincher, as Tom told his sister to pack her trunk.

“I find Alice in good health, and for that I thank you,”

said Tom ; “ but you have kept her so hard at work, that you have given her little chance to learn any thing but how to milk a cow and make butter and bread. Now she goes to Paris to learn other things—French and music, perhaps.

“ Going to Paris ! ” cried Mrs. Pincher ; and my girls have never been to Boston ! French and music ! You had better teach her to plait straw.”

“ That she may learn too, Mrs. Pincher,” said Tom ; “ she shall learn to support herself, but meanwhile, by your leave, I will see that she has a good education.”

“ Well, I never ! ” said Mrs. Pincher ; “ I suppose she will come back a fine French lady, too proud to speak to us common folks.”

“ Oh, no, Mrs. Pincher,” said Alice with a smile ; “ I shall always recollect your kindness — always be glad to see you all.”

And so saying, Alice joyfully ran up stairs to pack her trunk, and get ready to start.

DORA BURNSIDE.

SEE-SAW.

SEE-SAW, see-saw ! high and low :

That's the way we love to go.

With a bound

Up we fly

From the ground

To the sky.

All aboard for Fun-land oh !

See-saw, see-saw ! high and low.



See-saw, see-saw ! birdies play
On the tree-tops, just this way.
And the bees
Rock the rose,
When they please,
With their toes!
And the winds the wavelets blow,
See-saw, see-saw ! high and low.

See-saw, see-saw ! oh, what sport !
Wish the days were not so short !
Girls and boys
Everywhere,
Rosy joys,
Earth so fair !
Gayer playmates do you know ?
See-saw, see-saw ! high and low.

GEORGE COOPER.

THE REAPERS.

ROBERT MILLS.

♩ Allegretto.

mf Every morn among the corn, The reapers are busy and blithe, And a song they sing, As they

merrily swing Around them the glittering scythe, They

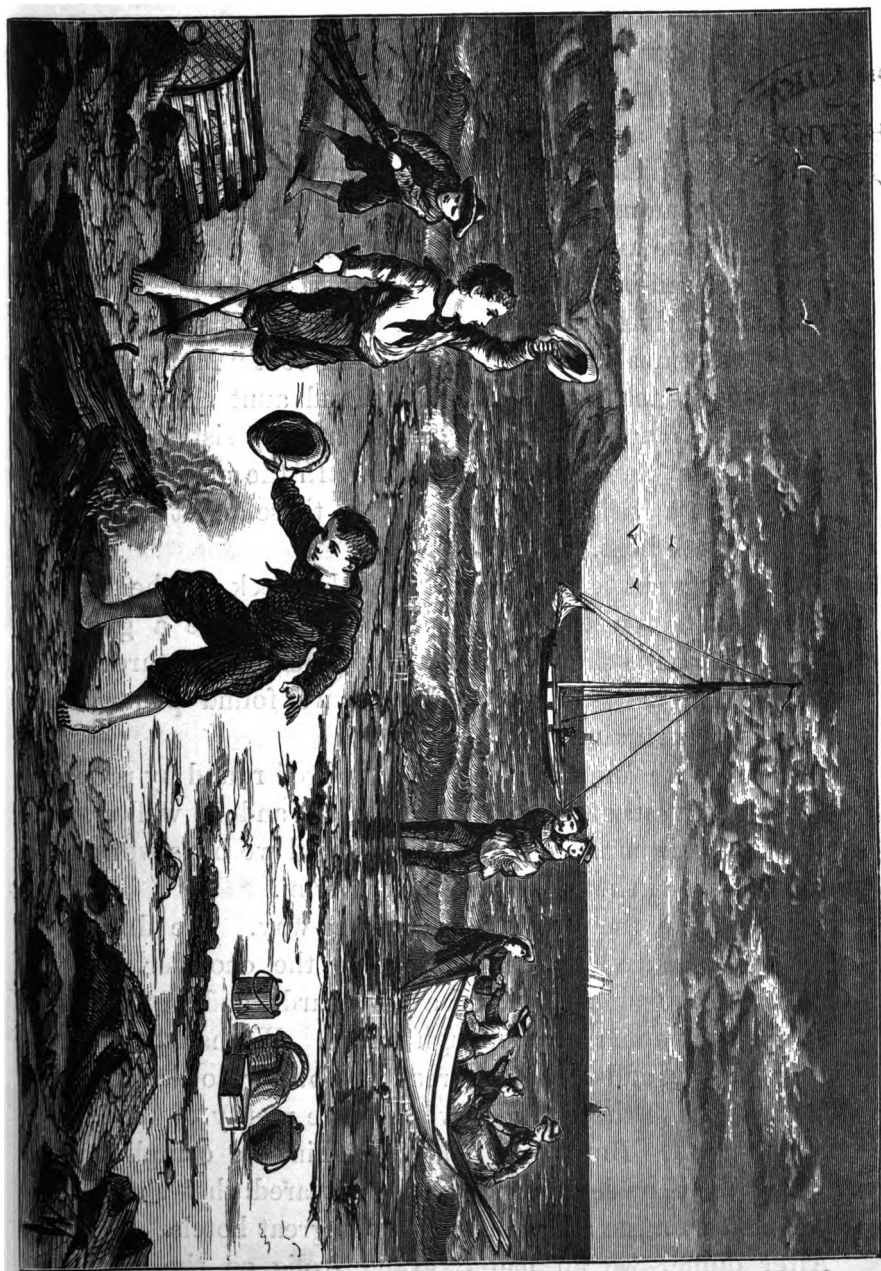
Ped. *

see the lark, Like a tiny spark, Far up in the blue, blue sky: And beneath their feet The

dew drops sweet Like millions of diamonds lie.

1 2





OUR CHOWDER-PARTY.



IRLS and boys, I want to tell you of one of the jolliest and brightest of my vacation days last summer. Uncle Tim had promised to take me and some of my sisters and cousins in his sail-boat to Porpoise Point.

After an early breakfast, on one of the loveliest days in August, we embarked on the good sail-boat "Mary Ann." Our party was made up of uncle Tim and aunt Susan, their three boys, Arthur, Tom, and Frank, and my sisters Emily and Ruth, and myself, Walter Bacon. In the picture I am the boy with a stick, waving my hat to those about to land from the small boat.

We had caught ten codfish and one haddock in the bay, and we landed on the beach, prepared to make a grand chowder, which is the name for a fish-soup. First three of us boys built a fire on the sand, for we found plenty of driftwood strewn along the beach.

Higher up we found a fine shelter hedged round by rocks, where aunt Susan and the girls could sit, and be well protected from the sun. Then uncle Tim and we boys went to a distant part of the beach and took a swim.

By this time the fire was well under way. We dressed and went back, and uncle Tim made the chowder. We found some rocks near by, and a few boards, and soon fixed up a good table and seats enough for all. We had brought berries, apples, and plenty of bread and butter, so that those who did not like the chowder would have plenty of food to fall back upon. But we all paid uncle Tim the compliment of liking the chowder. Aunt Susan declared that she had never tasted so fine a one at any of the great hotels.

After dinner we all had a grand frolic on the beach,

skipping stones, playing at pirates, and flying a kite which Arthur had brought. At four o'clock we put our pots and kettles into the small boat, and rowed back to the "Mary Ann." The sky was bright, and the breeze was fair; and by six o'clock we were all safe at home, well content with the success of our grand chowder-party.

WALTER BACON.



HOW IT RAINS!

“How unhappy are we!
How it pours! only see!
As if it could never get weary.
A holiday this;
Yet our fun we shall miss,
To keep in the house is so dreary!

“We had both hoped to rove
Through the field and the grove,
And to gather a lot of pond-lilies;
But now we must stay
Under cover all day,
And fret — oh, how bitter the pill is!”

Thus thought John and Jane
As they looked at the rain,
With a scowl on their pretty young faces.
O children! take care,
Learn content everywhere,
Whatever the time or the place is.

In the garret you'll find
Books and toys to your mind;
You sunshine can make if you choose it:
When without all is gloom,
Within make it bloom,
Your holiday passes — don't lose it.

So Jane and her brother
No more tried to smother
The joy which their playtime invited:
The garret's big rafter
Soon shook with their laughter;
The inward the outward required.



THE HORSE AND THE HEN.

OUR horse Milo, in his old age, had the freedom of a small enclosed grove near the stable. Here he was quite lonely, except that every day a white hen would fly up on the fence, and then fly down into the grove, as if to pay the poor horse a visit.

Milo welcomed her coming as that of a friend. He showed his pleasure in various ways. He would look down on her with evident satisfaction, and would move carefully about, so that he might not hurt her with his hoofs.

The white hen seemed to realize that Milo wished her friendship; and so every day she would fly over the fence, and pass an hour or two with him, strutting round, and now and then picking up a worm where he had dug up the ground with his hoofs.

It is pleasant to watch these intimacies among animals so different. A spectacle like this shows that even brute creatures know how to prize kindness and to be won by it. Let us learn to treat every living creature with kindness.

IDA FAY.



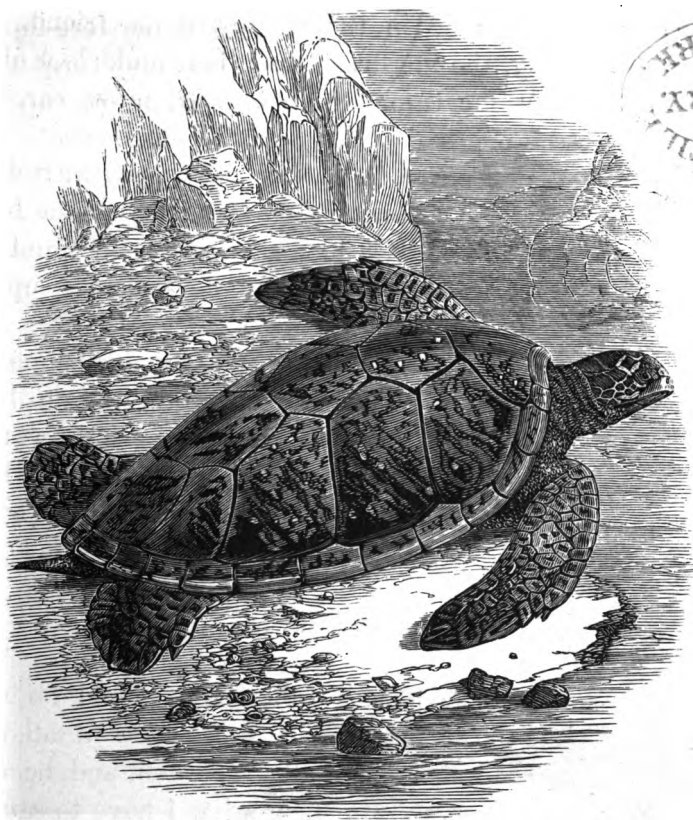
THE TURTLE.

THE turtle's great body is so soft, that it would be sadly off without the thick, heavy shell that covers it all over. It can draw its head and feet under the shell, and be quite safe. So it would seem. But hear what I have to say.

It has many enemies. When it was a very little turtle, and had just come out of the egg, it ran down to the sea; for it lives in the sea, though it was not born there. Its mother laid her eggs in the sand, scooping out a place for them; and they were hatched by the warmth of the sun.

It was a weak little creature in those days, and the rough waves drove it back, and gave it a rude buffet; while the fierce sea-birds hovered overhead, ready to pounce upon it, and the wild beasts sought to devour it.

But its greatest enemy was man. As it grew larger, it became fit for food. Its flesh was tender and delicate; and

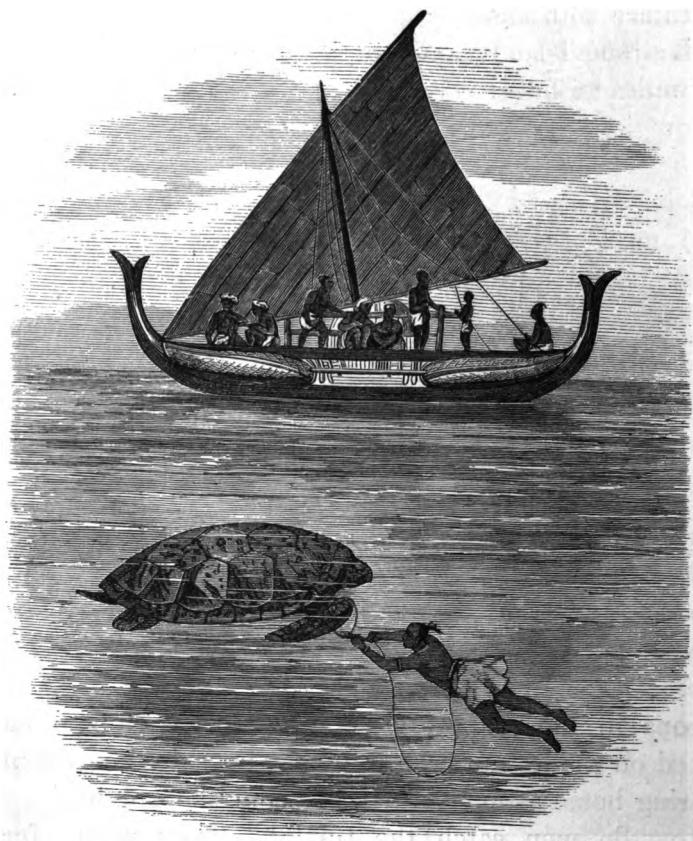


persons in the seaport cities, who were rich and dainty, looked on turtle-soup as a luxury. So ships were sent out to bring home as many turtles as could be caught.

How do men catch the turtle? They watch for the mother-turtle to come on shore and lay her eggs. She does this in the night, and as secretly as she can. The men hide themselves, and listen till they hear the turtle coming. Then they keep quiet; for, if the turtle heard the least noise, she would hurry back to the sea.

She stands still and listens; and if no sound is heard, she

begins to scoop a hole in the sand with her fore-flippers. While she is busy, the men rush upon her, and turn her on her back. Then she cannot help herself, or get up; and



her capturers leave her, and go to turn over as many more turtles as they can.

There is another way of catching the turtle. Men go out in a boat, as you see in the picture; and, when a turtle is seen to rise for air, a man who can swim well jumps into the sea, and fastens a rope round the neck or the foot of

the turtle. Then the man swims back to the boat as fast as he can, and the crew pull all together, and soon get the turtle on board.

The boat in the picture is called a proa. The head and the stern are both alike. The proas are used by the people of the Ladrone Islands, and are so swift that they can go twenty miles an hour.

UNCLE CHARLES.

SUNDOWN.



"CLUCK, cluck, cluck!" loud calls the old white hen.

"The night is coming fast, run home, my chickens ten!"

Twitter, twitter, twitter, tucked in their feather-bed,

Who can guess what dreams flit through each chicken-head?

"Mew, mew, mew! Come here, my kittens four,

Too late to chase your tails and frolic any more."

Scamper, scamper, scamper, and then a furry heap

Cuddled in the basket, purring off to sleep.

"May! Tom! Lou! Where can the children be?"

Mamma peers through the dusk her little flock to see.

Patter, patter, patter, now kisses and good-night,

Curly heads down dropping, tired eyes shut tight.

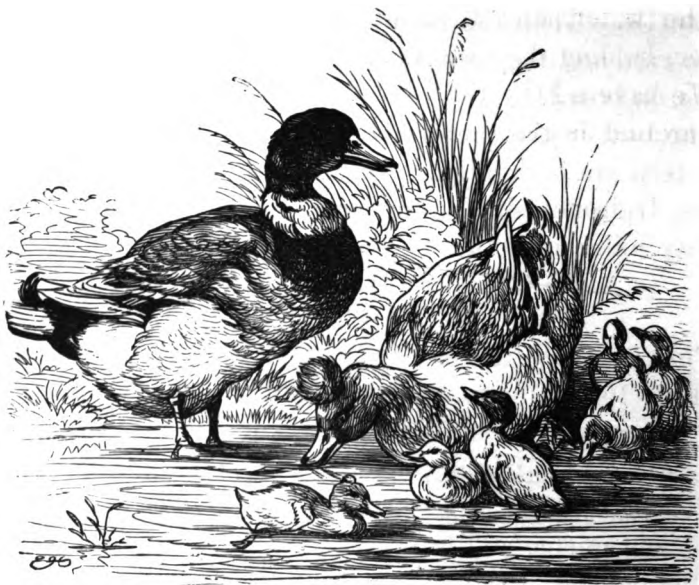
The concert now commences that lulls them all to rest;

The whip-poor-will leads off, as he sings tenor best;

"Creek, creek, creek!" go the crickets' violins;

"Ker-chunk, ker-chunk, ker-chunk!" the frogs' bass-drum begins.

RUTH.



OUR DUCKS.

WE have thirty-nine altogether, and they are such funny acting things, I know the little readers of "The Nursery" would like to see them.

One mother-duck had fourteen children. They were all growing nicely, and having very good times together, when one night, they were shut up in a cook-house, and in the morning there were only nine little ducks left: an old rat had killed the other five. Was not that too bad?

Ducks are generally hungry. The next time you see any, break up some bread, or, better still, soak the bread in water and give it to them, and then you will see how quickly they will eat it, and want more.

Ducks are fond of flies; but water they like best of all, and it is funny to see them drink, they will stick their heads

in the water, and then draw them out, and swallow the water, holding their heads up.

We have a little pond for them, and they get into it and sail around as grand as can be.

AUNT LIZZIE.



A STORY ABOUT FRANK.

FRANK is a little boy five years old. Last summer his mamma took him to the seashore for a few weeks, and he had a very nice time. He had a wooden shovel and a little pail, and every day he collected a great many treasures,—shells and stones, and starfishes of different colors, straw-color and purple and brown.

One day his mamma was sitting reading, and Frank was playing among the rocks. Pretty soon he came to her side, and began to show her what was in his pail. “Here is a large, fat star-fish, mamma,” he said; “and here is a tiny little one; and here is a striped shell; and, oh, look, mamma! at that ugly little brown lump; I don’t want that thing;” and he raised his hand to throw it away.

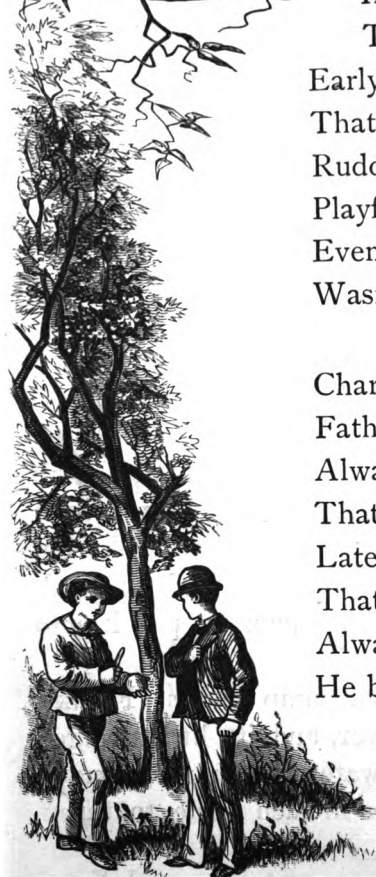
“Stop, Frank,” said his mamma, “that ugly little brown lump, as you call it, is a sea-anem’o-ne; and if we put it in water, and leave it quiet for a few hours, it will blossom just like a flower.” So Frank saved the little lump, and, when they went back to the house, his mamma put it into a glass bowl filled with sea-water.

In a few hours the little brown lump had, as Frank’s mamma said, blossomed like a flower, and its little fringed plumes waved to and fro in the water. Frank was much pleased, and said he would never be in such haste to throw away any thing again.

L. W.



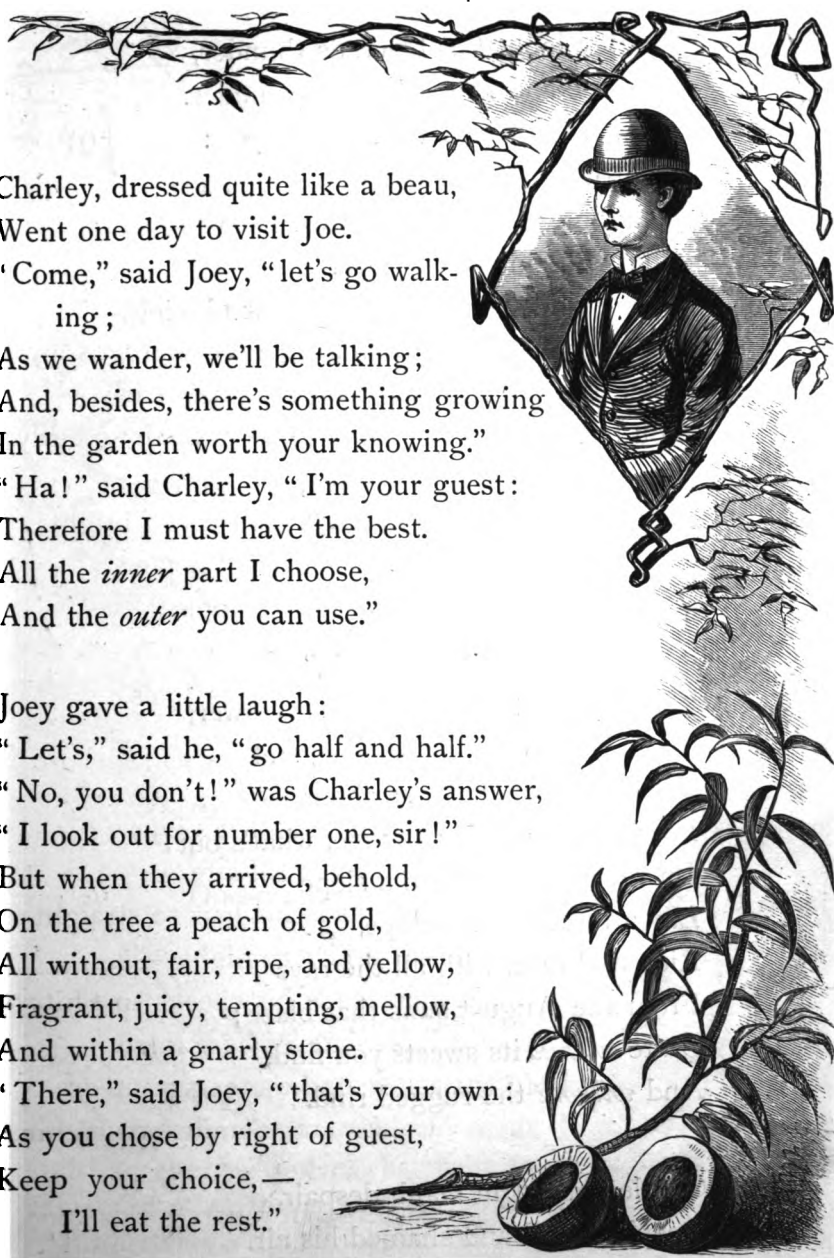
JOEY was a country boy,
Father's help and mother's joy :
In the morning he rose early, —
That's what made his hair so curly ;
Early went to bed at night, —
That's what made his eyes so bright ;
Ruddy as a red-cheeked apple ;
Playful as his pony Dapple ;
Even the nature of the rose
Wasn't quite as sweet as Joe's.



Charley was a city boy,
Father's pet and mother's joy :
Always lay in bed till late, —
That's what made his hair so straight ;
Late he sat up every night, —
That's what made his cheeks so white ;
Always had whate'er he wanted,
He but asked, and mother granted :
Cakes and comfits made him
snarly,
Sweets but soured this poor
Charley.

Charley, dressed quite like a beau,
 Went one day to visit Joe.
 "Come," said Joey, "let's go walk-
 ing ;
 As we wander, we'll be talking ;
 And, besides, there's something growing
 In the garden worth your knowing."
 "Ha !" said Charley, "I'm your guest :
 Therefore I must have the best.
 All the *inner* part I choose,
 And the *outer* you can use."

Joey gave a little laugh :
 "Let's," said he, "go half and half."
 "No, you don't !" was Charley's answer,
 "I look out for number one, sir !"
 But when they arrived, behold,
 On the tree a peach of gold,
 All without, fair, ripe, and yellow,
 Fragrant, juicy, tempting, mellow,
 And within a gnarly stone.
 "There," said Joey, "that's your own :
 As you chose by right of guest,
 Keep your choice, —
 I'll eat the rest."



Charley looked as black as thunder,
Scarce could keep his temper under.
" 'Twas too bad, I think," said Joe :
" Through the cornfield let us go,
Something there perhaps we'll see
That will suit you to a T."
" Yes," said Charles, with accent nipping,
" Twice you will not catch me tripping:
Since I lost the fruit before,
You but owe me ten times more.
Now the *outer* part I choose,
And the *inner* you can use."

Joey gave another laugh ;
" Better call it half and half."
" No, indeed ! " was Charley's answer,
" I look out for number one, sir !
Well I know what I'm about, —
For you, what's in ; for me, what's out ! "
On they went, and on a slope
Lay a luscious cantelope,
Rich and rare, with all the rays
From the August suns that blaze ;
Quite *within* its sweets you find,
And *without* the rugged rind.

Charley gazed in blank despair,
Deeply vexed and shamed his air.

“ Well,” said Joey, “ since you would
Choose the bad, and leave the good ;
Since you claimed the outer part,
And disdained the juicy heart, —



Yours the rind, and mine the rest ;
But as you're my friend and guest,
Charley, man, cheer up and laugh,
And we'll share it half and half :
Looking out for number one
Doesn't always bring the fun."

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.



DAME TROT'S CALAMITY.

SUCH a tidy body as is this little Dame Trot ! She must sweep and dust and wash and scour from morning until night, or else be rocking her baby to sleep, or be doing a variety of other things that are housewifely and useful.

With Biddy's big kitchen-apron tied on behind for a long

dress, she flies about, chattering like a wren, until one is tired out with thinking how tired she must be.

But her very industry and neatness brought her into grievous trouble one day. Her mamma's toilet-stand was already in very good order; but as mamma was tired, and was trying to get a wink of a nap, Dame Trot thought she would set it to rights over again, but would be as still as a mouse about it, so that no one need be disturbed.

So she set to work; and, as cleaning was nothing if she could not slop and splash in the water, she soon had a sponge well wet, and began sopping over the marble, standing on tip-toe to do it.

Then, of course, the bottles must be washed. But they were heavy for her little hands, and the first one she picked up slipped suddenly through her wet fingers, and fell with a crash to the floor.

If the breaking of the glass had not startled mamma, the dreadful strangling and choking and sneezing and screaming that followed, certainly would have done it, for it was the ammonia-bottle that had fallen, and Dame Trot had got the sharp effect full into her poor little face. It hurt her cruelly, and her eyes streamed with tears, and she thought herself burned, for it stung like fire. Mamma took her to the open window, bathed her face, and did all she could to relieve her.

And was Dame Trot scolded? Oh, no! for she had meant to be very neat and quiet, and it was only an accident, and not a naughty trick at all. But mamma had to caution her to try to wait until she got to be a little larger, before she attempted to do any more cleaning.

C. D. B.





DRAWING-LESSON BY HARRISON WEIR.

THE HORNET'S NEST.

"WHEN I was young," said cousin Tom,
"At the old house that I came from
A honeysuckle used to grow,
That clambered round the portico.
How sweetly, I remember well,
Its yellow blossoms used to smell;
And how, one summer, in its shade,
Their great, gray nest the hornets made.

"Around the rooms they buzzing flew,
And wandered all the garden through,
And always knew precisely where
Grew sweetest plum and choicest pear.
With their dull drone and cruel stings,
They seemed such idle, spiteful things,
To drive them off, I said, one day,
'I'll tear their ugly nest away!'
'No, Tom,' my mother said; 'no, no!
You must not think of doing so:
You foolish boy! 'tis never best
To meddle with a hornet's nest.'

"Her good advice away was thrown:
The moment that I was alone
I climbed, and hold of it I caught
To pull it down; when, quick as thought,
Out flew the hornets, great and small,
And full of fury, one and all:

About my neck and face they clung,
Nose, eyelids, ears, and mouth they stung:
I tried to beat them off in vain,
And shrieked aloud with fright and pain.
The startled household hurried out, —
'What could the outcry be about?'



My burning, smarting hands they swathed
With linen cloths, and gently bathed
My swollen face and throbbing head,
And laid me tenderly in bed;
And then my mother talked with me:
'You've been a naughty boy,' said she;
'I told you that it was not best
To meddle with a hornet's nest.'

“ ‘ But all your pain to good will turn,
If you will now a lesson learn,
And keep it, when you older grow,
Wherever you may chance to go, —
To aid the wronged, to help the weak,
One should not be afraid to speak ;
But every wise and prudent man
Keeps out of quarrels if he can ;
For in this world 'tis never best
To meddle with a hornet's nest.' ”

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



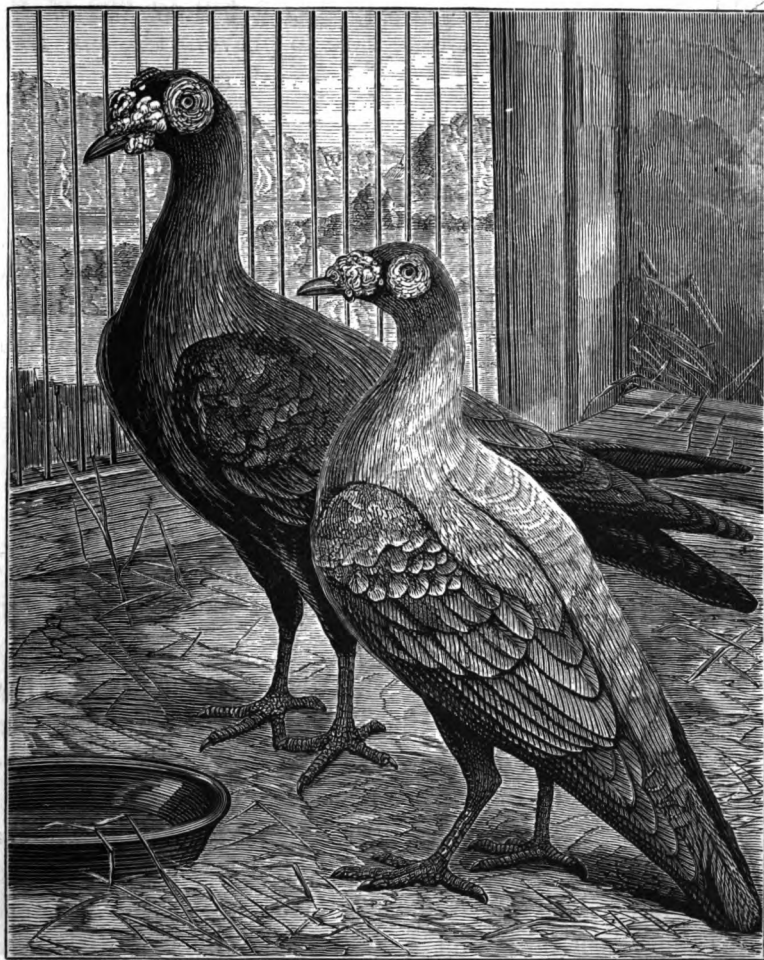
CARRIER PIGEONS.

PIGEONS are used in many places to carry letters or light objects. A particular kind, larger than common, is trained for the purpose, and in some countries the rearing of them is a source of profit, though the electric telegraph has done much to put a stop to the business.

The instinct which has made the carrier pigeon of so much use, is the strong desire shown by all pigeons to return to their own homes ; and man has contrived in various ways to make their return on particular occasions more certain.

For instance a male and female are usually kept together and treated well ; and one of these, when taken elsewhere, is supposed to have the greater desire to come back. Sometimes the bird is made to leave eggs, or unfledged young ones, at home, in order to make the return certain.

The carrier pigeon, when used to carry letters, must have been taken from a place to which it is wished that it should



return; and it must, at the moment when its services are wanted, be at the place from which the letter is to be conveyed. It is usually taken to that place hoodwinked, or in a covered basket.

When the moment for employing it has arrived, you write a small billet upon thin paper which is placed length-

wise under the wing, and fastened by a pin to one of the feathers. But you must take care to prevent the pin from pricking, and the paper from filling with air.

On being released, the carrier mounts to a great height, takes one or two turns in the air, and then begins its forward journey, at the rate of forty miles in the hour.

During the siege of Paris, letters were frequently sent by carrier pigeons to distant places with news. The news was photographed so that quite a long letter could be put on an inch square of paper. Of course it required a powerful magnifying glass to read such letters.

ALFRED SELWYN.

GRANDMA SUNBEAM.

CAN you guess why they call her Grandma Sunbeam? I will tell you. Though eighty years of age, she is always cheerful to both old and young.

See her as she comes back from her morning walk. The very kittens follow her. Harry, who is sitting on an old tub before the wood-shed door, cries out, "I'm glad you've come back, grandma; I've been waiting to hear a story."

"What, little man!" cries grandma; "do you want a story so early in the day? Well, I will tell you a story I read in the newspaper last week. In one of the Western States there is a lake, and near the lake lives a little girl named Edith. She has a little boat, and she has two tame pickerel, which she keeps in a tank and feeds."

"How tame are they?" asks Harry.

"They are so tame that they will let Edith harness them to her boat. Then she will get in and take the reins, and they will swim with her all round the pond."

"Is not that what they call a fish story, Grandma?"



"I read it in print," said she. "I have known fish to get so tame as to let a little girl take them out of the water."

"But did you ever see a little girl harness a pickerel?"

"In all my life, Harry, I never saw such a sight."

"Oh, Grandma Sunbeam," said Harry, "you must not believe all that you read in the newspapers."

UNCLE CHARLES.

THE LITTLE SCARECROWS.

REGULAR little scarecrows they,
In the clover-meadow hard at play;
Maud, with her tangled, curly hair
Flying and blowing everywhere,
Her brown cheeks kissed by the breeze and sun,
Her brown eyes dancing for very fun :
Oh! no wonder the butterflies fly,
Frightened to death, way up to the sky.

And little Bertie has scampered o'er
A hundred beautiful daisies, and more ;
He has tasted the clover, white and red,
And hidden his cunning, roguish head
Among the grasses, and merrily
Called, " Maud and Trudie, you can't find *me* ! "
Oh! no wonder the birdies fly,
Frightened to death, way up to the sky.

And Trudie, blue-eyed mite of a girl,
Her little feet in a constant whirl,
Goes racing about, now here, now there,
While the sunbeams hide in her golden hair.
She has pelted Bertie with daisies white ;
She has shouted and sung in her glad delight,
Till — oh! no wonder the butterflies fly,
Frightened to death, way up to the sky.

Three little scarecrows, don't you see?
Tumbled and dusty as they can be ;



But though they frighten the butterflies
And the timid birds to the very skies,
And though they trample beneath their feet
The fair white daisy and clover sweet,
They cannot frighten, I'm glad to say,
The breeze and the beautiful sun away.

For the breezes are chasing them everywhere;
And the sunbeams are kissing cheek, brow, and hair;
And clover-blossoms the sweeter grow
For being trampled and played with so;
And six dear, beautiful, laughing eyes
Follow the butterflies up to the skies;
And three little scarecrows hard at play
Are growing healthy the livelong day.

MARY D. BRINE.



THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

SEE the golden eagle. What a large, strong bird! With its claws it can seize on its prey, and lift it high into the air.

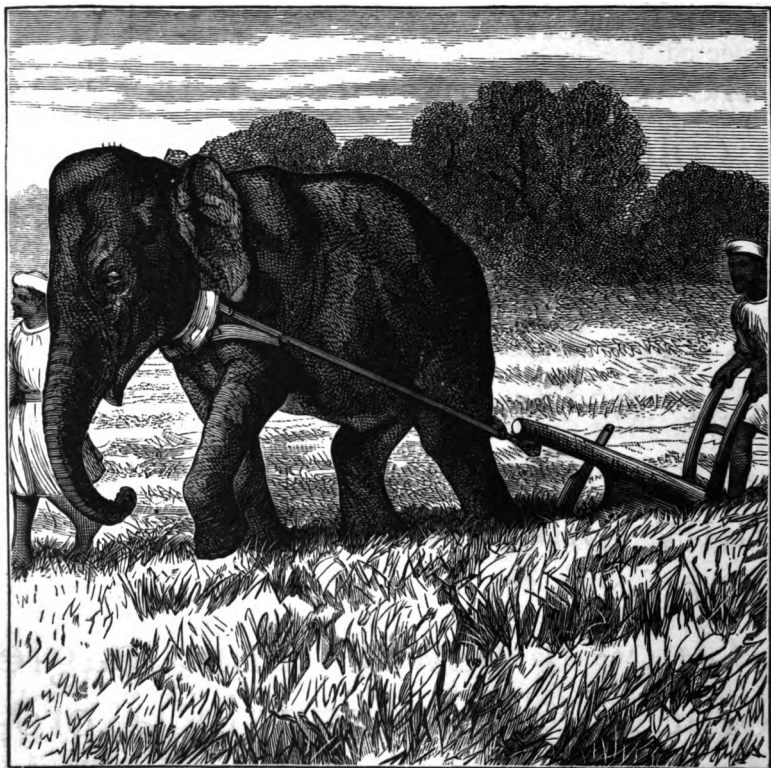
The nest of the eagle, made of twigs and sticks, is sometimes found on the ledge of a steep rock, and sometimes on

the branches of a very tall tree. The eggs are grayish-white in color.

The eagle is so strong that he can carry off lambs and even sheep. He takes them to his nest as food for his young. The golden eagle is found in many parts of Europe and America.

Once I saw a tame eagle borne on a platform in a procession of soldiers. He had been with them in five or six battles, and they prized him very much. He lived to a good old age, much petted and well cared for. The eagle is the emblem of the United States.

A. B. C.



WHAT THE ELEPHANT CAN DO.

WHAT a queer sight! An elephant dragging a plough! The elephant is put to many uses. If he cannot thread a needle, he can pick one up from the ground with his trunk. His sense of touch is very delicate.

An elephant was once left to take care of a little boy baby. This he did with wonderful care and gentleness. If the baby strayed off too far, the elephant would stretch out his long trunk and bring the little wanderer back.

In the year 1863 an elephant was employed at a station in India to pile up heavy logs, a work which these animals

will do with great neatness and speed. The superintendent suspected the keeper of stealing the rice given for the animal's food.

The keeper of course denied the charge; but the elephant, who was standing by, laid hold of a large wrapper which the man wore round his waist, and tearing it open let out some quarts of rice which the fellow had stowed away under the folds.

So closely do elephants remember the meaning of the signs which have been taught them, that they will instantly obey the gentlest signal, such as the lifting up of a finger, or the slightest touch on their ears.

Mr. Jesse, the keeper of an elephant in London, was once giving him some potatoes, when one fell on the floor just beyond the sweep of the creature's trunk. There was a wall a few inches behind the potato; and blowing strongly the sagacious animal sent it so against the wall that the potato rebounded, and on the recoil came back near enough for the elephant to seize it.

The elephant likes music, easily learns to mark the time, and to move in step to the sound of drums. His smell is exquisite, and he likes perfumes of all kinds, and, above all, fragrant flowers; he chooses them, picks them one by one, makes bouquets of them, and, after having relished the smell, carries them to his mouth, and seems to taste them.

UNCLE CHARLES.



BUTTERFLY HUNTING.

THE most famous butterfly hunter in our village is master William Wild. The butterfly that would escape from his net must be quick on the wing. William has a large collection of rare specimens caught by himself. We present



a picture of him in the act of looking at one of his captures. Though not ten years of age William talks in a very learned manner of his collection. "The butterfly," says he, "belongs to the Order Lepidoptera."

"Oh, come now, Willie," say I, "don't stun me with big words. What does Lepidoptera mean?"

"It comes from the Greek, *lep'is*, a scale, and *pter'on*, a wing," says Willie; "and the Lepidoptera are divided into three classes, namely: The Diurnal, that only fly by day; the Crepus'cular, only seen morning or evening; and the Nocturnal, whose time of activity is in the night."

"Willie, you will crush me with all this learning. Is it true the beautiful butterfly comes from a caterpillar?"

"Of course it is. The *larvæ* or caterpillars have a soft cylindrical body, and when full grown they pass into the chrysalis state, in which they keep quiet and do not eat. These chrysalids have generally gold-colored spots from

which they get their name; for the Greek word *chrusos* means gold. At the proper time the sheath of the chrysalis bursts open, and the perfect butterfly comes forth."

"O, come, Willie, do you expect me to believe all that?"

"It is true. The butterfly is a *diurnal* insect. When at rest he keeps his wings upright."

"Well, Willie, keep your eyes open to all the beauties and curiosities of nature, and time can never hang heavily on your hands. I will now read to you the lines written by the poet Wordsworth on a butterfly."

"Stay near me: do not take thy flight!
A little longer stay in sight!
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy!
Float near me: do not yet depart!
Dead times revive in thee:
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art,
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family!
Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time when in our childish plays,
My sister Emeline and I
Together chased the butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey:—with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush,
But she—God love her!—feared to brush
The dust from off its wings."

DORA BURNSIDE.



CRADLE SONG.

Translated by E. S. WILLOOX.
Moderato.

Music by CURSCHMANN.

1. Hush, babe, thy crying, the little birds are flying, They

fly to the forest, now soaring, now singing, And soon will return again, peace to

thee bringing, Hush, babe, thy crying, Oh, hush thy crying!

2.

Hush, babe, thy crying, there where the birds are flying,
Is standing a tree that has leaves without number,
And when the birds shake it they gather sweet slumber;
Hush, babe, thy crying, oh hush thy crying!

3.

Hush, babe, thy crying, the little birds are flying,
They come from the linden-tree, walnut and willow,
And fanning thee softly bring sleep to thy pillow,
Hush, babe, thy crying, oh hush thy crying!



"FATHER IS COMING!"

“FATHER IS COMING!”



FATHER is coming, mother dear!
I see his sail : he will soon be here :
Father is coming !” — Ankle deep
In the flowing tide, her watch to keep,
Nellie has counted the moments o’er,
Till, turning her face at last to shore,
Her voice rings out with its words of cheer, —
“ Father is coming, mother dear !”

Lightly the billows foam and toss ;
Freshens the breeze as the sun goes down ;
And the crimson light of the dying day
Is giving Nellie a golden crown.
The ripples are kissing her small white feet,
The sea-breeze tangles her golden hair,
As she merrily shouts the welcome news,
“ Father is coming ! His sail is there !”

All day long on the sands so white
Nellie has played in the glad sunlight ;
And all day long ’neath the sky so blue
The grand old ocean has frolicked too.
But now, as the day goes down to rest,
And shadows lie on the ocean’s breast,
Nellie is tired of playing at last,
And counts the moments hurrying past,
Till far in the distance soon she sees
A white sail spread to the quickening breeze.

"Father is coming!" her voice rings out,
And father catches the merry shout;
His tired heart is bounding with joy,
As he answers the call of "Ship ahoy!"
O little Nellie, o'er life's broad sea
You too must sail. May the angels guide,
And steer your heart to the better land,
And anchor you safe at the Father's side!

MARY D. BRINK.



THE TAME CANARY.

I MADE a visit the other day to a family where I saw a tame canary. When the doors of the room were shut, it would leave its cage, fly about over the heads of the children, and seem afraid of no one.

Even the cat had been taught to respect little Mozart, as the children had named the bird; and Mozart had been known to light on Tabby's head. "But we don't trust the old cat alone with the dear bird," said one of the children. "That would be too much of a risk."

It was delightful to see the perfect confidence with which Mozart would light on the fingers of the elder child, or play with the curls of her hair. He would sometimes get into a regular frolic, as if he were trying to plague her by tangling up her curls.

Sometimes he was so playful that he would take a thread in his bill from a spool, and fly about, unwinding it, and appearing to relish the joke. In the picture you may see the little bird eating from the hand of his mistress.



See what kindness will do, even in the training of a little canary bird ! How patient, then, ought we to be in managing young children. Kindness will ever do more than force. The north wind could not tear off the cloak from the traveller's back ; but the gentle sunshine made him take it off of his own accord.

EMILY CARTER.

A VISIT TO MADAM DUCK.

“GOOD MORNING, Madam Duck, how do you find yourself this fine autumn day? I was making calls, and thought I would call on you.”

Madam Duck said, “Quack, quack, quack!”



“Oh, I know what that means,” said little Ruth; “it means that you are quite well, and would not be offended if I were to give you something to eat.”

“Quack, quack, quack!”

“Yes, I understand. I have something nice for you in my apron, but you must be patient, Madam Duck. The door

is locked, and you will have to stay in your little room, till Patrick comes and lets you out. But here are some bits of bread for you. I know you will relish them."

"Quack, quack, quack!"

IDA FAY.

OCTOBER.

SEE the glorious shining
Of the golden-rods,
And the silver lining
Of the milkweed-pods ;
Scarlet vine and berry, hillsides brown and sober —
For the time is autumn, and the month October.

Fairy gold is falling
From the maple-bough,
Not a bird is calling
In the woodland now :
Red leaves and aster stars — thus does autumn robe her
When the year is waning, and the month's October.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



HISTORY OF THE SUNDAY SHIRT.

WHEN the mounting lark sings clear,
Then the flax-flower's time is near :
First a little dainty sprout
From its earthy bed peeps out ;
Then it rises higher, higher,
With its stalk in green attire ;
Then a sky-blue flower is seen,
Glancing, waving, 'mid the green.

Much we owe to you,
Little flax-flower blue.

Soon the sunshine and the dew
Fade the little flower so blue ;
And a capsule then succeeds,
Filled with little shining seeds.
When the flax is fully grown.
Pull it ere the lark has flown ;
Comb the capsules out, and lay
The stalks to soak the wood away.

Much we owe to you,
Little flax-flower blue.

After you have watered them,
Dry the bundles, every stem.
Bring the empty wagons now :
Hurry, we will show you how.
What would tidy people do,
Little flax-flower, without you ?





What would all the folks we meet
Do, deprived of shirt or sheet ?

Much we owe to you,
Little flax-flower blue.

When the snow has left the ground,
When another May comes round,
For our planting we shall need
Plenty of the ripened seed :
So, to gather in the store,
Lay the capsules on the floor,
And with flail of hickory stout
Thresh the ripe seeds cleanly out.

Much we owe to you,
Little flax-flower blue !

By our linden-tree a brook
Flows, and has a pleasant look ;
In its water cool and clear
Wash the flax now, children dear ;
Lay it then with care to dry
Where the sun shines pleasantly,
And be sure to choose a spot
Where it is not over-hot.

Much we owe to you,
Little flax-flower blue !

Now, the swingling-knife we take,
All the flax to cleanse and break :
Scutch it well with hand and blade,
Silken-white it must be made.

And to show what heart you bring
To your work, my brothers, sing !
Usefully your time employ, —
Like the flax-flower show your joy !

Much we owe to you,
Little flax-flower blue.

Now the well-skilled spinner see
Wind the threads right carefully ;
While the weaver, near at hand,
Well his work does understand.
Hear the whirring of the loom !
For the warp and woof make room !
Throw the shuttle left and right !
Look, the cloth now comes in sight !

Much we owe to you,
Little flax-flower blue.

Now the linen, finely spun,
On the grass put in the sun,
There to bleach, and grow as white
As a snow-drift in the light.
Needle, thimble, shears, now take,
Girls, a Sunday shirt to make ;
Make it nicely, every stitch :
We'll be proper, though not rich !

Much we owe to you,
Little flax-flower blue.

Now, hurrah ! 'tis done, 'tis made !
All our trouble is repaid :



Now their Sunday shirts are ready
For our Harry and our Eddie.
Seeds that hastened to appear
While the lark was singing clear
Have sent up from loam and dirt
What ends in a Sunday shirt!
Thus our history doth show
How, from what seems vile and low,
Useful, good, and fair may grow!



Much we owe to you,
Little flax-flower blue.

From the German by EMILY CARTER.

PLAYING RAGMAN.

MY little brother Charles Septimus, — we call him Septimus, because he is the seventh son, — a child about five years old, had been cutting a large sheet of paper into very small pieces, and scattering them all over the carpet on the library-floor.

As it seemed to give him a great deal of pleasure, I permitted him to cut and cut and re-cut, until the scraps appeared to be numberless. In the mean while I had been thinking how I could induce Charley to pick up the little bits of paper after he had satisfied himself with cutting.

To ask or order him to do it would be useless: so I had to resort to a little stratagem. I wrote on a sheet of paper the following words: —

LITTLE CHARLEY SEPTIMUS,

*That Ragman of ours. Highest Cash Price paid for
Old Paper and Rags.*

I read the sign to him, and, pinning it to the playroom-door, said that that was his shop. A pasteboard box with a string in it was his cart, and Charley was both horse and driver. He walked round the library, calling, “Old rags, old paper!”

“Here, ragman,” said I, “what do you pay a pound for paper?” He answered, “One dollar a pound.” — “That is very low, Charley,” said I: “won’t you give two kisses a pound?” He thought a while, and at last answered, “Yes.”

“Now, ragman,” said I, “you see all these scraps of paper on the floor: I wish you to buy them.” He got on his knees, and picked and picked and picked, until his little cart was full, and the floor without a *speck of paper* on it.

"Now, Charley, how much does the paper weigh?" He had no scales: so I sent him to mamma, and she loaned him a pair; but the cart with all its load would not turn them. So I said, "Charley, we are only playing, you know, and you must pretend that I am the scales."—"All right," said Charley.

I weighed the paper, and found that there were fifteen pounds. Charley paid me in cash—thirty kisses. He still keeps his sign on the playroom-door, and, whenever there are scraps to be picked off the floor, the "Ragman" is called, and they soon disappear.

JOHN IGNATIUS O'BYRNE.



SUMMER'S GONE.

SHEAVES of rye and wheat
 Yellow in the sun,
 Lispering brooks, repeat,—
 "Merry days are done!
 Soon our pleasant friends,
 The dear flowers, will die:
 So the summer ends—
 Little folks, good-by!
 Summer's gone, good-by!"

Nests are empty quite;
 Purple leaves and red,—
 Oh the lovely sight!—
 On the ground lie spread:
 When the busy breeze

Whirls them, hear them
 sigh,—
 "Chilling days are these:
 Little folks, good-by!
 Summer's gone, good-by!"

Apples red and gold
 Shine in clusters gay;
 But the cricket bold
 Seems to sweetly say,—
 "Happy hours we've had,
 Darlings, you and I:
 Need we then be sad
 Though we say good-by?
 Summer's gone, good-by?"

GEORGE COOPER.



THE ZEBRA.

THE zebra, very like the ass in form and proportions, is at once the most elegant of animals, and the one hardest to tame. It cannot be made to work, like the horse or the ass. It has been made for a life of freedom, — to gallop about among the hills and the wild desert-plains of Africa.

The zebra's skin has the softness of satin, and is adorned with beautiful stripes, which extend down to its very feet. It is a very timid creature, fleeing to its mountain-home when alarmed by the sight of any strange object.

Travellers say that troops of zebras may often be seen in Africa, drinking at springs of water. They go to the springs generally between sunset and sunrise. There they are followed by the lion, who often steals upon them before they are aware of their danger.

The moment the zebras know of the presence of their terrible foe, they flee in the wildest terror to the hills, or across the plain. The lion will not go to the springs when the moon shines brightly. He courts the darkness, for then the zebra more easily becomes his prey.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE ROBBERS.

FRITZ had grown so fat and brown on his summer visit to grandpa's, that when the family went back to the city, it was decided to leave him yet a month or two longer.

And so it happened that when frosts came, and the beautiful hickory-nuts rattled out of their husks, and fell, white and ripe upon the carpet of yellow leaves underneath the trees, Fritz, to his great delight, was there to pick them up.

Such a store as he had! His basket was small, but he filled it over and over again, and worked until his cheeks were the color of the maple-tree that grew near the gate,—a crimson so fine that it was almost like fire.

Grandpa said a wise way would be, as the nuts were shelled, to spread them on the upper wood-house floor to

dry, before packing them to take home. This Fritz did, with great pride in his work, and a keen pleasure in the prospect of his winter feasts.

But there are others besides little boys who like nuts in winter. Some of these little people were great friends of grandpa's, and were always allowed to go as freely as they liked to his bins of wheat and corn. So, of course, they felt themselves at perfect liberty to help themselves to Fritz's nuts.

They were the red squirrels, and they worked even harder carrying off Fritz's harvest than he had worked in gathering it.

It seemed to him that he missed some from time to time out of the fair piles, as he went to stir and spread them, and when, having been detained for a few days from going there, he at length went again, there were but two or three stray nuts left. You may be sure his tears were bitter, and he ran at once to tell his woful story to grandpa.

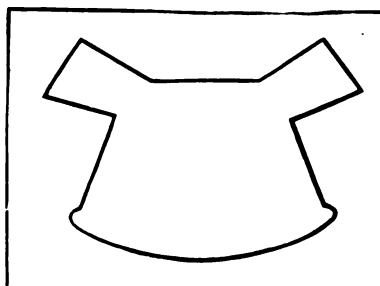
"Ah," cried grandpa, "the very robbers that live in my bins, Fritz! We shall have to get Congress to investigate this. And if you and I are on the committee, we will make it lively for these rascals, won't we?"

And Fritz thought they would, indeed. But grandpa would not allow him to be so cheated, and the stolen nuts were replaced by some bought of two poor little boys, who were glad to sell theirs for money.

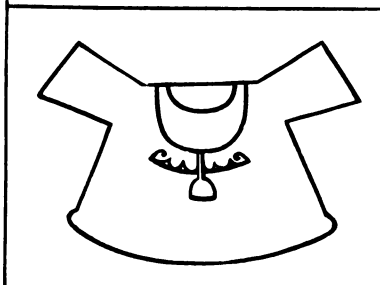
C. D. B.



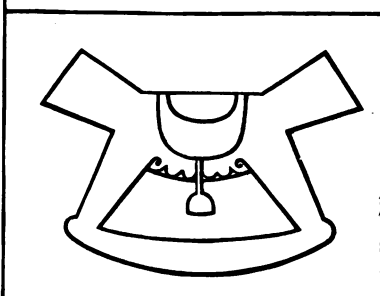
HOW TO DRAW A ROCKING-HORSE.



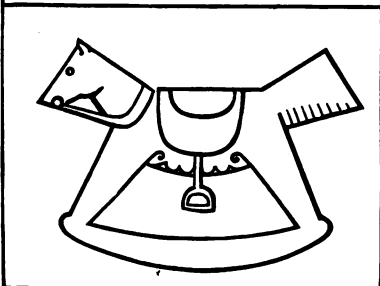
Your sleepy eyes seem to see
baby's shirt
Standing up by itself
on the floor



With a bib and some fringe
and locket hung down,
Rub your eyes & you will
SEE more.



Well there sure enough
it is no shirt at all
But the hobby for Charlie
to ride



With saddle & bridle &
bob-tail complete
And the stirrup hung down
at the side.

QUEER HEAD-WORK.

ONE summer, several years ago, Eddie's papa went to work on grandpa's farm during harvest-time. What jolly times he and uncle Emmett had together then!

No matter how hard they worked, they would have their fun as they mowed, raked, and gathered in the hay and grain; and, when the day's work was over, they would keep up their fun and frolic until bed-time, and sometimes long after they ought to have been asleep.

Grandpa liked to see the boys enjoy their fun; but he thought it often interfered with their work; it seemed to him that they would sometimes work harder than was necessary, just for want of stopping to see if the work could not be done better in some other way.

Grandpa's plan was to think about a thing before doing it, so that he could find the quickest as well as the easiest way to do it, and be certain that it was done right. This plan he called "head-work;" and he very often used to say, "Head-work saves a great deal of hand-work, and is not near as hard."

One day, when the hay-mow was nearly full, grandpa was on top of a load of hay on the wagon in the barn, loading the great hay-pitcher, which was worked by horses with ropes and pulleys.

Grandpa would shove the long tines of the pitcher down into the hay, and call out, "Go ahead!" The horses would start, and a great bunch of hay would go flying to the top of the barn, and the next moment would tumble down into the mow, where uncle Emmett and Eddie's papa would roll it over and over with pitchforks into any place that needed to be filled up.

Grandpa thought the boys did not work to the best



advantage. He kept calling out, "Use head-work! you don't take advantage of the work;" or "Boys, you are making harder work of that than is necessary: you don't use head-work." And so it was until the last load — an extra large one — was sent up.

Eddie's papa then said, "Emmett, throw down your fork," throwing down his own at the same time. Uncle Emmett knew there was some fun up, for the boys had been skylarking all the time they were in the mow: so down went his fork too. What do you suppose those great mischievous boys did then?

They got down on their hands and knees, and went at that bundle of hay like billy-goats, butting it across the mow with their heads, kicking up their heels, and laughing and shouting till the old barn rang again; while grandpa, who had climbed up into the mow, looked on at the performance in perfect bewilderment.

When some one explained to grandpa, that, in butting the hay across the mow, "the boys" were trying "head-work," he laughed heartily ; and whenever he would speak of head-work, for some time after, he would add, laughing to himself at the same time, "not the kind of head-work you boys used in the hay-mow."

EDDIE'S PAPA.

THE RAIN.

A CLOUD came up in the August sky :

"Oh! do you think it will rain?

Or do you think it will pass us by!"

The little leaves said. "We are parched and dry:

Will it ever be cool again!"

The cloud drew nearer and still more near.

"Oh! will it rain, do you think?"

The little brook cried. "If it don't, I fear

There will scarce be moisture enough down here

To freshen the moss by the brink."

The meadow was parched and brown and dry,

And listlessly drooped each bloom,

So wan and weak, they could hardly sigh,

"If it doesn't rain, soon we all must die:

Oh that the rain would come!"

A little girl stood in a dreadful pout,
And looked through the window-pane:
“What are the ugly old clouds about?
There, it’s raining! I can’t go out.
I wish it *never* would rain!”

So all the day long she was glum and sad;
But the little leaves danced through the lane;
And the brook, and the leaves, and the flowers
were glad
That a power far wiser than little girls had
The sending of clouds and of rain.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.





THE GREYHOUNDS.

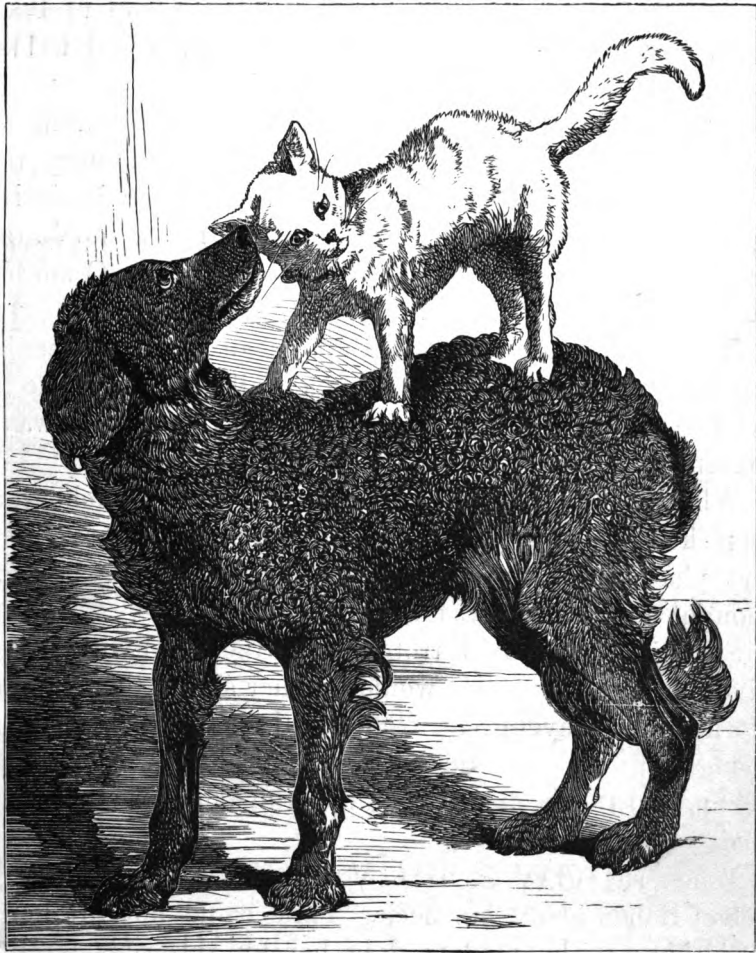
OH, come and see the greyhounds! They are young, and fond of play. They do not like to fight. They like to run. A bull-dog chased them one day; but they were too swift

for him. He could not come near them.

The greyhound is slim, and has long, thin legs. It is famed for its speed and grace. Its eyes are large, and it hunts by sight alone. Its sense of smell is not so keen as that of other hounds; but its great speed more than makes up for this. In the chase of the hare it is the best of all dogs.

I know a lady who has a large greyhound. Its name is Carl. It is a very fine dog to look at, and the lady sets much store by it. But it does not show much love for its owner.

A. B. C.



PIXIE AND PUSSY.

PIXIE was the name of a black dog once owned by our Teddikins, and the big dog and the little boy were constant companions. They used to play ball together. Pixie would stand at one side of the yard, wagging his tail, and Teddikins

at the other ; and, when Teddikins rolled the ball to Pixie, the dog would give it a push with his nose, and roll it back again.

One day I found a poor, thin, homeless kitten in the street. She was not pretty ; but she looked so hungry, that I picked her up and brought her home. When Pixie saw her, he ran right at her, which frightened her so much, that she got under a chair ; and Teddikins cried out, “ O mother, don’t let Pixie hurt pussy ! ”

But we soon saw that he did not mean to harm her, but only to play with her ; and after a while they grew to be good friends. Pixie seemed to think that pussy was a present to him, and he must take care of her.

Whenever he found her sitting too near the kitchen-fire, he picked her up just as an old mother-cat would have done, and placed her gently under the ironing-table, as if he thought that the fire was bad for her health.

Sometimes he would trot around the yard with her, to give her an airing. He would let her sit in the sun, and often would have great frolics with her. But, when he thought she had been out long enough, he always brought her in, and tucked her away under the table, or under some chair very far from the fire.

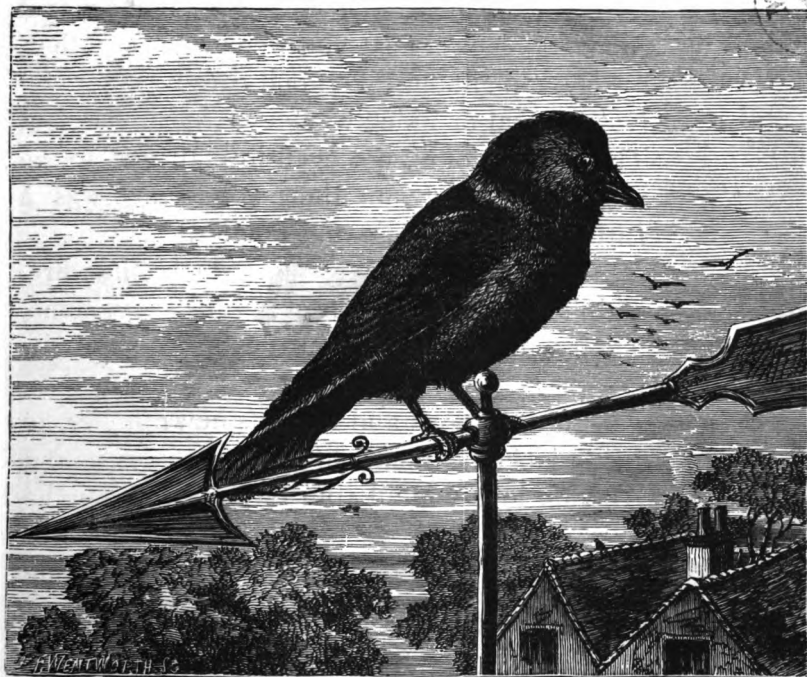
When she grew to be a big cat, Teddikins tied a red velvet ribbon about her neck. Pixie could not lift her so well then : so he used to drag her by this ribbon. Puss would often resist, but Pixie was the stronger, and he would tug her about the yard, or away from the hearth.

One day Pixie was stolen, and we were never able to find him again. We all missed him very much ; but we think he must have a good home somewhere else, for no one could be unkind to such a good dog.

Puss missed him too, and felt very lonely, — so lonely that

at last she wandered away over the fences with other cats. And now, often at night, we hear her taking part in the cat chorus ; and if any of you live near Teddikins, and keep your ears open at night, I think you must hear her too.

E. F.



THE JACKDAW ON THE VANE.

JACKDAW on the weather-vane,
Why so still do you remain ?
From your high perch on the steeple
Down you look upon the people,
Caring not for them a straw ;
For your only word is "Caw !"

Little jackdaw, I have heard
You're a very thievish bird ;
That you have been known to pilfer
Buttons, rings, and even silver :
Little jackdaw, are they true, —
All these tales I hear of you ?

Since so black a coat you wear,
Surely you should take good care
Not to steal or hide away
Things not yours, not even in play :
So, while on the vane there yonder,
Little jackdaw, pause and ponder.

Think how honesty is best ;
Theft will not enrich your nest.
Of what earthly use to you
Are those spoons and trinkets new ?
Little jackdaw, mend your ways,
And I'll love you all your days.

UNCLE CHARLES.



A TRUE STORY.

ON the kitchen-floor of the old house at Hemlock sat baby. The sunshine lay bright on the yellow painted floor, and it was very warm and pleasant, and baby was having a good time playing with pussy.

She was a nice big pussy, and baby liked very much to feel of her soft gray fur. She was a clever pussy, too, and caught a great many mice. Sometimes she would bring in a squirrel, or a rabbit, and be very proud of it.

Just now, though, she did not feel like playing. Perhaps she thought she was getting too old and dignified to run about after a spool, or perhaps she was sleepy. But she knew baby would cry if she left him; and she liked baby, and did not want him to cry.

What could she do to amuse him? She soon made up her mind. She remembered that in the cellar she had three kittens; and, as soon as baby's mamma opened the door, away went pussy down the cellar-stairs.

Baby looked all about for her, and, not finding her, was just going to cry as loud as he could, when pussy came trotting back with a little gray kitten in her mouth.

She came up to baby, and dropped the kitty on his lap; and then she mewed, as if she meant to say, "I am rather too old to play with you, baby dear, but here is one of my babies, and you may play with her all you want to."

And baby was so pleased, that he forgot he was going to cry; and old pussy lay down under the stove, and had a nap.

MRS. B. T. RICE.



DAME TROT'S WASHING-DAY.

SHE is a tiny, dimpled dot,
And we call her little old Dame Trot:
She's a busy-body, and loves to play
That every day is her washing-day.

She chatters, and bustles here and there,
With sleeves tucked up and white arms bare;
Then out come the tub, the board and clothes,
And around her mamma's apron goes.

Every minute she talks or sings,
Splashes and spatters, and rubs and wrings,
Till dolly's finery, it is plain,
Never ought to look soiled again.



Such dipping and rinsing as they get!
Even the fine silk frock is wet;
And the little washerwoman herself
Drips till she looks like a water-elf.

What a picture it makes! — the tiny tub,
And the two soft arms that rub and rub,
While on either cheek is a rosy spot, —
Dear little busy-bee, Dame Trot!



WITHOUT A HOME.

THOSE poor boys live in the great city of London. If they have parents, they are no better off than orphans; for the parents are too poor or too idle to take care of them.

The boys have become the owners of an old coarse broom.

They have been sweeping the crossings of the streets. One of them would sweep while the other would hold out his hat to the passers-by. Few and far between were the coppers that were dropped into the hat.

At night they would not have money enough to pay for a lodging: so they would go to the baker's, and buy a loaf of bread, and take it to a place under an arch on one of the river's quays. There they would eat the bread, and then, sitting by each other's side, would fall asleep on the stone bench.

Poor little fellows! They have no shoes, and are poorly clad. Many such young wanderers there are in our large cities. Let us think of their hard lot, and do what we can for their relief. In every large city there should be a building for homeless children. The good citizens of San Francisco have recently hired such a building, and thereby many poor, neglected children have been saved from suffering and death. I hope that other cities will follow the good example.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE BIRDS' GOOD-BY.

THE green trees are whispering together,

The birds flying in, flying out,

Through all the sweet, hazy fall weather.

List! What are they twittering about? —

“Quick, the north wind will soon be a-blowing;

Quick, sweet-heart, we must soon be a-going,

Ere the frost-king has put us to rout.

“One last song for the summer that’s dying,
One sweet song for the hours swiftly flying,
Then away we will fly,
Dearest one, you and I,—
You and I to our new home together,
Through all the sweet, hazy fall weather.

“The roses have blossomed and faded ;
The violets have closed their blue eyes ;
Up above, like a traveller belated,
Flits the hurrying cloud through the skies :
So we’ll trill, you and I,
One last, tuneful good-by,
And fly to our new home together,
Through all the sweet, hazy fall weather.”

P.




A SONG FOR BABY.

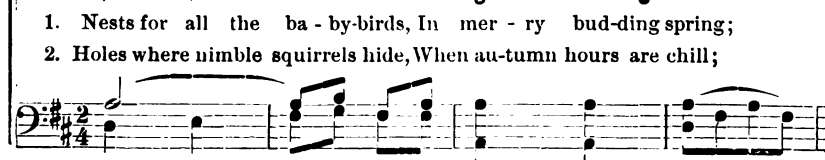
Words by GEO. COOPER.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.


p *Lively.*



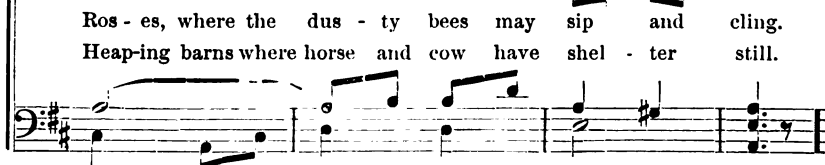
1. Nests for all the ba - by-birds, In mer - ry bud-ding spring;
2. Holes where nimble squirrels hide, When au-tumn hours are chill;




cres. *f*




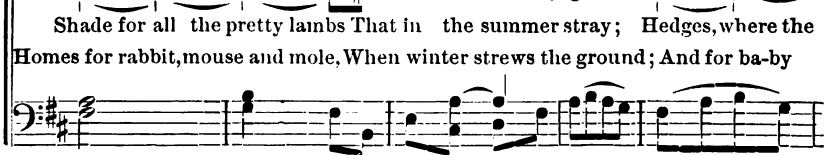
Ros - es, where the dus - ty bees may sip and cling.
Heap-ing barns where horse and cow have shel - ter still.



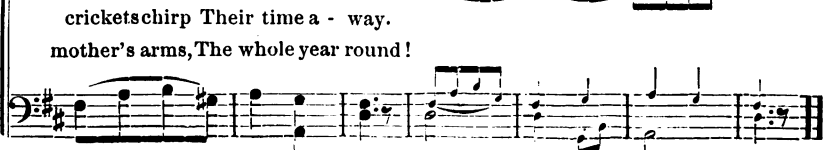
p



Shade for all the pretty lambs That in the summer stray; Hedges, where the
Homes for rabbit, mouse and mole, When winter strews the ground; And for ba-by



crickets chirp Their time a - way.
mother's arms, The whole year round!





HORSE-CHESTNUTS.

HORSE-CHESTNUTS.



“SEE, papa! aren’t they pretty?” and, so saying, little Mabel held out to her father an apronful of brown, shiny horse-chestnuts.

“Yes, Mabel, they are very pretty. But what are you going to do with so many of them? what are they good for?”

“Why, papa! they are good to play with; and all the children get lots of them every day.”

“But don’t they make any thing out of them, such as a basket, a whirligig, or a top-sawyer?”

“Yes, papa, some of the boys make little baskets, and those horrid whirligigs that go around both ways at once, and keep hitting you on the head. But I never heard of a top-sawyer: what is it?”

Then her father explained to her, that, in sawing up large logs into boards without the aid of machinery, long, heavy saws, with a handle at each end, are used. One man stands in a saw-pit, or sort of hole under the log, and takes hold of the lower handle of the saw; while the other man, who is called the top-sawyer, stands on top of the log, and works the other end of the saw.

“And now I will make you a top-sawyer out of horse-chestnuts,” said her father. So saying, he took a very round nut from the pile, and cut holes in it for eyes, nose, and mouth. That was the top-sawyer’s head. A larger nut served for the body, which he fastened to the head by a match sharpened at both ends.

Two more matches, stuck in the proper places, served for legs; and two flat pieces of soft wood, cut into the right shape, were used for arms.

The saw was a thin strip of flat wood about five inches

long and half an inch wide, with one edge cut in notches to look like saw-teeth. This was fastened between the hands with a piece of wire; so that, when the little man stood up straight, the saw pointed to the floor, and went three or four inches lower than his feet.

A piece of wood, with two nuts stuck in it for a balance-weight, was then fastened to the lower end of the saw, in such a way that the nuts came directly under the feet, and several inches below them. The little man was then placed on the table, quite near the edge, so that the balance-weight hung under the table; and, by means of a gentle push, he began to sway back and forth on his feet, his saw going up and down, just as if he had been a real top-sawyer, with an assistant down in the saw-pit.

This pleased Mabel so much that her father tried his hand on a more difficult subject, and made a very spirited horse-man riding at full gallop. The way to make this may be learned from the picture. The balance-weight is fastened on with a piece of bent wire; the legs, arms, and ears are all made from burnt matches; the horse's tail is made of wood; and the reins are simply a piece of thread. With a little ingenuity many other funny toys may be made out of horse-chestnuts.

THEO. MELVILLE.



WHAT THEIR MOTHERS SAY.

“PEEPSEY-PEEP!” the chickens cry,

When frightened is each poor thing:

“Cluck, cluck, cluck!” the hens reply,

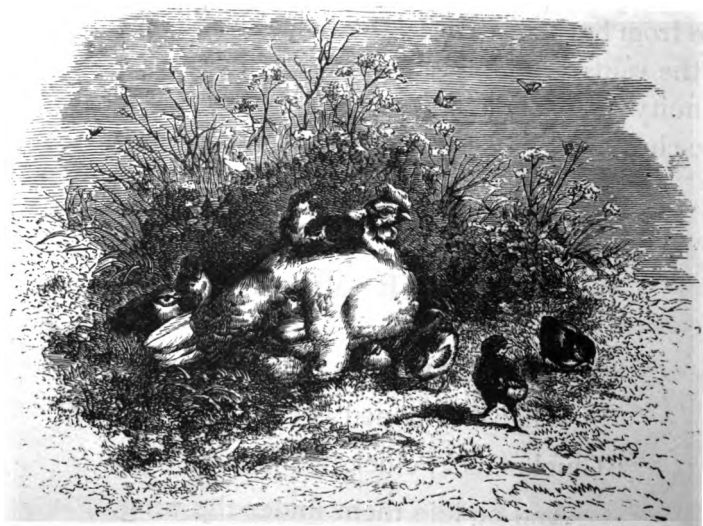
And cuddle them under the wing.

“Mooly-Moo!” the young calves call,
While over the fields they stray:
“Moo, moo, moo!” — they listen all,
Then friskily scamper away.

“Whinny-Whin!” the wee colts whine,
When mothers have left their side:
“Whinny-Whee!” in rain or shine,
Is answered o’er meadows wide.

“Cheepsey-cheep!” the birdies cry,
Whenever they’re left alone:
“Sweet, sweet, sweet!” the birds reply;
Oh, mothers will answer their own!

GEORGE COOPER.





LOUIE AND HER BROTHERS.

LOUIE, her three brothers, and Tommy Brown, or "Brown Tommy," as he was half the time called, started for the woods one bright, crisp autumn morning, to say good-by to the dear old trees and rocks, the scene of many happy picnics. After roaming about till they were tired, the boys

seated themselves on the grass; and Tommy said, "I shall hate to come round here after you are all gone."

"Don't we hate to go, though!" said Will, and, throwing his arm about his little brother Jamie, he added, "Just see how this little chap has grown since he came up to the country!"

"I just wish we could stay all the time, and never go back to the city!" put in Ned dolefully. "Wouldn't we pop lots of corn, and catch squirrels in traps, and eat all the apples we want!"

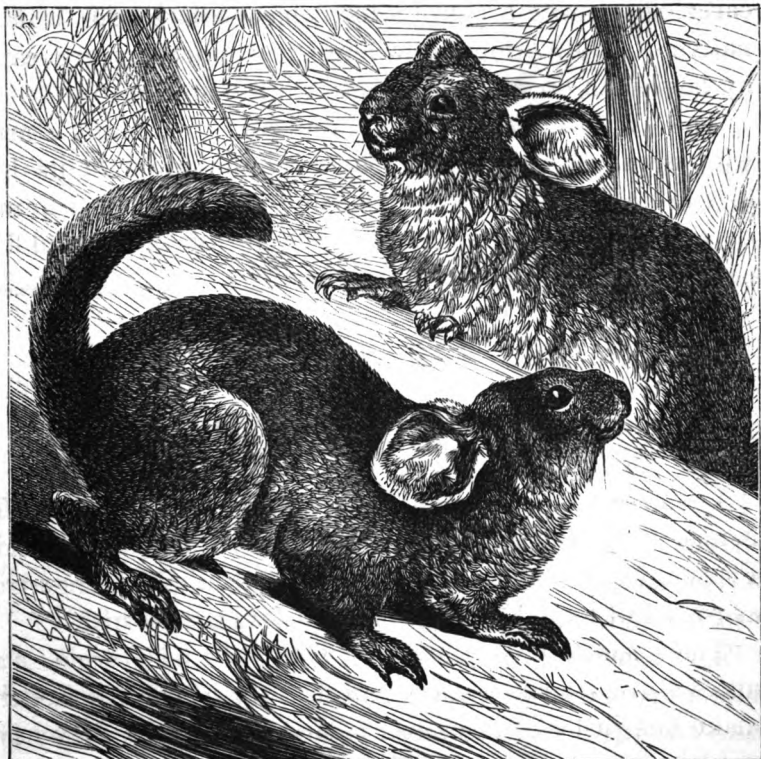
Tommy Brown was the son of the farmer in whose pleasant home the Leslie family had boarded all summer. He had a wise little head, and had been doing a good deal of thinking while the others were talking. Now he exclaimed, —

"Look here, fellows, what makes you go home? Father will let you stay all winter, and you can go to school where I do, on the hill; and, when the snow comes, won't we all get on my sled, and slide way down — oh, ever so far — and build a snow-man, and put a jack-o'lantern on his head! Hurrah, hurrah! Won't it be jolly!" And Tom, with a burst of enthusiasm, tossed his cap in the air.

Louie had been leaning against the tree, gazing sadly around; for her heart ached at the thought of leaving the beautiful hills and shady lanes, where she had spent such a happy summer.

At Brown Tommy's words the children all sprang to their feet, and, with the new idea in their heads, scampered towards the house to lay the matter before mamma, who was as busy as she could be, packing the great trunks.

What the result was, we shall see later, and what Louie, Jamie, Ned, and Tommy all said and did will be noted, and duly forwarded to the little readers of "The Nursery."



THE CHINCHILLA.

THE chinchilla is a queer little animal ; and its fur is much prized, it is so soft and fine. The rounded head, broad ears, long whiskers, and bright eyes of the chinchilla, give it something the look of a large mouse.

These little creatures keep together in troops, and feed on the roots of the plants that grow near their abodes. They are mild and timid. When taken up, they neither bite nor try to escape, but stay as still in their captor's bosom as in their own nest.

The chinchilla is cleanly in its habits, and may be safely

caressed or made a pet of ; for it has no bad odor. It is a native of South America, where great numbers are caught by boys with dogs. It abounds in Chili and Peru.

The two short, strong fore-limbs of the animal, armed with strong claws, help it to dig in the ground : its hind-legs are much longer. The ancient Peruvians used to make coverlets for their beds out of the fur of this useful little creature. Did you ever see its fur?

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE MOCKING-BIRD.

I SUPPOSE that some of the little people who see "The Nursery" have heard of mocking-birds. They are found in Florida, and fly about, and build nests in the orange-trees, as robins and bluebirds do in the trees at the North.

Their song is very sweet. They trill and warble, and make a great deal of music ; and, if they hear a noise, they make one just like it, or *mock* it, and in this way they have got the name of mocking-birds. A great many funny stories are told of them. This one I know is true.

Once upon a time, little Jenny had a nice old hen, with a brood of chickens. There were ten of them ; all but one like little balls of yellow down, and that one had tiny brown spots all over, and Jenny called it Speck.

One morning Jenny went out to feed the chickens. She had some mush and a little pail of cold water. She took down the door of the coop, and out came the hen. "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" said the hen, and out came every little chick.

Jenny put the dish of meal down where all the little downy balls could get some food, and then she poured the



water into a saucer. It was a droll sight to see the chicks dip their bills in the cool water, and hold up their heads for it to run down their throats.

But, when they came back to the dish, Jenny could not see Speck. She called, "Speck, Speck!" He did not come; but a cry of "Peep, peep, peep!" came from the grass a little way off. Jenny ran to bring him back; but no Speck was there.

She knelt down and parted the grass to look, when "Peep, peep, peep!" came from over by the fence. She ran to that place; but no Speck was there.

"Peep, peep, peep!" sounded again, away to the right. Away went Jenny, looking under every leaf. No Speck

was to be seen. "Peep, peep, peep!" seemed to come from the left. Poor Jenny was almost ready to cry; but she trotted off to that side. No Speck was there.

I cannot tell you how many times she ran from place to place at the cry of "Peep, peep, peep!" but at last she gave up the search, and went sadly back to look at the old hen. And what do you think? The first thing she saw was Speck, eating away as if he had never left that place.

"Why, Speck!" said Jenny, "how did you get here?"

"Peep, peep, peep!" came again, clear and loud, just over her head. Jenny looked very sharp at her brood. There were ten chickens eating at the dish, and from the tree came "Peep, peep, peep!"

She looked into the tree, and there sat a mocking-bird, crying "Peep," with all his might. But, when he saw Jenny look at him, he spread his wings, and oh, how he did sing! Trill followed trill, until one would have thought there were three birds, to make so much noise.

Jenny's mamma came out on the stoop to listen; and Jenny told her how she had looked for Speck all over the garden, because the bird had mocked his "Peep, peep!" "And now, mamma," she said, "the rogue knows I have found him out, and he is laughing at me."

FLORIDA.

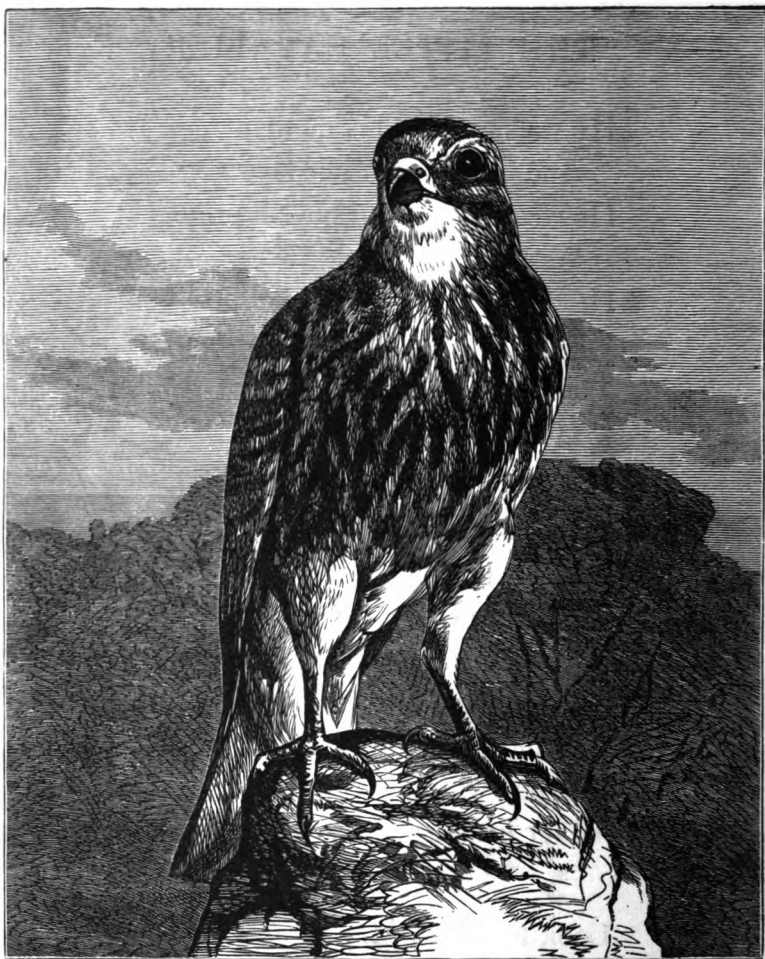


THE LITTLE CAVALIER.

HE walks beside his mother,
And looks up in her face;
He wears a glow of boyish pride
With such a royal grace!
He proudly waits upon her;
Would shield her without fear, —
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.

To see no tears of sorrow
Upon her loving cheek,
To gain her sweet, approving smile,
To hear her softly speak, —
Ah! what in all this wide world
Could be to him so dear? —
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.

Look for him in the future
Among the good, the true:
All blessings on the upward way
His little feet pursue.
Of robed and crowned and sceptered kings
He stands the royal peer, —
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.



A TAME HAWK.

A FEW years ago, while living in camp, I shot a hawk that used to annoy the chickens ; but he was found to be only slightly wounded in one wing, in fact, more frightened than hurt : so I made up my mind to try if he could be tamed.

At first he was very fierce, and resisted my attentions,

though he always ate heartily. But, after about a month, he would come on my hand to eat, and was quite tame.

All this time he had the freedom of the yard with the fowls; for I had cut one of his wings. Every evening I brought him into my bedroom for the night. But now he began to fly a little, and I thought, "Well, if he likes to go away, it is a pity to prevent him by again cutting his wing:" so I allowed him to have perfect freedom.

But, instead of going away, he came of his own free will into my bedroom every evening, perching on whatever he fancied. He would go out in the morning, when the door was opened, sit a while on a tree in front of the house, and pick his feathers, going off then into the camp; after which I saw very little of him until sunset, his hour for returning to my bedroom.

This he continued to do for some ten months, until once when I had been away from home for a week, I was told, on my return, that he had been stolen.

He often was set upon by the other fowls, who hated him, and, on such occasions, he would get on his back and defend himself until help arrived, screeching lustily all the time. Often was I amused by strangers on entering the yard catching and bringing him to me as a present.

HARRISON WEIR.



THE LOST BABY.

FANNY, our baby,
Our little wee sister,
Ran off one day
When nobody missed her.
Where could she be?
Mamma really was frightened,

And you would have been;
For it thundered and lightened.
Down on the windows
The raindrops were gliding:
Where could our sweet little
Baby be hiding?

We looked in the parlor,
 We looked in the kitchen.
 "Now, what funny corner
 Is that little witch in?
 Has she climbed up the stairs
 So steep, to the garret?
 I'm sure I don't know
 How I ever shall bear it!"
 'Twas her mamma said this
 As she looked in the closet :
 (It was not very strange
 She should worry, now was it?)

 Up stairs flew her brothers,
 To bring her down, may be ;
 But in the great garret,
 Was no blue-eyed baby ;
 So down they ran, seeking

Their mamma, to tell her,
 When they heard her cry, "Oh !
 Here's the rogue in the cellar."
 And, when the boys saw her,
 I thought they would never
 Stop laughing for ever,
 And ever, and ever.

She was black as the coal
 In the coal-bin could make her :
 For a real chimney-sweeper
 You surely would take her.
 "Oh, look at her apron !
 I wish I could shake her,"
 Said mamma ; and then
 She forgot, and just kissed her :
 A queer way to punish
 This wild little sister !

ELIZABETH W. DENNISON.



ELIZA AND MISS ELIZA.

ONCE there lived in Germany a little girl named *Eliza*.
 She resided in a beautiful country-house with her father,
 mother, and little brother *Willy*.

One summer her aunt came to see her, and made her a
 present of a doll. The little girl was delighted, and named
 it on the spot, "*Miss Eliza*," after herself; only that she
 was not called "*Miss*." *Eliza* played with her doll all the
 time, and would not play with *Willy*; at which he was
 not pleased.

One beautiful afternoon, the mother was sitting on the
 piazza, writing a letter; the father sat near her, reading;
Eliza was walking around the garden with her doll; and
Willy was wandering about, hardly knowing where to go.



About an hour afterwards he came into the kitchen, where the cook was busy at work.

"Willy has thrown Eliza into the water," said he quietly.

"What have you done?" cried the cook, much alarmed.

"I've thrown Eliza into the water," said the child again.

"Good heavens! — Peter! Anna! Willy has thrown Eliza into the brook!"

The father and mother heard the outcry, and came quickly. "What is it? What has happened?"

"Willy has thrown Eliza into the brook."

"Impossible!" cried the father.

The mother turned deathly pale, and took hold of the

bannister to support herself. "Where is Willy?" asked she. He was not to be found.

Peter the coachman had already run over the bridge, and the father ran after him. The mother hastened, trembling, to the gate; and the servants followed.

"I see something blue and white in the water," cried Anna the chamber-maid.

"Eliza had on a blue dress and white apron," whispered the cook.

Suddenly was heard behind them a child's voice: "What is the matter, mamma? Are you sick?"

"Eliza!" cried the two servants. "You are alive, then? Where do you come from?"

"I am looking for my doll, Miss Eliza, whom I left in the arbor. What is the matter with my mamma?"

The mother opened her eyes. There stood Eliza in her pretty blue dress and white apron; and, to crown the confusion, little Willy came up behind a bush, and began to cry, — no, to howl, to roar, with all his might and main.

"Did you not say that you threw Eliza into the water?" asked the cook.

"I meant *Miss* Eliza," sobbed out the little fellow.

"*Miss* Eliza! Oh, that's a very different thing."

"Oh, my Miss Eliza!" cried Eliza: "is she drowned?" And the little girl began, in her turn, to weep bitterly. "Now she is drowned! Now she is gone!"

Just then they heard the father cry, "All right!" and in a few minutes he came in at the gate with Peter the coachman, holding the doll up, safe, though somewhat moist. Indeed, Miss Eliza did not look very nice; for the water dripped from her fine clothes, and the color was all gone from her face. But who would not turn pale on being thrown into the water!

LEONORA.



CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

CHRISTMAS is coming, ho, ho, and ho, ho !

Now bring on your holly, and do not move slow :

We'll deck the whole house with the branches so green ;

On wall and on picture the leaves shall be seen.

Oh ! merry the time when we all meet together

In spite of the cold, and the wind, and the weather ;

When grandparents, uncles, and cousins we see

All gathered around the mahogany-tree.

It stands in the hall, that mahogany-tree ;

And very nice fruit it will bear, you'd agree,

Could you look on the turkeys and puddings and pies

That on Christmas Day feast — something more than our
eyes.

The poor and the needy, they come to our door,

And carry off with them a bountiful store

Of all the good things that we have for ourselves,

In cupboard and cellar, on tables and shelves.

When dinner is ended, what sound do we hear

From the holly-decked parlor ring merry and clear ?

'Tis Uncle Tim's fiddle ! The tune is a call

To all the good people to come to our ball.

They come, old and young, and partake the good cheer,

For Christmas dawns on us but once in a year :

Then hand up the holly, and let us prepare

The house for the frolic in which we must share.



FEEDING THE DOGS.

HERE is a picture of a little girl feeding some dogs. It is very kind in her to feed them, but I think she might find some better way of doing it. That nice dress of hers will be covered with grease.

The dogs would like the bones just as well if they were put on the ground. Dogs are usually ready to eat at any time and in any way. They do not care to have their food served up on a plate.

But I once knew a dog who would not eat till nine o'clock

in the evening. That was his dinner-hour, and he never took any thing between meals. This dog's name was Mustard. He was a fat, shaggy terrier, very old and wise, and his mistress made a great pet of him.

One day Mustard came into the house in company with a neighbor's dog, named Napoleon, who was a great friend of his. Mustard's mistress, Mrs. Wood, was just going into the pantry, and both dogs followed her in.

They expected to be well treated, and they were not mistaken. Mrs. Wood, took down a plate from a shelf, and said, "Napoleon, here is a bone for you; and, Mustard, here is one for you. Now run away both of you."

Off went the two dogs, each with a bone in his mouth. Napoleon made a meal of his at once; but Mustard did not eat a bit of his bone. Instead of that, he buried it carefully under a tree in the front-yard.

In the afternoon Mustard was taking his customary nap on a rug in the entry (for he was a dog of very regular habits), when his mistress, who was sitting at the window, saw that sly dog Napoleon sniffing and digging under that same tree.

"Mus," said she, "run out, quick, Napoleon is getting your bone."

Mustard jumped up in an instant, and darted out into the front-yard. Napoleon sneaked away at sight of him, like a detected pickpocket. Mustard went straight to the tree and dug up his bone.

"If there are thieves around I must find a safer place than this," he thought. So he brought his bone into the house, and hid it behind the front-door, in safe keeping for his regular evening meal.

Then he lay down quietly and went to sleep again. This is a true story.

A TALK ABOUT LUMBER.

"WHERE do all these boards come from?" asked Charles, as he was walking one day through a lumber-yard, with his father.

"From the pine-forests of Maine," was the reply.

"Are all the pine-forests in Maine?"

"No indeed, Charley, — only a very small part of them.



There are vast pine-forests in Wisconsin and Michigan and Minnesota. Thousands and thousands of men are at work every year in cutting the logs, and bringing them to the mills to be sawed."

"It must be hard work," said Charles. "Tell me just how they do it."

"Well," said his father, "I will try to give some idea of the doings of the lumbermen. In the autumn, before the rivers freeze up, they go in companies of fifteen or twenty, to the districts where they are to work. These are usually

near the banks or sources of water-courses, far away from all settlements.

“Here they build a rude shanty of logs, which serves as their camp for the winter. They spread their blankets upon the flat branches of hemlock, balsam, fir, and white-cedar. They have plenty of wood to burn, and always provide



themselves with a good supply of pork, flour, molasses, beans, and green tea.

“When their camp is completed, and their cattle are safely housed, they commence the work of felling the giant pine-trees and cutting them into logs; and, when the snow-crust is in good condition for working the oxen, the logs are hauled down to the streams.

“The work goes on in this way through the winter. In the spring, when the ice begins to move, the lumbermen break up their camp and engage in the arduous and dangerous task of driving or running the logs down the streams. Some of the men follow the logs in a *bateau* (a long, flat-

bottomed boat), setting those adrift that are caught on the banks, and pushing them onward when the current is slack.

"Other men keep along with the logs, to clear away every thing that obstructs their passage. Sometimes during freshets, logs, *bateau*, and all are swept down, and crowded one upon another, and intermingled with ice and fallen trees, forming what is called a 'jam.'

"Then the men go to work with their axes and poles, and by hard work get the logs moving again. So, after a while, by great patience and perseverance they drive them down to the saw-mill; then comes the work of sawing the logs up into boards."

"Tell me about that too," said Charles.

"Well, Charley, next summer, when we go to Glenn's Falls, you shall see a saw-mill for yourself. That will be better than hearing me tell about it."

UNCLE SAM.

MISS TROT AND HER FAMILY.

A NONSENSE STORY.

MISS TROT lived in a hut, — an old brown hut.

Miss Trot had a cat, — a small gray cat;

The cat had a kit, and the kit was white.

Miss Trot had a hen, — a fat yellow hen;

The hen had a chick, and the chick was speckled

Miss Trot had a cow, — a nice moolly-cow;

The cow had a calf, and the calf was red.

Miss Trot had a sheep, — a white woolly sheep;

The sheep had a lamb, and the lamb was mottled.

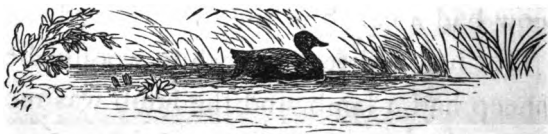
Miss Trot had a duck, — a black waddling duck ;
The duck had a duckling, and the duckling was brown.
Miss Trot had a goose, — an old gray goose ;
The goose had a gosling, and the gosling was yellow.
When Miss Trot came out of her hut to take a walk in
the garden, there walked out with her, —

The cat and her kit,
The hen and her chick,
The cow and her calf,
The sheep and her lamb,
The duck and her duckling,
The goose and her gosling.

And this was the way they talked : —

“ Miou, miou, miou ! ” said Miss Trot’s cat ;
“ Miou, miou, miou ! ” said Miss Trot’s kit ;
“ Cluck, cluck, cluck ! ” said Miss Trot’s hen ;
“ Peep, peep, peep ! ” said Miss Trot’s chick ;
“ Moo, moo, moo ! ” said Miss Trot’s cow ;
“ Moo, moo, moo ! ” said Miss Trot’s calf ;
“ Baa, baa, baa ! ” said Miss Trot’s sheep ;
“ Baa, baa, baa ! ” said Miss Trot’s lamb ;
“ Quack, quack, quack ! ” said Miss Trot’s duck ;
“ Quack, quack, quack ! ” said Miss Trot’s duckling ;
“ Hiss, hiss, hiss ! ” said Miss Trot’s goose ;
“ Hiss, hiss, hiss ! ” said Miss Trot’s gosling.

C. E. K. D.





THE NEW SOCKS.

JANE was just three years old the first of May. For one of her gifts she had a pair of socks.

They were brought to her by her good Aunt Ann, who had knitted them with her own hands.

“Let me put them on for you,” said Aunt Ann.

So Jane sat in her aunt’s lap to have the socks put on. But when one sock was on, and the shoe tied over it, the little girl said, “Aunt Ann, I should like to put on the other myself.”

“You may try to if you wish,” said her aunt. So little Jane sat down on the floor, and went to work. It took her a good while to get the sock on right, but she did it at last.

“Look, Aunt Ann,” said she. “Well done!” said Aunt Ann. “Very well for a three-year-old. Now let me see you put on your shoe.” But Jane could not do that without help.

A. B. C.



THE WOODPECKER.

HARK, my boy, that rap-rap-rap !
See that little red-head chap
Standing straight against the side
Of the old tree, dead and dried.

All about, on hickory bolls,
Rings and rings of little holes
Show us what a busy drill
Is that brave woodpecker's bill.

And far up the maple-tree,
In the dead and bare trunk, see

What deep tunnels he can dig,
Round as apples, and as big.

There he builds a nest, he thinks,
Hidden well from hawks and minks ;
But forgets, of all that harms,
Naughty boys have longest arms.

How his glittering eye peeps out
Sideway twisting, in some doubt ;
And now fast, with " rap-rap-rap,"
Bobs his little scarlet cap.

And his sharp and crooked toes
Keep him nailed there as he goes
Round and round the little mine
That he bores into the pine.

Ho, how funnily he drums!
But 'tis not for fun he comes :
Not too small to earn his meat,
He works well that he may eat.

And I guess he times his blows,
To make merry as he goes, —
Heart so light, and head so gay,
All his work is turned to play.

GEO S. BURLINGH.



3-K

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

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